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QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

A CANADIAN REVIEW

SPRING • 1939

LITERATURE IN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION AND CORONATION YEARS

Frederick S. Boas

CONVICTION OF THINGS NOT SEEN *Maurice Browning Cramer*

CHARLES DICKENS AND CANADA *Stephen Leacock*

MACAULAY, THE STUDY OF AN HISTORIAN *David Munroe*

THE GHOST IN THE CORRIDOR (A Story) *Lord Dunsany*

THE POETRY OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT *W. J. Sykes*

AT DELOS (Verse) *Duncan Campbell Scott*

OLD HARRY (Verse) *E. J. Pratt*

PANORAMA FOR AN ANNIVERSARY *Isabel Elisabeth Henderson*

WILLIAM POTTER JAMES, GENTLEMAN *William A. Gifford*

FORM CRITICISM OF THE GOSPELS *S. MacLean Gilmour*

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY IN THE BALKANS *L. S. Stavrianos*

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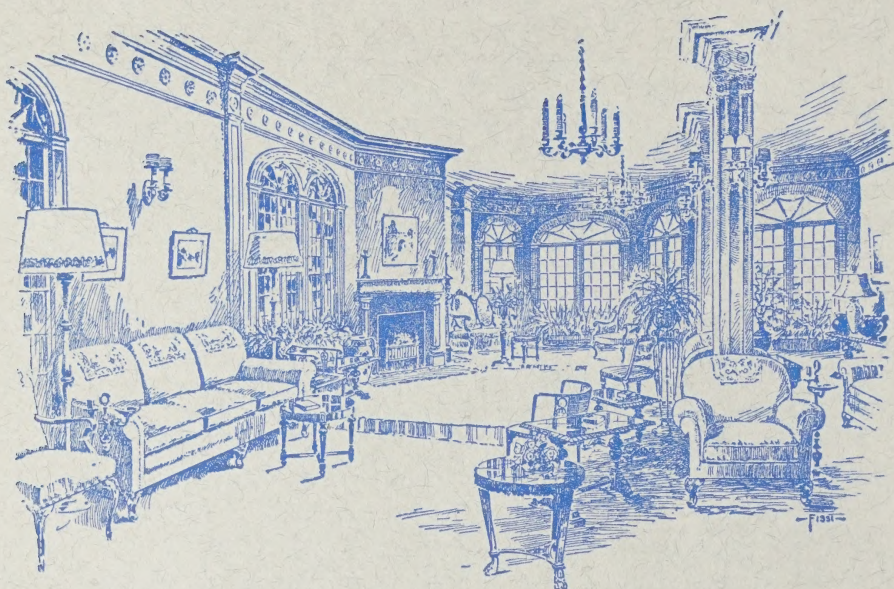
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QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

SPRING · 1939

LITERATURE IN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION AND CORONATION YEARS

BY FREDERICK S. BOAS

READERS of the QUEEN'S QUARTERLY who own *The Cambridge History of English Literature* will remember that in each volume between the bibliographies and the index there is a List of Dates giving under each year with which the volume deals the titles of the chief books that appeared in it. More recently the Oxford University Press has published *Annals of English Literature*, which chronicles on a more extended scale the leading annual publications from early to modern times.

It is an interesting experiment to choose, even at random, any year, and to find what books, however different otherwise, share, so to speak, a common birthday. And at a time when the accession and coronation of a young King and Queen, under very unusual circumstances, are still fresh in our memories; and in a year when they are making what will be an historic visit to Canada it is fitting to turn back for a century to the accession, June 20, 1837, and the coronation, June 28, 1838, of King George's ancestress, Queen Victoria, and to consider the chief aspects of English literature at that period.

We begin by drawing a blank. In the highest sphere of literary expression, poetry, the years 1837-8 were almost barren. The two leading Victorian poets had already given earnest of their quality, Tennyson in *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (1830) and *Poems* (1833), Browning in *Pauline* (1833) and *Paracelsus* (1835). But after 1832 Tennyson kept silent till the triumphant publication of his volume of 1842. Browning, disappointed with the reception of his two long poems, had turned for a time to drama, and except for *Sordello* (1840) did not reappear as a poet till the publication of *Dramatic Lyrics* in 1842. His future wife, Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, issued in 1838 her volume, *The Seraphim and Other Poems*, but this lyrical drama is not one of her happier attempts. Among the other poems in the volume, however, *Cowper's Grave* was sufficient to justify its publication; and two others call for mention because they were occasioned by Victoria's accession, *The Young Queen* and *Victoria's Tears*. To those who have been witnesses recently of another accession under deeply moving and dramatic conditions there may be still something of poignancy in the lines:

And while her heralds played the part,
 For million shouts to drown—
 "God save the Queen" from hill to mart,—
 She heard through all her beating heart,
 And turned and wept—
 She wept to wear a crown!

But it would have needed poetry of higher quality than most of what is contained in E. B. B.'s volume of 1838 to atone for the insult to the Muse of Martin Farquhar Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, published the same year. This quintessence of commonplace in doggerel rhythm had an amazing success with the 'commonalty' on both sides of the Atlantic. As Saintsbury has said, "nobody can refuse it rank as a 'document' of what myriads of people thought might be poetry in the beginning of the second third of the nineteenth century."

As I have said, Browning had entered the field of drama. It came about in this wise. The actor, W. C. Macready, was one of the select few who appreciated the merits of *Paracelsus*, which he called "a work of great daring starred with poetry of thought, feeling and diction, but occasionally obscure: the writer can scarcely fail to be a leading spirit of his time". He first met Browning on November 27, 1835, and soon afterwards said to him, "Write a play, Browning, and keep me from going to America". Browning had already been interested in the career of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and chose him as the hero of the tragedy that he wrote for and dedicated to Macready in April, 1837. In the original preface to the play he declared that he was anxious to "freshen a jaded mind by diverting it to the healthy natures of a grand epoch". He was rightly inspired in turning for his theme to 'a grand epoch' fraught with momentous issues for the future of England. But Browning, though his genius had in it a conspicuous dramatic element, was never to master fully the technique of a stage-play. The historical dramatist, even at the expense of accuracy, must present clear-cut characters and the broad outlines of events. No one, for instance, would quarrel with Browning for violating historical truth by representing Pym, though politically Strafford's enemy, as a friend of early days; or by exaggerating the closeness of the tie between Strafford and the Countess of Carlisle. But Browning made too severe a demand upon an audience or even upon most readers in expecting them to grasp from short allusive speeches the complicated series of negotiations and intrigues, of proceedings in the Privy Council and in Parliament, between the arrival of Strafford from Ireland in September, 1639, and his execution on May 9, 1641. Edward Berdoe, in his account of the play in *The Browning Cyclopaedia* had to preface this by a long extract from S. R. Gardiner's treatment of Strafford in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and had to add six pages of notes.

Nevertheless, especially in the later acts, Browning has presented clearly three characters, who have been called "monomaniacs of ideas — Strafford of loyalty to Charles; Lady Carlisle of loyalty to Strafford's infatuation; Pym of loyalty to an ideal England". Gardiner himself was afterwards to pay this remarkable tribute:

I can only say that every time I read the play I feel more certain that Mr. Browning has seized the real Strafford, the man of critical brain, of rapid decision, and tender heart, who strove for the good of his nation without sympathy from the generation in which he lived. Charles I, too, with his faults perhaps exaggerated, is the real Charles.

But historical insight and poetic merit could not make a theatrical success of a play with faults of stage-technique. Produced at Covent Garden Theatre on May 1, 1837, with Macready as Strafford and Helen Faucit as Lady Carlisle, it had a run of only five non-consecutive nights.

By a curious irony the success which Macready had vainly sought with Strafford was gained in the following year by a piece of far inferior literary quality. Edward Bulwer, later to become the first Earl of Lytton, at Macready's request for a play had dashed off in a fortnight *The Lady of Lyons*. It was produced anonymously at Covent Garden Theatre on February 15, 1838, and achieved at once an overwhelming triumph. The plot may be briefly summed up.

Claude Melnotte, the gardener's self-educated son, adopts the disguise of a foreign Prince, and thus wins the hand and heart of the lovely, wealthy and proud Lady of Lyons, Pauline Deschapelles. After the wedding he discloses his identity in his widowed mother's cottage, bids Pauline regain her freedom by divorce, and departs to serve in the French Revolutionary army. Here he gains distinction, rises to the rank of Colonel and returns after two years and a half to Lyons on the very day when, to save her father from bankruptcy, Pauline is to sign a contract that will lead to a divorce and a marriage with

a detested but wealthy suitor, Beauséant. But Claude learns that she still loves him only; he pays twice the needed sum and takes Pauline back to his arms.

The dialogue, whether in the prose or verse scenes, now seems artificial and stagy. Consider a short passage from Act II, Scene 1, when Pauline thinks that she is betrothed to a Prince:

I cannot forego pride when I look on thee and think that thou lovest me. Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como; it is so pleasant to hear of thy splendours since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without Pauline; and when thou describest them, it is with a mocking lip and a noble scorn as if custom had made thee disdain greatness.

Whereupon Claude breaks into a blank verse description of his imaginary palace and its surroundings and asks, "Dost thou like the picture?" and Pauline answers:

Oh, as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue!

It is a form of speech more alien to that of to-day than anything in sixteenth or seventeenth century drama. Yet because it has some effective situations and because it deals in highly coloured fashion with the eternally interesting theme of the conflict between love and class-consciousness *The Lady of Lyons* long kept a place in the theatrical repertory.

This cannot be said of any of the plays of another dramatist who had a high contemporary vogue in the theatre—James Sheridan Knowles. His fame rested chiefly on tragedies like *Virginius* and *William Tell*... But in 1837 there was performed one of his lighter pieces, *The Love Chase*, a five-act blank verse comedy. Its revival at the Malvern Theatrical Festival in 1933 showed that in its characterizations and situations it still had something of genuine comic salt. The year 1837 saw also the publication of two plays not intended for the theatre, *Cosmo de' Medici* and *The Death of Marlowe*, by

Richard Hengist Horne, who was afterwards to win notoriety as the author of the farthing epic, *Orion*. Horne had considerable poetical and critical powers and his plays reproduce much more of the Elizabethan spirit and diction than those of Knowles. In *Cosmo de' Medici* he even has an episode suggested by the dialogue between Hieronimo and the Painter in the 'additions' to Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. And *The Death of Marlowe* shows him deeply moved by the tragic fate of the poet-dramatist, though like most later plays on the same theme, it has little relation to what we now know to be the real circumstances in which Marlowe met his death at the hands of Ingram Frizer.

Dialogue is an essential factor of drama, so as a pendant to this section of our survey we may take what is one of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, though it is called *The Pentameron*. Since 1829 Landor had been living at the Villa Gherardesca at Fiesole, in whose grounds Boccaccio had in part laid the scene of his *Decameron*. "I have", he wrote "the best water, the best air, and the best oil in the world . . . I literally may sit under my own vine and my own fig-tree." Here he produced some of his best work, including in 1837 a series of dialogues between Boccaccio and Petrarch spread over five days—whence the title *Pentameron*.

During the whole period the chief subject of discussion is the poetry of Dante, to which, from the modern standpoint, Landor does far from full justice. He puts into Petrarch's mouth the declaration that "at least sixteen parts in twenty of the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* are detestable both in poetry and principle: the higher parts are excellent indeed". Among these are the episodes of Ugolino and Francesca, of which Petrarch and Boccaccio are alternately loud in praise. In contrast with the very qualified appreciation of the *Divina Comedia* is the unrestrained panegyric on the *Decameron* "in which there is more character, more nature, more invention,

than either modern or ancient Italy, or than Greece, from whom she derived her whole inheritance, ever claimed or ever knew”.

But even those who may dissent from some of Landor’s literary judgements in the *Pentameron* will find charm in the delicate art with which he fills in the background of the conversations—Petrarch on the third morning, riding off to the parish church, to perform his devotions as a Canon of holy Church, assisted in the girdling of his palfrey by Assunta, the maid, who also enlists the aid of her blushing lover, Simplizio, in bridling the animal and helping Ser Francesco, with scarcely three efforts, into the saddle. And on the fifth morning the arrival of another cleric, Frate Biagio, who walked over in new shoes, “rather of the equestrian order than the monastic”, to the consternation of Assunta, in whose kitchen he fries for himself seven selected eggs in oils, accompanied by a quarter of a loaf and a flask of wine.

Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio are writers of the fourteenth century and lie outside the scope of Henry Hallam’s ‘three-decker’ *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, published in 1837. Accustomed as we are to-day to such coöperative undertakings as *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, we gaze with awe on the spectacle of a single man setting out to survey and appraise the literature during three centuries not of one country only but of a continent. Moreover, the mere titles of some of Hallam’s chapters show what a wide interpretation he gave to the term ‘literature’. Thus Vol. I, Chapter vii, traces the “history of speculative, moral and political philosophy, and of jurisprudence, in Europe, from 1520 to 1550”, and Chapter IX is on the scientific and miscellaneous literature of Europe during the same period. The last two chapters in Volume I deal respectively with “the history of ancient literature in Europe from 1550 to 1600” and the “his-

tory of theological literature" during the same years. Beside these the history of poetry and polite literature in prose, and of dramatic literature seems a comparatively light task.

A younger member of the same Whig set as Hallam—Macaulay—had been the leading figure since 1825 among the writers in *The Edinburgh Review*. If I may apply, with some latitude, Johnson's famous antithesis, while Hallam was seeking to hew a Colossus out of rock, Macaulay was carving heads on cherry-stones. In July, 1837, appeared one of the most notable of his *Edinburgh* articles, on Bacon. Macaulay's political sympathies prejudiced him against Bacon as a man and a politician. While Browning was making devotion to Charles the mainspring of Strafford's policy, Macaulay was attributing Bacon's attitude towards Elizabeth and James to far meaner motives of self-interest. Bacon has since then found defenders in J. E. Spedding and S. R. Gardiner, the latter making a plea for his political activities as springing from a sincere belief in the superiority at the time of royal authority over that of Parliament. But if Macaulay underrated the man Bacon, he placed Bacon the philosopher on far too high a pedestal. To exalt him and the inductive method, of which he was the eloquent propagandist, Macaulay descended to an elaborate depreciation of the achievements of the thinkers of classical antiquity:

The boast of the ancient philosophers was that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. . . They promised what was impracticable, they filled the world with long words and long beards; and they left it as wicked and ignorant as they found it. An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would no doubt be a grander object than a steam-engine. But there are steam-engines and the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be.

For a searching exposure of this perverted judgement I would refer readers to the edition of the *Essays* by F. C. Montague,

who declares that "Macaulay's delineation of Bacon's philosophy is the most ill-considered passage in all the *Essays*". To see Macaulay in a more attractive though less arresting light they should turn to the essay on Sir William Temple, in the *Edinburgh* of October, 1838, where he ranges with easy mastery from personal to political, and again to literary topics. While Browning and Macaulay had been interpreting aspects of the constitutional struggle in seventeenth century England, Carlyle had been completing his prose epic on the mightier conflict in eighteenth century France. Yet it is merely by an accident that Carlyle's *French Revolution* falls within the limits of this survey. He had finished the first volume, "The Bastille", early in 1835, and lent the manuscript to John Stuart Mill, who passed it on to his friend Mrs. Taylor. In her house it was mistaken for waste paper and destroyed. After a restorative course of novel reading Carlyle rewrote the volume and completed the work in its three parts, "The Bastille", "The Constitution", "The Guillotine", in January, 1837.

Carlyle spoke of "splashing down what I know in large masses of colours, that it may look like a smoke or flame conflagration in the distance". And his work is indeed a series of flame-pictures, with every page on fire. But there is no indiscriminate splashing done, the controlling hand is felt and the history within its far narrower limits has something of the epic structure of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. It is an indirect reply, half a century later, to Burke's indictment of the Revolution as the outcome of abstract theorizing on the rights of man and of the enthronement of pure reason at the expense of the heart and the imagination. Burke's pages contain a partial truth and must never be left unread. But Carlyle, looking back on the whole course of the movement, sees in it a portent springing from sources infinitely deeper than pure reason or abstract right. This is the dominating conception that inspires Carlyle's history of the Revolution—that it was an elemental

convulsion, sweeping away shows and formulas. Here again there is part, but not the whole of the truth. I commend the edition of *The French Revolution* published in 1902 with an introduction by C. R. L. Fletcher. Here Fletcher, both from the point of view of later research and of a different political attitude, criticizes various aspects of Carlyle's three volumes. But he asserts that Carlyle has filled in the broad outlines with a master hand and suggests that the book would be more appropriately called *Pictures of the French Revolution*. His insight is shown in what Fletcher calls the wonderful portraits of the principal actors. "The King, the Queen, Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre stand, after sixty years of fierce discussion, very much as he drew them; Lafayette, Marat and others require but slight modification." Nor has the passing of a century dimmed the brilliance of the narrative and descriptive episodes, such as the storming of the bastille or the flight to Varennes.

If Carlyle's genius and temperament made him a sympathetic interpreter of the French Revolution they went far to blind him to the greatness of his fellow-countryman who had been an equally sympathetic interpreter of the old order. Sir Walter Scott had died in September, 1832, and on hearing the news Carlyle had spoken of him with appreciation, but not with enthusiasm:

A gifted spirit . . . is wanting . . . from among men. Perhaps he died in good time, so far as his own reputation is concerned. He understood what *history* meant; this was his chief intellectual merit. As a thinker, not feeble—strong, rather, and healthy, yet limited, almost mean and *kleinstädtlich*.

But when six years afterwards he contributed an article on Scott to the twelfth number of *The Westminster Review*, Carlyle used a far harsher tone, especially concerning the *Waverley Novels*:

We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart

outwards: your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards. The one set become living men and women; the others amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automats. . . . These famed books are altogether addressed to the everyday mind: there is next to no nourishment in them.

Without entering upon the debatable sphere of Scott's mediæval reconstructions in *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman*, we have only to recall our memories of *Guy Mannering*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, or *Old Mortality* to recognize how superficial and distorted Carlyle's judgement is here. Carlyle's essay had been prompted by the publication in 1837 of J. S. Lockhart's seven-volume *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*. This biography of Scott by his son-in-law was largely based upon Sir Walter's Memoir of his early years and his letters and diaries. Written from intimate knowledge and close affection, it presented to the world a portrait of a noble life and character only second in its intimacy and universal appeal to Boswell's full-length portrait of Johnson. It is true that Lockhart did not treat Scott's letters with the scrupulous fidelity exacted by modern critical standards, and that many letters not then available have since come to light. The comprehensive edition of the letters, under the editorship of Sir Herbert Grierson, which has recently been completed, has supplied new materials for any future biographer of Scott. But whatever records come to light, Lockhart's *Life* is always secure of its place as a classic of our literature, and its picture of the passing of Sir Walter can never be read without emotion.

With the death of Scott the novelists' throne was left vacant. Who was to be his successor? How far did 1837-8 help to answer that question? For some novelists who had already made a reputation those were comparatively blank years. Captain Marryat was visiting the United States. Lytton had largely diverted his energies to the stage and his semi-mystery novel *Ernest Maltravers*, published in 1837, did not raise his credit. For Disraeli it was a more fruitful year.

Since the publication of *Vivian Grey* in 1826 he had written novels on social and semi-historical subjects, but in 1837 he sent forth *Henrietta Temple*, with the sub-title 'a love-story' and answering that description more fully than any other of his romances. *Venetia*, which followed in the same year, is a fantastic, yet attractive medley suggested by episodes in the lives of Byron and Shelley. Did Disraeli consider it a sufficient disguise that he sent Lord Cadurcis (Byron) to Eton instead of Harrow, and Marmion Herbert (Shelley) to Christ Church instead of University College, Oxford? This, however, is venial compared with making Cadurcis share Herbert's fate of being drowned during a storm in the Bay of Spezzia. It was not till later that Disraeli used fiction for political propaganda in *Coningsby* and *Sybil*.

A newcomer to these ranks made his bow in a singular disguise in *Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1837, where Thackeray began *The Memoirs of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush*. Here Yellowplush, footman and critic of manners and letters, though his spelling is all astray, records his observations of the social drama till in August, 1838, he bade farewell in *Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew*. As Saintsbury has said, "Yellowplush is far from being the whole Thackeray; but there is something of the whole Thackeray diffused through him". Yet it needed another ten years before he rose to his full stature in *Vanity Fair*.

How different was the lightning progress of the more humbly born Dickens! With him 1837-8 were indeed creative years. During them he wrote the second series of *The Sketches by Boz*; he completed *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*; he published *Oliver Twist* in *Bentley's Magazine* and he began *Nicholas Nickleby*. It is hard not to envy the Victorians who had the good fortune of making first acquaintance with Mr. Pickwick, his fellow-members of the Club, and the Wellers, father and son, with Nancy, Bill Sikes, the Artful Dodger and Fagin, with Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, the Mantal-

inis, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Crummles and the Infant Phenomenon. Such a galaxy of immortals would alone entitle 1837-8 to be saluted as a vintage year.

And this glorious beginning, in the field of fiction, was not belied in the later years of Victoria's reign. Dickens and Thackeray were to display the full range of their genius and were to be followed by the Brontës and George Eliot, Trollope and Reade, Hardy and Meredith. On the other hand, the breach between the theatre and literature which *Strafford* had vainly attempted to bridge remained open until almost the close of the reign. But in the field of poetry the unexpected was to happen. No one could have foretold from the meagre output of 1837-8 the harvest that was to come of *In Memoriam* and *The Idylls of the King*, *Aurora Leigh* and *The Ring and the Book*, the poetry of the Rossettis, Matthew Arnold, William Morris and A. C. Swinburne.

We are living in a very different world and literature under George VI will doubtless find new forms and speak with other voices. But it will carry on the great tradition and it is to be hoped that the accession and coronation of our present King will prove to be the prelude to as rich a flowering of the spirit as those of Queen Victoria a century ago.

CONVICTION OF THINGS NOT SEEN

BY MAURICE BROWNING CRAMER

NINE cats and kittens, full of the agility of the underfed, careened about the kitchen. Mrs. Pickering, preparing the noon-day meal, was constantly reminded of their presence by eager cold little snouts that were thrust against her hands and into her face as the prowlers on bench and table demanded attention and food. The spinster of the brood, a dumpy vulgar creature, sprang cheerfully on to the edge of the electric stove and sniffed at the hamburg that was beginning to sizzle in the spider. "Two-spot dear," Mrs. Pickering murmured with a cautious glance at her husband who was reading in the next room, "you bad cat!" She removed the wriggling little beast with gentle hand, keeping her back resolutely turned from the sink where small noises told her that other kittens were pasturing there among the unwashed breakfast dishes.

Her friends sometimes expostulate with her about the undisciplined ubiquity of these pets. Effie Holman told her one day that she would not call again as long as they were there. "Give up my cats," said Mrs. Pickering. "I guess not!" And so for ten years the two friends have not met.

The magnificently modern electric stove, which Mrs. Pickering had bought in an extravagant moment because she was too impatient to continue tending a wood range like those still used by her neighbours, accentuated by contrast the dust and confusion that were everywhere else in the kitchen. The air was stale with the odours of abundant Massachusetts dinners. Tables and even chairs were piled with dirty dishes and dirty saucepans, sour from long standing. And Mrs. Pickering seemed at first glance to harmonize with the room. Her hair was pulled in many angles. Her grey cotton stockings, ungartered to relieve the ache of varices and hives on her legs,

hung in folds around her ankles. As she scurried about from cupboard to stove, from sink to breadbox, she limped heavily, tortured by arthritis.

It would be far from the mark, however, to dismiss Mrs. Pickering as just another example of the decay of New England. Indeed she bears her bosomy middle-aged body with unmistakable poise. Because of the deafness of her husband her voice has grown loud enough to be heard across the village green, and yet her greetings, her conversation, her hospitality have the graciousness and dignity not only of a lady, but of a great lady. The disorder in which she lives is partly due, of course, to her disease and to her inability to afford help. It is tolerable to her not because she holds things in contempt like an ascetic: one feels that she has enjoyed her marital life; she relishes good food, and the shape of an ancestral ruby-glass decanter. It is rather that her energetic imagination soars easily above the foul air and dirt of her kitchen. Although she despises the village minister and seldom attends the white-steepled church, her mind dwells constantly on the immanence of God. Her face lights up wonderfully when she reads or recites her favourite Bible verses: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." She is also continually excited by the beauty of nature, and clasps her hands in pure delight over the first crow-foot violet of spring, or a hen-pheasant brooding on her eggs in the woods.

As she pounded the winter squash into a brown steaming pulp, Mrs. Pickering kept glancing at the bright scene outside her kitchen window. The levelling snow shone among the woods and on the stone-walled fields of the little hill-village of Yellowbrook. Yesterday there had been a blizzard, but to-day the western wind, rushing in across the valley from distant

mountains with breath-taking iciness, brought the blue dazzle of New England January at its best. The shadows in the wheel ruts of the barnyard were a deep purple; on the pure unbroken sheets of snow where no wheel had run, no footstep fallen, there was a mild yellow translucency from the orange barn. The air seemed full of a white light, but the snow, reflecting many colours, was nowhere really white.

On one spot her gaze lingered most lovingly. This was a quiet haven from the wind formed by the barn, the outbuildings of her house, and the clapboarded back wall of her sisters' house next door. The snow here was strewn with faded yellow stalks and ears of corn which two heifers were contentedly munching. One of these animals was startlingly coal-black against the snow, the other a tender brown; both were sleek, well-formed, and pretty. Their names were Blackie and Brownie. These two were the chief animal treasure of the farm at the moment; they had been purchased in the autumn from an itinerant Jewish cattle-dealer who annually made his rounds through the Yellowbrook farms. Mr. Pickering had tied them outdoors to get the benefit of the noon sun pouring with hard winter splendour into that refuge of still air.

Nothing could be more domestic, more pleasantly pastoral than the scene beneath the glowing sky. The heifers gave every promise of a future full of brimming pails of milk and healthy calves. They were harmoniously built for grazing in fertile alluvial pastures. Passing farmers cast envious eyes at them. What splendid, placid animals! There was little of the expected wantonness of the virgin cow in them.

Mrs. Pickering was childless, and all the love of a warmly passionate and profound nature she showered on the animals of her farm: the mangy cats which she cooed over and pressed to her bosom as devotedly as if they were babies, the seven brown hens that swarmed and sang about her when she visited their low white shed with her bowls of table scraps, and finally

these two heifers. She doted on them, and they on her. When she entered their stalls in the high-roofed fragrant barn, they rubbed their soft dewlaps against her suggestively, and their mouths drooled rich saliva in anticipation of the messes she brought them. While they nuzzled at the pans, she scratched the skin tenderly between their budding horns. It never seemed cold to her even in January under the great vault of the barn as she stood at twilight below the swollen lofts of yellow hay to feed her warm-breathing darlings. Now as she watched them they moved closer together for additional warmth, and began licking each other in exuberance of feeling.

Suddenly a shadow fell across her line of vision. She glanced around the corner of the window.

"Only Mr. Brockway", she said to herself casually. "He must be coming about the census." She noticed the great ledger he held in his hands, and the sheaf of loose papers.

Abruptly a violent gust of wind laid furious hands on the papers, whisked them about over the heads of the startled heifers, and caused the ledger to drop out of the caller's numbed hands with a loud thud on the porch floor. Dynamite could not have exploded with more astounding effect in that peaceful landscape. The two animals in all their slow and dainty existence had never been subjected to so shocking a blow. They kicked up their heels, tossed their heads, stretched their necks. The grey worn ropes that held them parted. With bulging eyes they plunged through the drifts of the driveway, and shot down the state road.

Mr. Brockway made ineffectual little motions first toward his scattered papers, then toward the heifers. Mrs. Pickering clutched at her throat.

"Jeremiah!" she shouted. "Do come quick!" But Jeremiah is deaf, and "somewhat slow of comprehension", as his wife puts it. He was in the parlour reading the newest issue of a genealogical magazine, slowly spelling out *Hepzibah*

Pickering, born 1624, married Josiah Chew 1643. By the time she had flung the towel and spoon from her hands, hobbled to her husband, and made him understand what had happened, the two heifers, like winged demons, were disappearing down the curving woods road a half-mile away at the head of the green.

"Oh Jeremiah", she wailed, wringing her hands, "what shall we do?" They stood for a few moments gazing desperately down the road. The wind cut like a knife; some swirling snow-powder fell on their hair and cheeks, and turned to little shining drops.

"You go inside", her husband said in the gentle measured way that generally soothes his wife. "I'll follow them. They won't have run far in this weather."

Once again she stood in her warm kitchen, gazing out over the coloured snow of the barnyard, but she was unable to feel the beauty. The light seemed a burden and a shadow. Her mouth was dry with uneasiness, her mind sad with the vision of her husband following the helter-skelter tracks of delicate hooves through the deep snow of the unscraped woods road. She completed the cooking of the dinner, nibbled away at a portion of it, and put the rest in the warming oven against her husband's return. It was brought home to her how much the shell of her being had been filled with affection and thought for those two heedless and lovely animals. Lifting her eyes to the window now and then, she was shocked each time at the vacant desolation that greeted her. She closed her eyes to blot out the alien brightness.

She seated herself by the parlour window. The villagers were gathering at the store, as they always do, to wait for the late mail. The Reverend Abel James, looming up enormous and black against the sunset, waved to her with the kerosene can he was taking to fill at the store.

The afterglow was shining behind the hills before she heard her husband's footsteps crunching on the path. She knew from the speed of his approach that he was alone.

He entered, cheeks red and eyes streaming from the bitter cold.

"It's ten below by the thermometer at the store", he said, pulling off his mittens and holding his hands over the stove where she had begun to heat up the remains of the dinner for him.

"Why, Jeremiah, you're dripping!" she exclaimed. "How on earth did you get so wet?"

"Yes, I must go up and change. I'm soaked clear through. Those two fools turned off the road into Mark Smith's wood lot. I could follow their tracks. I had to go through thickets, and when I stooped under low branches the snow kept falling down my neck, and all over me. It was worse than a storm. Once I stumbled head first into a drift. It was terrible cold, I can tell you, at the end of Mark's woods, where the ground begins to rise into the hills. The tracks kept on over the stone wall. I'll go back to-morrow."

The next morning early, Aggie Dickinson, Mrs. Pickering's favourite unmarried sister, came across from the big house next door to participate in the mourning.

"Now Luella", she said, "you mustn't carry on the way you did when that old maple of yours had to be cut down. Why, you cried the whole day while they were sawing it up. You look now as if you hadn't slept a wink all night."

"*Sleep!* Do you think I slept! You come to love the animals you feed as if they were part of you. That's all."

On that day and the next Mr. Pickering asked the help of several of his neighbours in tracing the heifers. It was gladly given. They followed the tracks in the snow for many windy miles, over stone fences, across brooks where water tinkled under the ice, through newly lumbered woodland,

through deep forest. They were on snow-shoes, so that the drifts did not trouble them. They found where the fugitives had spent their first and second nights, but caught no glimpse of them.

On Wednesday evening the Grange met. It was the third evening after the unfortunate census-taking, and the Pickering's' loss was the chief topic of conversation during the social period that followed the business meeting. The Grange Hall is grey, bare, and badly lighted. The chief decoration is a large and dingy photograph of the Sistine Madonna. While the ladies were serving coffee and doughnuts, various farmers from the outlying districts and lonely hill-farms of Yellowbrook related how they had caught sight of the two heifers, and offered advice to the owners.

"I was out yesterday in the wood lot, trimming the pines", reported Preston Means, a tall shy man, former master of the Grange. "All of a sudden my dog began to bark and growl. I turned around, and there they were, brown and black, with him nipping at their legs. That dog of mine's no bigger than a pint of cider, but before I could stop him he'd run them off again into the woods. They didn't seem so much frightened as shy and nervous like wild creatures. They ran quick and light-footed like deer."

"Ay-yuh, they was nervous and on their toes like that down at my place early this morning." This was the shrill voice of the Lady Assistant Stewardess, a thin greasy-haired widow who keeps a chicken farm at the head of the green. "I thought they was plain dumb. I was stoking up the stove in my furthest hen-house when I saw them. They was almost in sight of your house, but didn't have sense enough to go ahead. They just stood and sniffed the air, and then disappeared quick as squirrels."

"They aren't dumb at all", Mrs. Pickering put in with defensive tenderness. "They hadn't ever been to that part of

the village before, and of course it looked strange to them. How could they know they were near home?"

"If I was you", the Reverend Abel James said in his deep voice throwing out his chest pompously, "I wouldn't have anything more to do with those heifers. They're just frantic now with cold and hunger and fear, and they're liable to go back to their original wildness. I've known frightened heifers to be more dangerous than charging bulls."

Mrs. Pickering silenced him with a look of passionate scorn, but she then had to listen with sinking heart while old Mrs. Turner, the village historian's wife, recited the well-known story of the skeleton in the woods.

"When I was a girl I heard my uncle tell how one spring he and some boys were climbing over those rock ledges in our woods where there's a thicket of swamp pinks. They noticed some white bones, and thought at first that it was a cow that had got her hoof caught in a split rock. But it turned out there wasn't any trace of horns on the skull. And John Leverett had lost a horse in October. He thought the gipsies had stolen him, but there he was."

This tale agitated Mrs. Pickering profoundly. The Door-keeper of the Grange, a withered tender-hearted man who puts glass tumblers over early snowdrops to protect them from frost, was touched by her evident concern.

"I'm almost done my ice-harvesting now, Luella, and I could lend you my sled and a couple of horses day after tomorrow. Why don't you go up into the hills and take some pails of feed and apples along to lure them with?"

"Why, Homer Bunting, what a good idea! Thank you ever so much!"

With this the gathering broke up, and they all returned to their homes through a cold so intense that the tiny hairs in their nostrils crackled with frost.

For the next two days Mr. Pickering was too busy filling orders for firewood to carry on the search. On Saturday, however, he was free to resume the hunt. Much to everybody's surprise he returned leading Brownie, always the more docile of the pair. She was sadly wasted and ragged now, too indifferent to respond to Mrs. Pickering's delighted caresses.

Mr. Pickering described the capture. "She was just lying down in the snow, in that upland pasture behind Ed. Lyman's farm. She was too weak with hunger to run. I held out an apple; as she was munching it I slipped a rope around her neck, and here we are."

"It *is* a miracle, isn't it, Jeremiah! I think God must have returned her to us!"

The next morning while it was still dark Mrs. Pickering awakened her husband.

"Jeremiah", she said, "you go right off and borrow that sled from Homer Bunting. I'm going with you to-day. I can't bear to think of Blackie out in the cold growing thinner and thinner. This is the seventh day that she's been gone, and I believe that if I go with you it will be lucky. We'll take our lunch and spend the day."

Mr. Pickering knew his wife too well to hurry. He never understands exactly what she does on those occasions when they plan to get an early start. Apparently the hens have to be fed very carefully at such times, the kittens have to be taken up to her ample lap one by one and crooned over with especial tenderness. Then there were various thermos jugs and bottles to be filled piping hot with the coffee, canned peas and carrots, and lamb stew that were to be their picnic lunch in the woods. The horses stood in the yard for an hour, stamping impatiently. Mr. Pickering loaded the sled with pails of feed and apples, then with picnic baskets and bundles. He tied the brown heifer behind; they hoped to use her as a decoy.

It was noon before Mrs. Pickering was ready to go. She came flying out in a confusion of cats. Her husband stood to drive. She bundled herself up warmly in scarfs and blankets behind him, and they set off down the road. The little brown heifer trotted silently behind. Many a smile greeted them from the windows of their friends as they went through the village.

"We look just like Polanders", Mr. Pickering remarked self-consciously, looking back at the laden sled and the appended heifer.

"Do you think I care?" his wife responded enthusiastically.

They soon left the village behind, and started to wind upward to the hills. It was easy enough going at first. The snow was not deep enough to obliterate completely the traces of old roads that penetrate that lonely region. It is a land once more populous than now; they passed stone walls running through dense forest, and occasionally a cellar-hole marked by an ancient lilac.

The intense purity of the sky looked down on them as they made their way through sunlight or thin shadow, and almost windless air. They saw many a rabbit track and many a rabbit; the delicate triangulations made by birds on snow; traces of deer. They saw a chickadee, grey and white against a dark pine-trunk, and heard his slender sibilance. Crows yelled at them as they passed through the solitudes. Finally the trail slanted upward into the very heart of the hills.

Mr. Pickering pointed out where the heifers had spent their first and second nights. Their first resting-place was on the summit of a treeless, wind-swept ridge up which the horses laboured with difficulty. They had not even lain close together for warmth. Mrs. Pickering sighed and trembled as she thought of the ravages of the wind on them that night. She looked out over the landscape that opened around, the wal-

lowing peaks of the range, the frozen swamp below Hilliard's Nob, the distant Connecticut River winding and gleaming. It seemed an unfriendly spot for her gentle farm animals.

Their second choice had been better, a quiet clearing among old pines between two sheltering summits. The snow here was rather thin from melting in the noon sun; lichenized rocks showed above the surface, and orange clusters of bunchberry. The crust was sprinkled with pine cones, pine needles, and twigs. Perhaps there had been nourishment here for them. As in many of these woodland nooks, sheltered by trees and the sloping granite of the hills, and irradiated by the sun, there was a feeling of spring in the calm warm air and in the deep blueness of the patch of sky above. There was really only the dead silence of winter, but Mrs. Pickering felt that sap must soon begin to run in the solitary sugar-maple. She thought it a delightful spot to linger in, and suggested to her husband that it would be a good place to lunch.

After they had finished their meal, she was struck by a sudden inspiration. "This dingle is so pretty", she said, "so sheltered, that Blackie will surely come back. Why, I shouldn't mind spending the night here myself. Let's scatter food about, and then wait and see if something doesn't happen."

They spent a busy hour wading about in the snow among the trees. Various faint paths radiated irregularly from the hollow of the glade. On these ways, along some of which their heifers had obviously wandered, they placed their offerings of red apples and pale grain, so that a half-starved animal would be lured on to the centre. Up the slopes of the hills they scrambled, and along the pass behind the glade where it narrowed almost to a chasm. The walking was difficult, the sun warm; and Mrs. Pickering, scooting and limping about, agile and exuberant as a girl despite her sixty years and the pain of her gouty joints, could feel the sweat beginning to trickle down her back under the scarfs and woollens. When their pails

were nearly empty they returned to the sled, ruddy-faced and tired. The little brown heifer stood there with some impatience, tossing her head, and moving restlessly sideways. She was gaunt and wild-eyed; Mrs. Pickering thought how much she resembled a shy wild creature, a deer perhaps.

The Pickerings wrapped themselves up well in blankets, sat close together for warmth, and prepared to wait patiently. The snow began to reflect a richer light as the afternoon grew late. The sky became a pale translucent green like the colour of shallow sea-water. Everything was still and warm, although Mrs. Pickering noticed that the melted snow on the runners of the sled had frozen. The peace was so deep and heartfelt, the beauty of the grove so intense, pure, and refreshing, that Mrs. Pickering could only with the greatest reluctance bring herself to think of turning their horses homeward.

"I'll not suggest going yet", she said to herself. "This is the seventh day; I feel sure that we shall discover something yet."

For many years she has rejoiced that she did not speak at that moment. A real chill had begun to flow in on them as they sat there among the uninhabited mountains. Suddenly the brown heifer tugged at her rope with unusual violence, and bellowed shrilly with stunning effect. The Pickerings jerked themselves erect. There from the trail that led into the pass ambled the black heifer, dancing gaily along through the snow, her eyes glowing, her feet twinkling, a veil of crimson over the glossy sable of her hide. How well she looked, fatter and sleeker, yet also livelier, more graceful, more light-footed than she had ever been! Where had she fed so well? It was as if she had been cherished by the wild spirit of the wilderness in which she had spent the past exciting week.

Blackie seemed in no way surprised to see them, and the Pickerings sat motionless. She approached the tethered heifer fearlessly, gave her a long kissing and licking with her tongue.

"Now, Luella, do you tickle her between the horns, while I get the rope and slip it over her neck."

And so Luella tickled away at that exquisite spot, and held out the prettiest, brightest apple that was left, leaning uncomfortably backwards toward the rear of the sled. Blackie responded affectionately, rubbing her head against Mrs. Pickering's hand. At sight of the apple, saliva drooled from her mouth.

"Now!" Mrs. Pickering whispered. "We have her!"

Her husband stole around with the rope. But as he moved near, his great hands fumbled and the rope slapped against the side of the sled. Up flew Blackie's head, a look of exultant pride and wildness in her eyes, and she leaped boldly and furiously toward the woods and freedom. Mr. Pickering made a frantic effort to twist the rope over her neck as she fled past him, but missed: she was gone, and it seemed to Mrs. Pickering as if it were only in a dream that they had seen her.

Her husband was sunk in gloom, but the springs that feed Mrs. Pickering's being are far different. She was scarcely surprised to find how resigned, or rather how joyful she felt that it had all turned out so.

"Well, Jeremiah, we have lost her. We won't come again. It's best this way."

The sled was soon turned toward the village. Jeremiah glanced at his wife's face as they glided along the road, their only heifer trotting behind. He expected to see her sad, but her eyes were shining. Her face seemed to have taken on some of the fire of the sunset; there was a radiance there that came from within, that inner light he remembered to have seen there at times before, and never understood. He was far from understanding it now. She answered his look with one of strange intensity, of quiet ecstasy.

"Oh Jeremiah", her voice thrilled with eagerness and ardour, and she clasped her hands. "This is one of the seven happiest days of my life. I knew this morning when I woke

you that it was going to be a lucky day. We shall never see her again; she doesn't belong to us any more. But I feel so happy, so deeply and perfectly happy. I don't know why."

Jeremiah didn't know why either. As for him, he thought of their original investment, and of the milk they had been hoping to sell in the summer. But he was wise, and said nothing. They moved slowly on their way by the silvery after-glow.

Mrs. Pickering was right: they never again saw their black heifer. But word comes to them now and then from those who do catch glimpses of her. From remote hill pastures and forgotten upland roads, hikers, cowmen, and lumbermen occasionally report the presence of a strange wild black cow. Skiers have seen her by moonlight in the snow, and say that she has the fleetness of a deer, the shyness of a forest squirrel, the cunning of a fox in eluding them. Fishermen have had a flashing view of her up to her knees in cowslips in a cool-running violet-haunted brook, and testify to the benevolent mildness of her countenance, the shining opulence of her flesh. She apparently is known of no bull, and yet it is always said that in her air of contentment she far surpasses the well-pastured, large-uddered cows of the lowlands. All agree to the dazzling swiftness of her flight when surprised by men. She has found welcome in the wilderness.

All these details drifting to her through many years delight Mrs. Pickering profoundly. The story is a favourite one for her husband to prompt her to tell around the fire at picnics. She tells it with gusto, and always ends by speaking of the brown heifer who came home. "Well, she would have been a good cow, but somehow that experience of being lost in the forest upset her. There has always been something wild, something deer-like and untamed about her. She's restless in the pasture among the other cows, her milk is never very good, and we have always to be careful that her rope is strongly fastened to a stake."

CHARLES DICKENS AND CANADA

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE recent publication, in the Nonesuch Edition of Charles Dickens's works, of three volumes (2,522 pages) of his letters, comprehensive beyond anything attempted before, gives us all occasion to 'overhaul' our Dickens, as Captain Cuttle 'overhauled the Scriptures'. The letters, in a sense, add little original matter to our previous knowledge. The field has been too well gleaned for that. But they enable us to gather our knowledge together and focus it anew. In the course of other studies which I have had occasion to make in this connection, it has occurred to me that it is of interest to us in Canada to examine again such relationship, personal and literary, as Charles Dickens had with our country. The conclusion indeed will be largely a negative one,—that Dickens knew little of Canada and cared less. But that does not detract from the interest of the enquiry. The literary critic does best where the material is least: just as a hungry hog compelled to root digs up truffles.

Canada comes into Dickens's books about as much and as little as the North Pole. When he needed the 'colonial' idea in fiction, he used Australia, a country which he never saw, but towards which he had an odd sentimental leading. While still poor and struggling, in his moments of youthful despair, oppressed and obscured by the dead weight of British caste and Toryism, his fancy turned to Van Dieman's Land as a place of retreat. Even when his sudden, phenomenal success removed all thought of the Antipodes for himself, he still sent his characters there. Australia in Dickens's books is used as the land of redemption. Charlie Bates, the thief of *Oliver Twist*, becomes the merriest drover in New South Wales. Mr. Micawber, as all the world knows, rose to position and affluence when translated to Port Middleton. Of Dickens's own sons two were

sent out to Australia. The only one who came to Canada, Francis, an Inspector in the Northwest Mounted Police, in the days of the 1885 rebellion—came after his father's death.

Dickens's sole visit to Canada (May, 1842) came as an appendage to his Brobdingnagian tour of the United States. Of that all readers know the story: the huge panorama of his 'national' reception, as an unofficial guest of the nation, his disillusionment over slavery, tobacco-spitting, and the vulgarianism of the malarial West.

But his Canadian visit was the one bright spot, after his first delight in Boston and its people, which helped to redeem his overwhelming disappointment, and his mistaken disgust.

Dickens's sojourn in Canada extended from May 4th, 1842, when he entered it at Niagara, having come from Buffalo, Sandusky and the far west, to May 30th, when he left Montreal for New York *via* the new railroad that connected La Prairie with the Lake Champlain and Hudson River Route. He devotes to it a scant half-chapter in his *American Notes*. But one looks in vain in his account for any height of colour, any warm approval or strong condemnation, and above all for any comparison of Canada with the United States. The reason is not far to seek. Dickens had left the 'States' with a loathing for what he thought its blatant vulgarity, its cheap equality, its braggart boastfulness. To Forster he had written: "I think it impossible, utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here and be happy." This feeling increased as he went farther west. New York was bad enough, Washington swam in tobacco juice, and Richmond was hideous with slavery. But it remained for the "Far West" to cap the climax. The Ohio and Mississippi country was a "breeding-place of fever, ague and death". The country people of Ohio—the pioneers of American history, the Abraham Lincolns and such—appeared to him, as he wrote from Sandusky, "morose, sullen, clownish and repulsive. I should think," he adds, "that there is not on

the face of the earth a people so utterly destitute of humour, vivacity or the capacity for enjoyment."

The change from this to the social life of Canada was as from darkness to light. Here were again 'ladies and gentlemen', Her Majesty's regiments in garrison, the Church of England, Lord this and Sir Charles that,—in other words a reproduction on a miniature scale of the aristocratic and Tory England that had nearly driven Dickens to Tasmania. He revelled in the change. But he wisely kept the comparison out of his *American Notes*. He begins with the words, "I wish to abstain from instituting any comparison or drawing any parallel whatever between the social features of the United States and those of the British possessions in Canada".

Hence the peculiar lack of colour, the un-Dickens-like character of his notes on Canada. What he does say is mostly to the good. Toronto is "full of life and motion . . . lighted with gas and the shops excellent". He speaks with approval of the College of Upper Canada (it had been opened in 1829) with a "sound education in every department of public learning". There is, or used to be, a legend of Dickens's visit to the school, and of his having addressed the pupils. When I was attending Upper Canada College, nearly sixty years ago, the senior classical master, who had entered the school in 1837, said that he remembered all about it. But I find no corroboration of it either in the school records or in Dickens's correspondence during his journey, and I fear that my venerable teacher had perhaps reached an age when he remembered not too little, but too much. Dickens made the journey from Toronto to Montreal by steamer and by stage, to pass the worst rapids. There was as yet no railway. He finds Cobourg a "cheerful thriving little town". Kingston—at that time the new 'capital' of United Canada,—is a "very poor town": "One half of it appears to be burnt down and the other half not to be built up." But it had "an admirable jail". (Dickens was always strong on prisons.)

Descending from Kingston, Dickens is amazed at the sight of a gigantic lumber raft on the St. Lawrence, with some thirty or forty wooden houses on it. There is an extended description of Montreal, recognizable now as only the financial section, where the stock exchange looks on Maisonneuve, and Maisonneuve looks on the Bank of Montreal. That, with a short panorama of Quebec, "its giddy heights, its picturesque steep streets"; a night journey back to Montreal; a brief reference to the kindness of English officers in the "pleasant barracks" of St. John on the Richelieu (where he left Canada) and Dickens's open record of the country ends.

He tells in it nothing of the flattering social welcome, of the profuse hospitality of the Governor and the Garrisons, nor of his triumphant organization of private theatricals under the auspices of the garrison of Montreal. For all of that, one must turn to the pages of Dickens's correspondence, now so fully and so easily available in the volumes before us. A part of his experience is already familiar to readers of all the biographers: how he organized theatricals at Montreal, revelling in an atmosphere steeped in aristocratic class and vastly different from Sandusky, Ohio: how even Mrs. Dickens,—his poor 'dumb' wife, later to be set aside like an old shoe,—how even 'Kate' acted and acted "devilishly well too",—all that is known. But some of the lesser features of Dickens's visit are set forth, if not in a new, at least in a brighter light, by these collated letters.

There is no doubt that Dickens was enraptured at the change from the rough and ready society of the Far West to the more aristocratic environment of British influence. A passion of loyalty—his first, I imagine—woke up in him. Already—from Niagara Falls—in a letter marked and underscored, "on the *English* side", he writes, "You cannot conceive with what transports of joy I beheld our English sentinel. . . . I was taken dreadfully loyal after dinner and drank the Queen's health in a bumper!"

His picturesque description of the Falls and his more sober pictures of Toronto and the Canadian towns, are punctuated with enthusiastic appreciation of the reception that he met. "We have been to Toronto and Kingston," he writes, "have had everybody's carriages and horses at our disposal, and all the government boats, boat crews, officers and steamers." . . . "We have experienced," he writes in another letter of the same date (May 12th), "impossible-to-be-described attentions in Canada. Everybody's carriages and horses are at our disposal and everybody's servants." It was not so much the welcome that appealed: he'd had that at the hotel 'levee' in Philadelphia, and when "one hundred and fifty first-class bores" received him at a ball in Cincinnati. No: it was the *class* of the thing that appealed. Dickens, like all those of us born in Victorian England, couldn't help being something of a snob. It must have been a pleasure to him to write to an American friend (a professor at Harvard): "When you write to me, write to me in care of the Earl of Musgrave, in Montreal". A pleasure also to write home to his devoted adherent John Forster: "We dined with Sir Charles Bagot (at Kingston) last Sunday. Lord Musgrave was to have met us yesterday at Lachine; but as was windbound in his yacht and couldn't get in, Sir Richard Jackson sent his drag, four-in-hand, with two other young fellows who are also his aides, and we came in in grand style." He adds, as casually as he can, "I think I told you that I have been invited to play with officers of the Coldstream Guards here."

Charles Dickens's sojourn in Montreal (May 12-31, 1842) and the amateur theatricals organized with the officers of the garrison under the patronage of the Governor General, represent, I think, a unique episode in his social life. As far as I can judge, he never before or after mixed with that kind of society in that kind of way. I am aware, of course, that later on Dickens put on amateur theatricals in London in the Duke

of Devonshire's town house in the presence of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. But this, and similar occasions, were isolated. He didn't unite with the Queen and Albert and the Duke as a crowd of jolly good fellows as he did in Montreal.

Dickens in society was peculiar. He was too egocentric, egotistic—ego—anything you like—for general society. Even in the highest circle of what is called society there must be a certain give-and-take. No one person—unless he is a Kaiser—can be the whole thing, the whole time. Mark Twain has given a classic account of dining with the Kaiser, with twenty resplendent guests—for whom the Kaiser did all the talk. But later disclosures show that the Kaiser was wondering why Mark Twain didn't say anything.

But what I mean is that when Dickens went out he had to be *it*. He had to be the centre of an admiring group of men such as Talfourd the lawyer (Tommy Traddles) and Macready and Maclise, men who did their work on the stage or at the easel and socially could listen and admire. One recalls the picture of Dickens reading out his *Chimes* to such a group—he had come back to London from the Continent just to do it. Dickens had in him energy enough, fun enough, originality enough for all the group. There was no need for anybody else.

In high society that doesn't go. High society can rush a lion for three weeks,—a Garibaldi, or a Henry M. Stanley or a Nansen,—but after that, he must go back to the jungle or the pole or wherever he came from. You can't run society as a Lion's Den. Dickens, therefore, in his London life, moved in an orbit of his own. But here in Montreal, with devoted officers of the Coldstreams devising costumes and scenery at his bidding, with unchallenged authority, unbounded popularity,—the thing fitted like a glove. Dickens and society fitted together as never before or after. In fact, he just swallowed and engulfed it: Montreal society became Dickens.

The great night of the theatricals justified all expectations. "The play came off last night"; he writes, "the audience between five and six hundred strong were invited as to a party: a regular table with refreshments being spread in the lobby and saloon. We had the band of the twenty-third (one of the finest in the service) as the orchestra: the theatre was lighted with gas, the scenery was excellent, and the properties were all brought from private houses. Sir Charles Bagot, Sir Richard Jackson and their staffs were present and as the military portion of the audience were all in full uniform it was a splendid scene" . . . In the same letter (it is to Forster) he writes . . . "I haven't told you half enough . . . Lord Musgrave and I went out to the door to receive the Governor General, etc. I was so well made up that Sir Charles Bagot, who sat in the stage box, had no idea . . ."

But when the triumphant episode was over Dickens's one thought was 'home'. He went back to England cured of all radical fancies for Van Dieman's Land, liberty, equality and colonial life. Unconsciously he had been transformed into a tory,—a philanthropic tory, full of benevolence,—for which he would supply the words and others the music—but full to the top also with the conception of property, inheritance, state, church, policemen, law and order and the kingdom of heaven for the poor.

Dickens never visited Canada again. His second trip to America—the lecture tour of 1867-68—was a purely commercial affair, tragic in the picture that it calls up of Dickens, exhausted, sleepless, no eyes to see, no interest to examine the new world about him: held up only by his interest in his art and by the prospects of the box office. The tour had been planned to include Canada, but the extra travel and fatigue involved led Dickens to abandon the idea as soon as it was clear that there was plenty of money without it.

Only once after the *American Notes* of 1842, so far as I am aware, did Dickens ever turn his pen in later years to writing of Canada. Even then what he wrote concerned the Arctic regions of Rupertsland and not the settled colony. This was in 1854. The long search for the ill-fated Sir John Franklin's Polar expedition of 1845 had led to the discovery by the explorer Dr. John Rae of the frozen and mutilated bodies of some of Franklin's men. Dr. Rae, in his report published by the Admiralty, hinted at cannibalism. That was enough to interest Dickens: he had a fine taste for horrors and cannibalism was part of his province. He was at that time editor of *Household Words*, his first weekly magazine. "It has occurred to me," he writes to his sub-editor, "that I am rather strong on Voyages and Cannibalism and might do an interesting little paper on that part of Dr. Rae's report." Which was accordingly done in the two numbers of December 2nd and December 9th, 1859, under the title *The Lost Arctic Voyagers*. The papers are of no historic value except as illustrating Dickens's morbid taste in horror. Of Rupertsland he knew nothing and cared less. To him it was just a huge abstraction full of snow. His discussion is purely, so to speak, as between cannibals: discussion as to how and when you do it, with a long list of cases of cannibalism and near-cannibalism in connection with shipwreck and disaster. The conclusion reached, for the consolation of Lady Franklin and those associated in her sorrow, was that no English gentleman would stoop so low. One may contrast with interest Dickens's fanciful guess-work the sustained facts and reasoning of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's discussion in his new book, *Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic* (1939).

Oddly enough, the only Rupertsland evidence that Dickens quotes is from Franklin's own famous *Narrative of his Journey to the Polar Seas* in 1819-21. In this account we read how the leaders of a party shot one of its members who had been detected in murder for cannibalism's sake. But the

point for Dickens is that this man was not a gentleman, and the leaders were. They could have eaten him, but they wouldn't.

Of this 'narrative' of Franklin's, Dickens speaks most warmly, calling it "one of the most enthralling in the whole literature of voyage and travel". But I imagine that he most likely only read it in this connection. The reading of his days of boyish romance had turned in other directions than towards our country, of whose history he knew nothing and whose savage aborigines filled him with loathing.

A man is known, in the literary sense, by the company he keeps—the books that have become his companions. "When the wind is blowing and the sleet or rain is driving against the dark windows, I love to sit by the fire thinking of what I have read in books of voyages and travel." So wrote Charles Dickens in a magazine article (see his *Reprinted Pieces*), called *The Long Voyages*. Let us see in what direction his fancy led him when he set out. Here are travels in Africa, Bruce in Abyssinia, Mungo Park in the mysterious, half-convict stories—convicts always fascinated Dickens. Here is convict stories—convicts always fascinated Dickens. He is Captain Bligh and the whole saga of Pitcairn Island—rediscovered just before Dickens's own day (1808). Here are shipwrecks, with heroic stories of bravery at sea,—the East Indiaman *Haleswell*, outward bound, pounded to pieces on Seacombe Rocks on a night of January storm . . . and here the *Grosvenor* wrecked on the desolate shores of Kaffraria, her few survivors lost among the savages.

But notice, here is *not* North America: here is not the half-century of conflict, here is not Mackenzie's journey to the Pacific, nor the whole epic of Fenimore Cooper's America that broke like a literary wave over Europe during Dickens's boyhood. Dickens was fourteen years old when *The Last of the Mohicans* appeared as No. 5 of Cooper's unending series.

"In every city of Europe," so wrote in 1833 (three years before *Pickwick*) Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, "the works of Cooper were conspicuously placed in the windows of every bookshop."

But not for young Dickens. Nor is the reason far to seek. He couldn't abide—to use the language of Mrs. Gamp—couldn't abide savages. Our continent was all put to the bad for him by their existence. We have on record a little essay that he wrote in one of his magazines and that afterwards appeared among his *Reprinted Pieces* under the title *The Noble Savage*. Dickens had no illusions about his nobility. To him, a savage—any savage—was lazy, dirty, shiftless, bloodthirsty, fratricidal. In his essay he lumps them all together:

It is all one to me, whether he sticks a fishbone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or birds' feathers in his hair, whether he flattens his head between two boards or spreads his nose over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth or knocks them out, or paints one cheek red and the other blue, or tatoos himself or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives. Yielding to whichever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage, cruel, false, thievish, murderous, addicted more or less to grease, entrails and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting: a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

After which, with a few specific references to 'Ojibbeway' Indians and Zulu Kaffirs, Dickens dismisses the whole lot of them.

For their sins we, their supplanters, pay the price. Our Dominion, which might have been illuminated by the deeds and the eloquence of the pioneer Micawber, or have sheltered the shame of Little Emily, was passed by. We must wait for a Dickens of our own.

MACAULAY, THE STUDY OF AN HISTORIAN

BY DAVID MUNROE

MACAULAY has been dead nearly fourscore years and his writings have passed through the usual cycle—popularity, censure, neglect. For more than a decade after his death he remained one of the most popular writers in England, being widely acclaimed by a generation whose appetite for history was avid if not always discriminating. Then a reaction set in. History became a science, its methods became more formal; and he was shouldered from the front rank by critics who dubbed him a party writer and quibbled with his judgements on various minor points. Censure was followed by neglect, and during the past twenty years he has suffered far more injustice from an indifferent public than ever he did from a partial or antagonistic one. More than most men, Macaulay is known through his books: even a brief inquiry into the methods by which he worked may therefore help to make him better understood.

Like many another famous man, he was educated partly through the influence of an enlightened and devoted family circle; partly through the usual agencies of education—the school and university. His father was a man of wholesome if somewhat narrow literary tastes, who encouraged his children to read from the time they could first hold a book. The diet was admittedly stiff—Burnet, Clarendon, Bunyan, Shakespeare, Gibbon, and the Reviews—but Tom acquired in boyhood a wider knowledge of literature than most men do at the university. Moreover, the elder Macaulay enjoyed a fairly wide acquaintance among the distinguished men and women of his time, and his friendship with Hannah More, Mackintosh, Chateaubriand, Sismondi, and Madame de Staël exerted a noticeable influence on the interests and enthusiasms of his son. At

school under Preston and later at Trinity College, Cambridge, the youth obtained a measure of classical scholarship rare even at a time when every educated man could quote substantial passages of Homer and Cicero. While at the university his leisure was divided between the Union, reading and writing. He learned to speak well, though no one then foresaw his later triumphs in Parliament; he continued to read widely—Scott, Jane Austen, Addison, Milton, Johnson, Pepys, and Gibbon; and his writing included some very creditable articles for Knight's *Quarterly Magazine* and a prize essay on William the Third.

Upon graduation he turned first to the bar, but a few years spent on the Northern Circuit convinced him that his tastes lay elsewhere. He therefore began to devote himself more and more to politics and literature, a combination of interests more common a century ago than it is to-day. As a young and promising Whig, he soon fell under the influence of Holland House, where he met Talleyrand, became intimate with Grey, Russell and Palmerston, and enjoyed the friendship of a host and hostess both intelligent and urbane.

Some years before his political activities produced this abundant harvest, Macaulay had turned seriously to literature. The famous essay, *Milton*, published in 1825, began his connection with the *Edinburgh Review* and fixed the literary form of all his early work. During the next twenty years he many times repeated this success, using Southey's historical essays for his model and adapting it to suit his purpose. In all he wrote thirty-seven essays and during the course of this work he naturally developed definite methods and standards, some of which he mentioned in a letter to Napier, editor of the *Edinburgh*.

The tone of many passages, nay of whole pages, would justly be called flippant in regular history. But I conceive that this sort of composition has its own character, and its own laws.

... The manner of these little historical essays bears, I think, the same analogy to the manner of Tacitus or Gibbon which the manner of Ariosto bears to the manner of Tasso, or the manner of Shakespeare's historical plays to the manner of Sophocles. Ariosto, when he is grave and pathetic, is as grave and pathetic as Tasso; but he often takes a light fleeting tone which suits him admirably, but which in Tasso would be quite out of place. . . . So with these historical articles. Where the subject requires it, they may rise, if the author can manage it, to the highest altitudes of Thucydides. Then again, they may without impropriety sink to the levity and colloquial ease of Horace Walpole's letters. This is my theory.

Traces of these ideas are to be found in all the essays. They represent a distinct advance on the methods of Southey, and Macaulay readily became the recognized master of this particular literary form.

Even in his early years he was tolerably well equipped for the office of critic on historical subjects. He was familiar with all the classical historians; he had first read Burnet and Clarendon at his father's knee; and at school he had read Gibbon with such close attention that ever afterward his style bore unmistakable traces of the Georgian master. Thus, at a time when history was not competently taught at any English school or university, Macaulay had obtained an intimate knowledge of many masterpieces of historical writing. There were, however, long gaps in this knowledge, and it is a weakness of Macaulay that he frequently ventured opinions where he was partially or totally ignorant of the facts. Perhaps the most glaring example of this to be found in his early work is the essay *History*, published in 1828. Surveying the whole field of historical writing, he shows admirable judgement in dealing with the ancients. He condemns Herodotus for a romantic, although a most accomplished one; Thucydides is brought to task for his failure to present the motives as well as the facts; to Livy he pays the doubtful compliment, "we do not know, in the whole range of literature, an instance of a bad thing so well done"; and his praise of Tacitus is sober and

restrained. But there is a pronounced difference between his treatment of the ancients and the moderns, for most of the criticism levelled at the latter is shallow and evasive. Most of the ammunition is spent on Hume, Clarendon and Mitford, none of whom ranks among the first of English historians; and, with the exception of Voltaire (who is merely mentioned), Continental writers are entirely ignored. Yet throughout the essay Macaulay conveys the impression that he is perfectly familiar with the whole field of history, and one wishes that he had confined his criticism to the classical period, in which he was completely at home.

Although this fault recurs all too frequently in the essays, it by no means undermines their value. It affects their completeness rather than their accuracy, and there are many striking merits which compensate. Even in his early work Macaulay demonstrated a rare capacity for narrative writing, a wealth of minute knowledge and, what is perhaps more uncommon, a consummate skill in managing his facts. The style is polished, simple and mature; and the descriptive passages ("purple passages", he called them,) approach the very summit of historical literature. Whatever he wrote on seventeenth or eighteenth century England was good, and some of it was superb; the two India essays have justly been accorded the title of classics; and, while his sallies into Continental history were sometimes unfortunate, even in them he was never dull. To the average Englishman and also to many readers in America, he naturally became something of an oracle, for here was a long parade of history in more attractive dress than it had ever appeared before. The *Edinburgh* flourished, popular enthusiasm for history increased and presently Macaulay was faced with the demand that the essays be collected and published in book form. This he was reluctant to do, for he had never considered them as permanent literature. But the appearance of pirated editions in America and finally

in England forced him to do so in 1843, and at once the book became one of the indispensables of the Victorian library.

It has been customary for critics to contend that Macaulay was created *en bloc* and that neither his opinions, his methods nor his style developed from the time he first began to write. This theory is rather too simple to be correct. Undoubtedly he left Cambridge with a more mature prose style and far more positive opinions than any of his fellow-graduates and, had he never received any further stimulus, he would still have made a name for himself; but anyone who surveys the whole range of his work will discover a noticeable difference between the works of his youth and those of his maturity. This is evident if we compare the early with the later essays, the *Byron* with the *Addison*, for example: and it is still more striking when the first ten or twelve essays are placed beside the *History*. The style is more mellow, the opinions less harsh, the judgments less precipitate.

The explanation of these changes seems to originate in his four years' residence at Calcutta. In 1834 he was appointed to the Supreme Council of India. His duties were not onerous, his salary was ample, so that he could live in scholarly ease and comfort. Before leaving England he arranged with Napier to pay him for any essays he might write in books rather than money, and he also had asked his friend, Thomas Fowler Ellis, to send out a collection of Greek classics. The schemes immediately before him were a review of Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution* and an essay on Voltaire and, probably with these in mind, he chose his reading for the three months' voyage. At the time he read Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French, and he devoted himself to a wide variety of books—Richardson, Gibbon, Sismondi, Davila, Cervantes, Homer, Virgil, Horace and the seventy volumes of Voltaire. Arriving at Calcutta he plunged at once into Herodotus and thence into a veritable sea of ancient literature. Once he

became established he set up a rigorous routine. The mornings (from five to nine o'clock) were devoted to the classics; the evenings were spent reading modern authors; while each Sunday he read a Greek play. Finally, on the passage home, he undertook to master German, so that he might read Schiller and Goethe in the original.

It must be remembered that this omnivorous reading was not in the least casual: it was done with the profound attention of the student. Trevelyan's interesting appendix to the *Life* is proof of this; so, also, are the letters to Ellis. Macaulay had studied the classic authors first with Preston or at Trinity and he had not had leisure to read them since, consequently he approached them now with the tempered enthusiasm of a scholar who has a definite object in view. In many instances he now found it necessary to revise his critical estimates. His appreciation of Livy and Lucian increased considerably; he altered his opinion of Tacitus; and among the historical writers he awarded the palm to Thucydides. Never again did he waver in this latter judgement. The more he read, whether in ancient or modern literature, the more satisfied he became with his choice, until, during the writing of his own masterpiece, he could say, "He is the great historian. The others one may hope to match: him, never."

Returning to England in 1838, Macaulay at once began to plan his famous *History of England*. He continued to write for the *Edinburgh* until 1845, and several of these later essays were among his best; but he repeatedly warned Napier during these years that he intended soon to devote himself entirely to what he called his "historical labours". The idea may have originated in his early reading of Pepys and Clarendon and his youthful enthusiasm for William the Third, but the first faint suggestion of the scheme is a phrase at the close of the essay on *Mackintosh*, "Here another vast field opens itself before us". That was in 1835. Three

years later he was ready to begin, having pretty well decided to cover the period between the Glorious Revolution and the Napoleonic War, which he described as almost *terra incognita* even to educated people. The introduction, however, bothered him. How could he plunge into the reign of William without reviewing the reign of James the Second? And, if he did that, how could he avoid the inclusion of Charles the Second too? Finally he decided on an "introductory chapter or two" (which eventually became three) and set to work.

It was now ten years since he had first stated his philosophy of history, and his opinions had altered somewhat in the interval. He still subscribed to the dictum that history is a compound of poetry and philosophy, but he had ceased to feel satisfied with a method he had formerly praised whereby "Sir Walter Scott gives us a novel; Mr. Hallam a critical and argumentative history". Long study of the historical classics had persuaded him that this division was not inevitable, that the elements might be compounded. It had also made him impatient with the prevailing ideas about the dignity of history. "I do, indeed, greatly disapprove of those notions which some writers have of the dignity of history. For fear of alluding to the vulgar concerns of life, they take no notice of the circumstances which deeply affect the happiness of nations. But I never thought of denying that the language of history ought to preserve a certain dignity." This lack of sympathy with modern tendencies caused him to look more and more to the ancients for his models, and thus we find him studying alternatives to Thucydides' chronological arrangement or experimenting with substitutes for the speeches which have so prominent a place in Greek history. Sheer narrative power he had always possessed, but he now took greater pains with the management of the foreground and background, and he spared no effort to make his descriptive passages accurate and vivid. Adopting the practice of Polybius and other Greek

writers, he visited battlegrounds and camps to make himself familiar with local topography; and the success of this experiment may be judged from his remarkable pictures of Londonderry, Glencoe and Killiecrankie.

While the problems of method required careful study, there was no need to ponder the question of style. Macaulay's writing had always been lively, for he had early cultivated the habit of placing himself in the period and place he wished to describe. "I am no sooner in the streets", he wrote to his sister, "than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution", and during these reveries he used to compose romances in the style of Scott. The natural vivacity was greatly enhanced by careful polish. His style has been described by some critics as metallic, artificial and mechanical; but no one can deny that it is always a suitable vehicle for the narrative, and is not that the fundamental test? Poets have been known to correct their verses with meticulous care until the rhymes and rhythm are quite perfect, but no poet ever laboured more diligently than Macaulay did over his sentences and paragraphs. When the material was clearly arranged in his mind, he outlined it boldly on paper—six or eight pages was considered his daily task—and at the first revision these were condensed to about two pages of print. After further painstaking correction, during which he made every sentence fit exactly and every paragraph conclude with a telling phrase, he was ready for the final test. This was to read the passage aloud to either the Trevelyans or Ellis. And even after the manuscript had been handed to the printer he refused to be satisfied until every page was cleared of errors and the lines of print were exactly straight.

The success of the *History* was immediate and complete. Two volumes were published in 1848, two in 1855, and a final one posthumously after it has been edited by Lady Trevelyan; and on each occasion the public response was enthusiastic. It

swept Britain and America, and presently was translated into every modern European language. "This is a marvellous book", was Bagehot's comment, "was history ever better written?" Jeffrey, who as first editor of the *Edinburgh* had introduced Macaulay to the public, was well pleased with this vindication of his judgement. "The mother that bore you", he wrote, "could scarcely feel prouder or happier than I do." The Prince Consort proposed the Cambridge professorship; the Queen bestowed a peerage; while mechanic and rustic joined in the chorus too, much to the author's delight. Yet in spite of this extravagant praise and a very excusable feeling of satisfaction, he did not lose his humility; after each part of the work was published he turned once again to a reading of his masters, Herodotus and Thucydides.

The applause has long since died away, leaving to other generations the difficult task of measuring Macaulay's stature as an historian. Some of the critics immediately discovered traces of his political prejudices, while others noted various errors of fact; but these faults failed to overshadow the remarkable breadth and vivacity of the work and it was probably read more widely than any other history has ever been. Gradually, however, a more serious fault appeared. Bagehot was the first to point out that the period covered by William's reign was quite unworthy of such painstaking research, that it was of neither universal nor permanent interest; and this opinion has been vindicated during the past fifty years. Had Macaulay followed his original plan and written the history of eighteenth century England, his work would have had greater appeal, for the story of William's England is really a fragment when it is detached from the century that preceded or followed it. If we look for the explanation of this unfortunate telescoping of his outline, the blame will probably fall on the classical models for leading him astray. The weaknesses of Macaulay are singularly like those of Thucydides; and one feels he might have avoided

this trap if he had studied Gibbon more closely. Nevertheless, those who drink deeply of the pleasures of literature will continue to enjoy the *History*, the student will continue to find it a pleasant oasis in the desert of dusty records in which he must work; but that the public will ever again sit down to those five stout volumes seems quite unlikely. The fate of the *Essays* may be different. Like some passages of the *History* (the third chapter is by far the most pertinent example), they stand out as remarkably attractive introductions to some of the most engaging themes in European history; and their breadth, their colour and their urbanity will not soon be equalled. In them we do not, perhaps, see Macaulay at his best: nevertheless we find there an erudite Victorian, with a vast store of interesting knowledge, who consistently tried to write history in a manner that everyone could understand.

THE GHOST IN THE OLD CORRIDOR

BY LORD DUNSANY

I WAS late getting out of the marshes, where I had been sitting for duck. I had stayed to hear this story. It is only another ghost-story, and yet there is one point in it that seems to me new, which is perhaps unusual in ghost-stories. But first I ought to describe the man who told it. And that is not easy, for darkness was so far advanced at the time that I met him amongst the willows, fringing the marsh for two or three hundred yards, that he stands in my memory almost as sombre as they, and would be almost as indistinct as other shapes in the gloaming, were it not for his fine clear profile, and the eager look in his eyes that seemed to be always searching, and deep in his face a sadness which I remember yet.

I came on him suddenly, passing by one of the willows. The deep marshes lay behind me, and I was nearing the dry land, when we got into conversation. Ducks could still be seen, when they came over, as black shapes against a sky from which all colour had not yet departed; but, though for a little while longer one could still see to shoot, I had left the deeper marshes so as to get out safely while there was still some light. I came on him standing by an old willow; and, though the awful loneliness of that place at such an hour made it natural enough to talk to any one met, yet looking back on it I think that his sympathies were not, as he seemed to pretend, with me, but with the ducks, and I believe he may have intentionally delayed me with his tale till the time, which was rapidly approaching, when I could no longer see to kill them. This was his story. I heard him, sitting on the bole of a willow that was lying along the marshes, while he stood near me in the water: far off I caught the flicker of will-o-the-wisps rising as darkness deepened.

"There is a valley," he said, "to which I came again after long wanderings; after wanderings so long that to see green fields again, and woods and hills and water, was an intense joy to me. To have seen old faces would have been a still greater joy, but I knew none there now, none working in the fields, none in the village street, none in the inn. It was a summer's evening and, as I passed by a hayfield, I heard men speak of a ghost, catching a fragment of their talk after I passed them, and hearing little more. I came to the village and again heard talk of a ghost, and this time I listened, curious to hear the story, going slowly away from a little group that was telling it. Something I gathered from them, something more from two passers-by, but still I had not the story, when it occurred to me that if I entered the inn I should have better opportunity of hearing all that was said than I should while walking down the street, where all was so familiar to me except the people. There were several people seated in the Green Man, as they called the inn: I walked slowly past them looking for faces I knew, but I found none; they scarcely looked at me, scarcely saw me, so strange was I to them all in this village in which I had once known everyone, in this old inn in which I had sat with friends. And then suddenly the talk began; eyes turned thoughtful as though suddenly dimmed with memories; and they too talked of the ghost. I stood then in a corner of the room just where a curtain folded back from the window made so much shadow that nobody noticed a stranger was still among them. And so I heard the story.

"The ghost, they said, haunted the old house on the hill and had been seen when some of their grandfathers were children, and it used to go down an old oak corridor there once every hundred years, or maybe a little less; but, whatever it was, it would come a few days after a comet, from which it seemed that it dwelt cold and lonely a little behind the comet, in those bleak spaces in which such things go. Whatever force

drove the comet drove the ghost. The thought of such wanderings was awful in that serene village.

"I heard all their talk, but gathered no more from it than I have said; then I decided to see for myself. I decided to go myself to the old house on the hill, because I heard that the comet had lately been seen again. I knew my way. Who in all that village could have gone more surely than I? I knew the village and all the valley, but I had loved that house: every nook of it I knew, every nook of it had been gently carried by memory through all the years of my wanderings. I went by a path that was a path no longer; a ten-foot wall was across it, but nothing could hold me back."

"How . . . ?" I began to ask, but he swept on.

"The old lawns were still the same, and I found the same old door. A bell beside it was new to me, but I did not touch the bell. I went in and climbed the old stairs, rushing up as I did when a boy. I turned to my right and found the old oak corridor, with the carved faces all along it, and the large panels darkening with the ages. For a moment I looked close at the dark still oak that had drawn its colour out of so many centuries, then I saw the absurdity of listening to village gossip about this house, that house that is to me what your blood and bones are to you; and, sinking deep into the ancient wainscot, I knew that I was the ghost."

I cannot say that he vanished when he ceased; for it was by now so dark that I only saw the outline of his face, and that no clearer than the will-o-the-wisps that rose far off in the night. When his voice was silent there was nothing more to guide me to the direction in which he was, and I found my way alone out of the marshes.

THE POETRY OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

BY W. J. SYKES

THERE is a tendency to neglect the poets of yesterday for those of to-day. New measures, new ways of thinking, new theories of verse, oppose those of the past generation. Tennyson and Browning were belittled by succeeding poets and critics, though a fairer judgement now seems to prevail. Are we in Canada, while applauding the latest verse and crowning contemporary poets, in danger of forgetting the solid achievements of the singers of yesterday?

Ever since the appearance of Duncan Campbell Scott's *Collected Poems* I have felt that his work has not received the appreciation that it deserves. Distinctions have been conferred upon him, and it is the custom for reviewers to speak of him with respect, and with praise that does not always suggest familiarity with the poems. While it cannot be said that his work is popular or that it has ever aimed to become so, even from poetry-lovers it has received rather less attention than its due. This essay seeks to point out some of its merits.

In any survey of a poet's work we should distinguish early poems (perhaps those of an apprentice period) from those of maturity and examine the growth of the poet's art and mind. Scott's work is contained in his *Collected Poems* (1926), and *The Green Cloister*, later poems (1935). But in the collected edition the poems are not arranged chronologically, few dates are indicated, and thus the poet's development is hidden. It seems well therefore to note briefly the successive volumes that he has published in the forty-two years that separate the first and the last.

It was in 1893, when the poet was thirty-one years of age, that he published his first volume of verse, *The Magic House*, of which about half is included in the *Collected Poems*. It contains many delicately drawn pictures, much melodious

verse, and a number of tenuous fancies, 'irised hours of gossamer', in particular passages of great promise, and some poems of marked achievement. *The End of the Day*, with its imitative echo of the 'antiphonal bells of Hull'; *At the Cedars*, with its swift strong movement exactly suited to the dramatic tale; *Off Riviere du Loup*, with its vigorous opening,

O ship incoming from the sea
With all your cloudy tower of sail,
Dashing the water to the lee,
And leaning grandly to the gale;

and its quiet ending,

At evening off some reedy bay
You will swing slowly on your chain,
And catch the scent of dewy hay,
Soft blowing from the pleasant plain,—

these and some others are among the most treasured of Canadian poems.

The second volume, *Labour and the Angel* (1898), shows a further working of the veins of poetic ore revealed in *The Magic House*, as well as the uncovering of new ones. Here are more descriptive lyrics and melodious songs, and here again are vague fanciful verses such as *Avis* and *The Piper of Arll*, where the author is concerned rather with richness of description and beauty of phrase than with any concrete meaning. But in *Harvest* and the title-poem a new note is struck when the poet contemplates with emotion some problems of suffering humanity; in two sonnets he introduces a theme, Indian Life, that plays no small part in his later work; while in a vigorous satire, *The Dame Regnant*, he castigates malignant gossip. On the whole, however, this second volume is notable mainly for the number and excellence of its lyrics.

The appearance of the third volume, *New World Lyrics and Ballads* (1905), marked an advance in range of subject, in power of treatment, and in freedom of style. Here are found such impressive poems of Indian life as *Forsaken* and *On the Way to the Mission*; the spirited ballad, *Dominique de*

Gourgues; a few more lyrics, among which *The Wood Peewee* stands out in its simple beauty; and some philosophical verses.

In his next volume *Lundy's Lane* (1916), Scott was heard in the full maturity of his powers. As in his earlier books, we find here attractive songs and lyrics, though other kinds of verse are more prominent: the homely dramatic ballad that gives its name to the volume; the noble *Fragment of an Ode to Canada*, the first of the war poems; the group under the heading, *The Closed Door*, in commemoration of his little daughter Elizabeth; and meditative poems in which he speculates on the problem of existence or expresses his convictions about the poet's calling.

Beauty and Life (1921) may be regarded as the most distinguished single volume of Scott's verse. It contains nearly all of his poems called forth by the Great War, the *Ode for the Keats Centenary*, and a number of compositions that, despite one or two of vague fancy, exhibit such a happy union of thought, emotion and felicitous expression as to arouse that pleasurable excitement induced by looking at a painting of genius or hearing noble music.

When in 1926 the *Collected Poems* appeared even those who had kept in touch with Scott's work were surprised at the range of subject-matter and the variety and mastery of his art that the volume showed. Though the number of new poems was small, still the presentation of his work as a whole impressed the reader and decidedly enhanced the poet's reputation among lovers of literature.

In 1935 was published his latest volume, *The Green Cloister*. It shows no diminution in poetic power; it contains poems of types familiar to readers of the earlier volumes—songs and lyrics, descriptions and interpretations of nature, tales of Indian life, meditations on life and art—and ends with a humorous poem, something rare in Scott's work.

Scott is probably the leading conscious artist among Canadian poets. Even in his first volume he showed a mastery of technique which, if then not complete, was to be perfected in later compositions, and shows the thought that even then he had given to his art. This does not detract from his spontaneity; spontaneity and technique go together in the act of creation, or if spontaneity comes first technique follows close after. It was foolish even for a great poet like Byron to send his verses to the publisher without revision. Scott has always tried to make a poem as good as he can before publishing it.

If we try to analyse Scott's skill in the poetic art we shall find that it rests on these well-known elements: a wide and aptly chosen vocabulary; a happy invention of phrases; numerous, pleasing and novel comparisons; melody, harmony, and a command of various metres and stanza forms. It may be that at times he seems partial to rare and obscure words, and that this has been a stumbling-block to some of his readers. This peculiarity, however, forces itself on our notice chiefly in his first two volumes and practically disappears in the poems of his maturity. Rhyme he uses or dispenses with according to subject or mood. Sometimes, as in the *Ode for the Keats Centenary*, he varies blank verse and rhymed stanza with fine effect, the rhymed stanza accompanying a surge of feeling. There is some free verse in his poetry, usually marked by rhythm and elevation of thought. Melody there is in abundance, especially in the numerous songs and lyrics. Harmony, a more subtle poetic grace, is found in many places: in poems like *The End of the Day*, with its refrain

"The day is done, done, done. The day is done",

suggesting evening bells; in the bird songs; in short lines like hammer-blows, such as these from *Dominique de Gourgues*:

You ask me why they were slain,

"I cry—'Spain'."

They sprang to the word as a charger leaps to the spur.

The choosing of certain kinds of metre and rhythm, of stanza forms or of blank verse, to suit the theme is another type of harmony that might well repay more study than can be given it here. These graces must not be regarded as ornaments added from without, but as inherent in the poet's expression. After all, the secret of a poet's success remains hidden. Under strong emotion the elements of thought and utterance are fused and instinctively moulded into a thing of power and beauty.

Considering Scott's poems from the earliest volume to the latest, we find his genius predominantly lyric. To be sure, his work includes dramatic strains — poems and passages of effective dialogue — and telling narrative, especially in the Indian poems; yet it is the songs and other lyrics that bulk most largely. The common attitude of his mind is subjective; the poet expresses his wonder, delight, sadness, or despair at this or that aspect of nature or human life.

The songs, each expressing one idea, fancy, or emotion, vary widely. There are love songs of longing, of passion, of disappointment, songs written for music, songs of gladness, songs of sorrow, songs of courage. To illustrate the wide range of moods in his lyrics, we quote two passages, the first charged with the feeling of disillusionment and frustration:

I have given all, the passion and the longing,
The high desire, the laughter and the tears,
Flutters of hope and falser fancies thronging,
I have given all,—through all the years.

Distasted flowed my life in every eddy,
Thwarted and parcelled out and filled with grief,
Joy when it came was meagre and unsteady,
Deep sleep was the one relief.

The second, from *A Road Song*, breathes courage and hope:

Up heart, away heart,
Never heed the weather,
Leave the lowland reaches
Where the grain's in seed.
Take the powerful wind in face,
All in highest feather,
Lift your burden with a shout,
Fit for every need.

That Scott is endowed with the gift of writing melodious verse is apparent in every volume he has published. From *The Green Cloister* we quote a few stanzas to show that the poet's hand has not lost its cunning with the passing of years.

When twilight walks in the west,
Meeting the night with a sigh,
When the wild bird comes to her nest
And a star to the open sky,

Tenderness flows on the air,
In full tide deep and still;
It frees the mind of care
And quiets the restless will.

The soul enters her own
Home of delight long sought,
The heaven of feeling strown
With nebulous stars of thought.

Beauty stirs in the breast,
Ecstasy trembles there—
When twilight walks in the west
And tenderness flows on the air.

The most frequent motive in the lyrics is some aspect of nature. In his introduction to Lampman's *Lyrics of Earth*, Scott sets forth clearly his views on the relation to nature of the poet's art. "The life of nature is as varied and complex as the life of the spirit, and it is for this reason that man finds in nature infinite correspondences with his spiritual states." Nature to the poet is like a glass reflecting his moods. Nature of herself has no thought or feeling; she knows not joy or sorrow, gaiety or sadness, love or anger. All appearances of such feelings are lent to her by the human imagination. A sentence about Lampman might well be applied to the nature-poems of Scott. "His work abounds in successful poems of this kind wherein there is perfect fusion of the observed fact, the imagined epithet, and the appropriate music."

Among the nature-poems there are purely descriptive pieces, sensitive word pictures, which by selection of detail and delicate phrasing show how the scene affected the poet. Note the colour in these stanzas from *The Lower St. Lawrence*:

A glamour on the phantom shore
 Of golden pallid green,
 Gray purple in the flats before,
 The river streams between.

From hazy hamlets, one by one,
 Beyond the island bars,
 The casements in the setting sun
 Flash back in violet stars.

Birds, flowers, moods of the day or night, the changes of seasons, bits of landscape or seashore, are the themes of these nature lyrics. Birds especially are dear to the poet: the thrush, the robin, the vireo, the song sparrow, the oriole are the objects of his observation and fancy. In several lyrics he sets words to the robin's tune. *The Wood Peewee* would grace any anthology of bird poems. There are few moods of nature in the four seasons, or types of landscape from the mountains to the sea, that Scott has not reproduced for us in the tone of his emotion.

The most significant, though not the largest, group of Scott's poems is made up of those based on Indian life. His long connection with the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa, involving visits to many tribes on official business, enabled him to acquire an insight into the customs and instincts of the government's wards. His observations and the stories and legends told him are treated imaginatively in a number of poems different from anything else in Canadian literature.

The Forsaken tells how a Chippewa woman with great effort and sacrifice saved the life of her sick baby son; and how years afterward when she was old and her son, now old himself, left her alone to die, she met her fate 'valiant and unshaken'. These dry bones of a summary are given flesh and blood and brought to life by the poet's imagination as he tells the story. Impressive is the account of her last night and day:

Then on the third great night there came thronging and thronging
 Millions of snowflakes out of a windless cloud;
 They covered her close with a beautiful crystal shroud,
 Covered her deep and silent.

But in the frost of the dawn,
Up from the life below,
Rose a column of breath
Through a tiny cleft in the snow,
Fragile, delicately drawn,
Wavering with its own weakness,
In the wilderness a sign of the spirit,
Persisting still in the sight of the sun
Till day was done.
Then all light was gathered up by the hand of God and hid in His breast,
Then there was born a silence deeper than silence,
Then she had rest.

It is appropriate that heightened poetic language should mark the end of this tale, but for the most part these stories are told very simply and directly. The comparisons are taken from the common things of Indian life, as when the old woman is likened to "a paddle broken and bent"; and they may be full of the unconscious poetry of a primitive people, as in these lines on the coming of day:

Light welled like water from the springs of morning;
The stars in the earth shadow
Caught like whitefish in a net;
The sun, the fisherman,
Pulling the net to the shore of night.

The most striking thing about these poems is the poet's insight into the consciousness of the Indian: the shadowy dreams in the divided mind of the half-breed girl; the mingled traditional superstition and dim Christian faith of the Indian woman who had lost her son; the savage hatred of the old medicine man, Powassan, who by his magic, to the beating of his drum, called up to sight the headless body of his long-slain foe. No one can rightly appraise Scott's poetry till he has read these poems of Indian life.

Another group of poems gives expression to thoughts and emotions aroused in the poet by events of the Great War. Some of these commemorate the fallen, their heroism, the ideals for which they fought; in others the poet attempts to bring such consolation as he can to the bereaved at home. There is no word of hate, of the fear or the joy of battle, and no boasting of victory. These poems are simple and dignified

in thought and expression. Occasionally one meets in them a vivid imaginative description, as in these lines describing an aviator shot down:

Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken wings
Drooped through the arc and passed in fire,
A wreath of smoke—a breathless exhalation.

Sometimes there is a tender intimate touch, as in *To the Canadian Mothers*. Other poems express the thrill of pride in the courage of men faithful to the end, as in *Lines on a Monument*. Though comparatively few in number, this group of war poems is important. They illustrate a side of Scott's work seen also in *Dominique De Gourgues*, in the Indian poems, and in the early *At the Ferry*—an appreciation of action, of heroism, of endurance—a side that finds direct expression in the two sonnets *To the Heroic Soul*.

Of his varied kinds of poems those about his little daughter Elizabeth are deeply moving. The father's joy in the companionship of the little girl and his profound grief when she died need not be dwelt upon. Not in any long poem is her memory kept green or her loss lamented, but in short "swallow flights of song", or even in a brief allusion. In an early poem, *The Lesson*, there is a tender passage describing the little girl's trust in her father as she falls asleep, and in other poems their merry companionship is pictured. But she fell silent, and in the touching lines, *The Closed Door*, his hopeless grief finds words.

The dew falls and the stars fall,
The sun falls in the west,
But never more
Through the closed door
Shall the one that I loved best
Return to me:
A salt tear is the sea,
All earth's air is a sigh,
But they never can mourn for me
With my heart's cry,
For the one that I loved best,
Who caressed me with her eyes,
And every morning came to me

With the beauty of sunrise,
 Who was health and wealth and all,
 Who never shall answer my call,
 While the sun falls in the west,
 The dew falls and the stars fall.

There are some of Scott's poems with which the writer confesses that he has imperfect sympathy; those such as *The Magic House*, *Avis*, and *The Piper of Arll*. They may be called fanciful or dream poems; remote from actual human life, mysterious, their incidents or ideas constitute but a fragile framework for rich decoration. They seem too tenuous, too unsubstantial to induce that "willing suspension of disbelief" that we grant to *The Ancient Mariner* or *The Lady of Shalott*. Pre-Raphaelite they have been called, but they seem November blossoms of the Romantic Revival. Undoubtedly these poems contain striking passages, as, for instance, this vivid miniature from *The Piper of Arll*:

There was in Arll a little cove
 Where the salt wind came cool and free:
 A foamy beach that one would love,
 If he were longing for the sea.
 A brook hung sparkling on the hill,
 The hill swept far to ring the bay;
 The bay was faithful, wild or still,
 To the heart of the ocean far away.
 There were three pines above the comb
 That, when the sun flared and went down,
 Grew like three warriors reaving home
 The plunder of a burning town.

No reader of the poems can fail to observe the part that music plays in many of them. Scott has a wide knowledge and a fine appreciation of music, (his friends know that he is an accomplished pianist), and naturally this has left its mark on his poetry. It is, however, rather in allusion and in subject-matter than in style that this influence is most clearly felt; for while his songs and lyrics are melodious, it is doubtful whether there is any close connection between musical lines in poetry and the melody as of a song of Schubert or of an air for flute or violin; and harmony in verse bears no direct relation to harmony in music.

The great influence music has had on Scott's life is reflected in his poetry. An obvious instance is the choice of titles such as, *Adagio*, *Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme*, *Improvisation on an Old Song*. In *Adagio*, where the real subject is a sketch of a personality, the title calls attention to the slow movement of the verse. In other poems there are allusions unlikely to be made except by one familiar with music. For instance, the poet tells of listening to the bursts of song of the nightingales to which the sound of a falling rill 'made a clear ostinato'; and again in describing the song of a vireo he says,

So have you noted
How the oboe croons,
The canary-throated,
In the gloom of the violoncellos
And bassoons.

In his poem, *On the Death of Claude Debussy*, he puts into words felicitously the impression made on him by the great French master's music. The effect of music on one sensitive to its appeal is well described in lines from *At the Piano*:

How oft has music sudden whirled us hence,
Made nobler pictures on the screen of sense,
Wrapt us away with one transfiguring touch
Out of the sordid and inconsequent world
Into an ageless realm, and there unfurled
All that the Masters know of the strange maze
That we call Life.

While, as we have said, it is doubtful whether there is any close connection between melody in music and in poetry, the pleasing sound and easy flow of Scott's songs and lyrics may owe something to his sensitiveness to music.

It is no part of a poet's art to propound a system of philosophy, yet some sort of philosophy underlies the work of every thoughtful poet. To appreciate the poetry it is not necessary to agree with the poet's speculations or convictions. The question is: Is this marriage of ideas and expression good poetry?

Many of Scott's poems reveal him in a speculative or meditative mood. Both in his earlier and in his later verse he affirms the permanence of beauty. In *The November Pansy* he sings in a strain of pure Platonic idealism.

And far above this tragic world of ours
 There is a world of a diviner fashion,
 A mystic world, a world of dreams and passion
 That each aspiring thing creates and dowers
 With its own light;
 Where even the frail spirits of trees and flowers
 Pause, and reach out, and pass from height to height.

Whatever one may think of the doctrine there is no doubt about the poetry. In *Meditation at Perugia* he compares the simple faith of St. Francis with our 'views' troubled by science that "leaves us half with doubts and half with fears". In *The Height of Land* he again meditates on "all the welter of the life of men". From his lofty northern camp, in the clear air far from the confusion of the crowded cities, he sees life resolve itself into the simple ideal of noble thought and noble deed, which joined may give birth to "some high thing, . . . a greater boon than either".

Thus we have seen in the retreating tempest
 The victor-sunlight merge with the ruined rain,
 And from the rain and sunlight spring the rainbow.

It might be objected that the poet's views are not always consistent, that in one place he seems grimly fatalistic, while in another he urges man to build his own soul like a fair minster. This means only that at different times he expresses different moods. There is some reason to think that his inclination toward determinism, as seen in *The Cup* and *The Happy Fatalist*, was an attitude of his early manhood, which, as he grew older, gave way to a conviction that man may to a considerable extent shape his own destiny.

Of special interest to us is that part of a poet's philosophy that deals with his own art. What is his conception of it? What are his ideals? These questions Scott answers in *The Woodspring to the Poet*. As the spring feeds rill and brook

bringing refreshment and life to the plain, so the poet must give. To all classes of men he brings his message of wonder and hope; to the child, the maiden and youth, the mothers, the oppressed, those who suffer for the truth, those who have lost hope, those who mourn. He sings of the mystery of poetic inspiration, absent when it is expected, and then, when not looked for,

On a casual day of rain
Wonder came chanting by;
I threw my heart wide to the strain,—
It passed—'twas but a sigh.

In a parable, *Prairie Wind*, he tells of a vision of beauty which he tried to capture and convey, but which eluded him; perhaps if he had only been quiet the mountain tarn and the reflection of a star in its water would have told him their secret of beauty.

In a survey of Scott's poetry it would be a mistake to overlook some poems that stand by themselves outside of any group. One such is *Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris*, in form a familiar letter in answer to the last from his friend who had died shortly after writing. It is a singularly attractive poem, with no sadness of farewell, but with vivid recollections of the happy days they spent together in the Canadian North West when Morris was painting Indian scenes, of their common delight in the beauties of nature, in the "miracle" of the coming of morning, and in the splendour of the clouds with changing colours at sunset. Two legends to which they had listened together—one told by old Sakimay of the return of the ghosts of the young warriors slain by the Blackfoot, and the other of the viking-like death of Akoose, the Algonquin chief—are retold in passages that have the unique quality of his other Indian poems. In part it is easy-going, conversational, and in part exalted in thought. Its form varies in keeping with the thought, now free and irregular, and again submitting to metre and rhyme.

Among other individual poems are *By the Willow Spring*, an early narrative poem, Wordsworthian in its simplicity of theme and treatment; *Flesh and Spirit*, a late poem, vague and tenuous in idea but beautifully wrought, something like Debussy's music avoiding direct expression or certainty; *The Dame Regnant*, a stinging satire on social gossip; the heroic ballads, *Lundy's Lane* and *Dominique de Gourgues*; two early considerations of social problems, *Labour and the Angel* and *The Harvest*; and some dramatic fragments.

Fortunately Scott has been granted a long life. Between his first published volume and his latest is a space of forty-two years; and during that time, while the stream of his poetry has never been large, it has never run dry, with the result that he has to his credit a body of verse by no means slender. In this brief survey, which aims only to call attention to some of the characteristics of his work, many things must be left unsaid and topics presented but unpursued. To predict the position which will in future be accorded to any contemporary writer is venturesome. And yet, considering the amount of his poetry, its variety in theme and treatment, its technical excellence, the balance between intellect and emotion, and the constant service of beauty everywhere evident in it, we may at least conjecture whether in the years to come Duncan Campbell Scott will not be regarded as the foremost Canadian poet of his time.

AT DELOS

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

An iris-flower with topaz leaves,
With a dark heart of deeper gold,
Died over Delos when light failed
And the night grew cold.

No wave fell mourning in the sea
Where age on age beauty had died;
For that frail colour withering away
No sea-bird cried.

There is no grieving in the world
As beauty fades throughout the years:
The pilgrim with the weary heart
Brings to the grave his tears.

OLD HARRY

BY E. J. PRATT

Along the coast the sailors tell
The superstition of its fame—
Of how the sea had faceted
The Rock into a human head
And given it the devil's name.

And much there was that would compel
A wife or mother of a seaman
To find a root in the belief
The rock that jutted from the reef
Was built to incarnate a demon.

But there's a story that might well
Receive a share of crediting,
And make the title fit the look
Of vacancy the boulder took
Under the ocean's battering.

Within that perforated shell
Of basalt worn by wave and keel
The demon ruler of the foam
One night upon returning home
Was changed into an imbecile.

Ordered to stay within his cell,
Clutch at the spectres in the air,
Listen to shrieks of drowning men,
And stare at phantom ribs and then
Listen again and clutch and stare.

So like a sea-crazed sentinel,
Weary of sailors and their ships,
Old Harry stands with salt weed spread
In matted locks around his head,
And foam forever on his lips.

PANORAMA FOR AN ANNIVERSARY

BY ISABEL ELISABETH HENDERSON

MY brother and I were fortunate in coming of a long-lived, story-telling family. Stories of the days when Mother was a little girl were often followed by less detailed but equally thrilling stories of the time when Grandmother was a little girl. And farther away still, when Great-grandmother was a little girl, the edges melted imperceptibly into history and romance. Even yet I am only intellectually convinced that my grandfather's huge old lumberman's broadaxe was not the very axe used to cut off Mary Stuart's head, it fitted the pictures so perfectly and always recalled that piteous 'recitation' over which we children shed tears whenever we heard it. There was a little dog, I remember . . . but it is too harrowing. I am not sure that the poem, name and author unknown, did not fix my historical prejudices. It is only at second-hand, following Raleigh and Drake, that I can feel any real enthusiasm for Elizabeth. A barren stock indeed, poor lady, while Mary will have lovers and defenders, in spite of all that Knox and Calvin could do, so long as Scottish blood runs hot.

Now that we are older we sometimes tell our mother that she did not provide for her children an inheritance of the practical, conventional traits most useful in this workaday world. She had 'Wild MacRaes' on one side, of the same clan as those mutinous MacRaes who once tried to storm Edinburgh Castle and who, not long afterwards, died by hundreds of homesickness and grief at the loss of their colonel when the regiment was on its way to India. On the other side were Border folk—Johnstones and Jardines and Irvines—with a French refugee to balance the legendary Spaniard of the MacRaes. Oddly enough, when we remember how much more dutiful were the young people of those days, my mother was the grandchild, so to speak, of two elopements. Her little Highland grand-

mother, at the age of sixteen or thereabouts, was presented by her father with a stepmother; 'an English woman', no less, though it is possible that she was nothing worse than a Lowlander who did not have the Gaelic. So Great-grandmother Isabella MacRae promptly picked out the best-looking man available from a clan whose men are still notable for their looks, and came with him to Canada, where she mothered nine tall sons. Ralph Connor once said that Glengarry in Ontario used to be the home of a large clan of respectable and non-respectable MacRaes, but I should not care to make the division so clean-cut; would suggest, rather, that the respectable and non-respectable elements might usually be found in one person. I don't think I ever knew a completely 'respectable' MacRae, in the current sense of that dull and soul-binding word. Those of the first generation Canadian-born were old men as I remember them, equally valiant in theology and politics, and the sound of their Gaelic prayers and Gaelic-touched English speech will stay with me until I die, disinherited as I am and deaf to every word of my mother-tongue. The second generation, as is the manner of the Scot in Canada, has scattered from coast to coast. There are farmers among us, doctors, missionaries, a poet, with the occasional politician and journalist to keep us humble. And there have been soldiers, lads who went out in '14 as their forefathers went out in the Fifteen, and who fought for King George with as high a heart as those earlier lads fought for King James. Some of them—for a Celt must have his dream and a Calvinist his reasons for the faith that is in him—have been known to argue that they were still fighting for the House of Stuart. "Charlie will come again", says the song, and has he perhaps come and gone again in our own Prince of Wales, with his haunting look of the older line and his Stuart charm?

But to return to Scotland. In the early days of the nineteenth century, when the Sassenach looked upon the High-

lands with some reason as a scarcely civilized part of the British Isles, the Border great-grandmother was at boarding-school in what the tourist now knows as the Scott Country. Not having to waste time on economics and psychology, she was doubtless able to learn the whole duty of women as well as the chief end of man, but what has come down in the family most clearly is the tradition of her exquisite needle-work. I have her thimble, thin and bent and dark with age, but eloquent as only a thimble can be, and a piece of home-spun linen that crossed the Atlantic with her in a sailing vessel. Like her, it came to rest at last in a home cut out of the Ontario bush, but it was never used except on very special occasions because it had been spun and woven by her grandmother. And where are the sheets of yesteryear?

Mary Irvine's people were well-to-do town folk, interested in a satisfactory settlement for their daughter. And so upon her return from school she found that they had already chosen a son-in-law, an elderly and prosperous widower. There must have been some flaw in the schooling after all, or perhaps the Border blood was at fault. Mary rebelled. She might have no other prospects, but the widower she would not have. While she was still unconvinced that parents always know best, a visiting cousin fell ill, and the family doctor being away from home young William Johnstone was called in, fresh from Edinburgh. The cousin recovered in due course under his treatment, but it was fatal to Mary. Six weeks later she took coach with William for Gretna Green, accompanied by the sympathetic cousin and a college friend of William's, one Tom Carlyle, of whom the world was to hear in later years—that Tom Carlyle of whom it has been written that he was “so plainly serious and discreet, and so reliable not to misuse whatever was told him, that all sorts of people were continually talking to him confidentially all his life, and nobody ever regretted it”. We have always wondered what this dis-

creet young man did with the bridesmaid, whether he accompanied her to her own home and did the explaining, or whether he returned with the young married couple to the Irvine home and aided in the immediate confession that took place there. Tradition does not say; all we know is that Mary and her husband were forgiven, and married all over again in the Parish Kirk. A few years later, with two small children, they set out on another adventure, seeking their fortune in the wilds of Upper Canada. The pioneer doctor is still remembered about Cornwall, where in his day an emergency call might mean a hundred miles in the saddle.

After the lapse of a century one has a feeling that Mary Irvine must have needed all her gaiety and all her initiative in those first years. She saw her husband go to the aid of the cholera-stricken workers on the Welland Canal; saw her two eldest sons, lads of fifteen and seventeen, called up in the Rebellion of '37, her husband, as a doctor, being the one able-bodied man left in the settlement; saw, too, the ravages of that first epidemic of infantile paralysis that swept through the district and left a mourning community in its wake. But if she ever sighed for the comfort and security of her Border home it has not been remembered. Indeed, our favourite story about her, next to that of the elopement, is one that she used to tell as a joke on herself, how one morning after a fresh snowfall she looked out before dawn and saw the 'Fenians' advancing through the newly cleared bush . . . snow-capped stumps rising from the white ground.

My grandmother was born in Canada, but like so many of the first generation she reached back with one hand to the homeland she was never to see. She was a wonderful storyteller, and while her slender, twisted fingers were busy with a sock or a quilt-square she would tell us about a quilting-bee or a barn-raising or a sugaring-off, or sing in a sweet, thin voice the sad old Scots ballads, or the nursery rhymes of which

she had a seemingly endless store. There was one story that never failed to hold us spellbound, about a tiny child who strayed away in the bush and was adopted there by a nursing bear, who fed him with her own cubs. When he was found, days or weeks later, I have forgotten which, he was plump and happy, and half reluctant to leave his foster mother. After that we had no difficulty in swallowing Romulus whole, and Mowgli was hailed as an old friend when Kipling came along. Much harder to credit, for the only Indians we had ever known were our good friends of the Red River, was her story of the grandmother of a man we knew, who had been taken by the Indians during the Revolutionary War and had lived with them until she was a woman grown. It was rather gruesome in spots, but it helped to make history real. Less gruesome, but poignant still, was another Indian story about one of those tragic gatherings when anxious parents met a group of lost children after many years and tried to identify their own. One girl was left to the last, for the woman who longed to claim her could not altogether satisfy herself that the long search had come to an end. Suddenly inspiration came—"God must have put the thought into my heart," she would say in telling her story afterwards—and with trembling voice she began to sing the favourite bed-time song. At the second line the child, her own language quite forgotten, softly and hesitatingly joined in the tune.

Elisabeth Johnstone, my grandmother, had not married young. She must have been all of twenty-six when she capitulated to Fate in the person of John MacRae, one of the little Highland woman's nine sons, whose good looks and broken English were remembered mirthfully fifty years later by her U. E. Loyalist Dutch bridesmaid, our adopted "Aunt Nancy". (It was Aunt Nancy, pink-cheeked and full of fun at eighty-odd, who told us about one of their contemporaries who had died of a broken heart. "To be sure," she added with a twinkle,

"she was always consumptive." And we are left with the suspicion that to Aunt Nancy in her young days a broken heart was, in the words of the song, just one thing less to dust.)

The swarming instinct sent many of the first generation of Glengarry Highlanders east or south to the greater opportunities of Montreal or the United States. John MacRae and his wife went to Ottawa, and with Ottawa as a base he led until middle-age the eventful life of a lumberman, absent from his growing family for months at a time and meeting in his day's work all the perils of fire and flood. My mother remembers the finely-wrought doeskin moccasins he brought 'out' for her one spring; remembers summers spent at a lumbering village to be near him, summers made memorable by the thrill of riding a plank down the sluice-way, summers that come back to her still on the smell of fresh-sawn timber or the cadence of a French-Canadian river song.

It was my mother who paved the way for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with stories of runaway slaves who had found friends and freedom in Ottawa, but she cannot remember anything about the American Civil War. She does remember leisurely visits to the relatives in Cornwall; remembers, too, a visit to Glengarry, when she played happily but silently with cousins who spoke no English while she spoke no Gaelic, and where on a Sunday morning one sat as quietly as possible through a long Gaelic service before the English service that was grudgingly conceded to those who did not 'speak the two talks'.

But John MacRae had the loose foot of the Celt once he is uprooted from his native hills. A serious accident in the bush gave him time to think; business losses provided a cause, and so in the early 70's he turned his face westward, eager to try his luck in the new Province of Manitoba. Political conditions might be unsettled, but one could drive a plow into

limitless reaches of open prairie instead of fighting inch by inch against the stubborn forest for every precious acre.

So it was that one May morning in 1875 Mary MacRae watched eagerly for the dock as the *Minnesota* approached the village of Winnipeg, usually called Fort Garry. It had been an exciting journey for a girl of thirteen. First had come the round of farewell visits to relatives in Ontario, who were, some of them, not at all sure that it was wise for John to take Elisabeth and the children to so wild a country—so soon do even pioneers forget. Then there was the journey by boat across the lake, from Sarnia to Duluth; then the train to Moorhead in Minnesota; then a boat again, but this time only a small river steamer. Where was that dock? Whittier's St. Boniface swung into view; the next landmark was the Hudson's Bay Company's fort; the *Minnesota* whistled, and ran her nose into the muddy bank. And this was Winnipeg, dock or no dock. A long way from Ontario, a long way from the Border. But not, perhaps, so far from the Highlands, for in the Kildonan settlement a few miles down the river good friends waited for them, descendants of those first settlers on the prairie who had come from their Highland homes in the early years of the century. My mother still remembers the painful politeness with which she drank her first cup of 'black' tea, made extra strong to give the Canadians a true Scottish welcome. Ten years later she had so far acquired a taste for the customs and products of the Red River Valley as to marry the grandson of one of those sturdy Orkneymen who opened Western Canada from the north in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and who had wintered where Winnipeg now stands even before the first settlers came.

Of the three generations it is probable that my mother saw the most far-reaching changes. She saw Winnipeg grow from a village to the third city in the Dominion; saw its muddy roads and plank sidewalks changed for broad asphalt pave-

ments and smooth granolithic walks; saw its bare streets lined with trees, parks in place of hayfields, and gardens where nothing but prairie grass had ever grown before. She saw the Canadian Pacific Railway come in; saw horse-cars come and go; saw the automobile where she had seen the ox-cart and the dog-train. She saw 'the Boom' when town lots were sold far out on the prairie for prices that would buy a farm to-day, and she saw the boom burst and the young city climb painfully back to a sounder and a saner prosperity.

Coal-oil gave place to gas and gas to electricity, water was dipped from the river, then pumped from wells, delivered in barrels, finally drawn from a tap, all in her day. She has known the comfort and warmth that came from an open fireplace, from dry poplar sticks packed tightly in a sheet-iron stove, from electric grates and from central steam-heating that warms whole streets from one power station. She was a grown-up young lady, in sealskin sacque and a 'Queen Alexandra' fringe, when she saw her first telephone, and for the greater part of her life the radio and the gramophone were merely scientific fairy tales out of Bellamy.

She did not see a Red River flood, but she knew 'the grasshopper years' and, year in and year out, the typhoid scourge that is now almost forgotten. She knew hardship and anxiety, hope and accomplishment, as only pioneer women can know them. And she saw her friends set out for the 'Indian country' in the Saskatchewan Rebellion of 1885, for South Africa in 1900, while in late middle life came the Great War, from which her only son did not return.

Mary MacRae, Elisabeth Johnstone, Mary Irvine and Isabella MacRae . . . three generations of women who link our young lives to the past, our new country to the old land from which they drew their blood and their traditions. Quite ordinary women, they would no doubt have told us much if they could have been persuaded to talk for publication, who

never earned a dollar or, with one exception, polled a vote, who went each one from her father's home to her husband's and figured in the census returns thereafter as a person without occupation. But of them, and of hundreds of other women like them, we might say with Wordsworth:

The stars pre-eminent in magnitude . . .
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.

WILLIAM POTTER JAMES, GENTLEMAN

BY WILLIAM A. GIFFORD

“OH! Ah! Yes!” The voice came through a gap in the conversation and reached me where I sat, at the dining table of the Sojourners’ Club, Highbury, London, N. 7.

“Who is the gentleman with the high, nasal voice?” I asked Miss Tanger, the hostess, engrossed with a joint of beef.

“That,” she said, across the busy carving knife, “is Mr. William Potter James.”

“And who, pray, is Mr. William Potter James?”

“Sh!” she said, with a fugitive smile, “You’ll know Mr. James soon enough.”

That afternoon I was in the pleasant garden of the Sojourners’ Club. I had returned by bus from Trafalgar Square—fare fourpence—and had ruined an afternoon in the National Gallery, to partake of cake and tea in the garden. Strangers in England do that. They dedicate days to sight-seeing, and spend them getting to and from tea and cake in gardens. So I had climbed to the top of a bus in Trafalgar Square, with nice calculations for arriving at the Club just before the dishes should disappear into the basement kitchens; and the bus lurched on to Highbury.

Arrived at the garden, I found a circle of chairs, surrounding a table, and one gentleman, more assiduous than the rest, passing tea and cake to the company. He was tall, elderly and stooped, with spare frame and a prominent nose, which joined the close-set eyes in a wrinkled smile as often as he passed another plate or cup. His gallant duty done at last, the gentleman approached me, where I stood on the edge of the circle, and engaged me in conversation. “I am Mr. James,” he said, “Mr. William Potter James.”

I was happy to meet Mr. James.

"You are from Canada," he said, in the high, nasal voice, hitching up the drooping shoulders and smiling with eyes and nose. "Have you come to England to get warm?"

"No," I replied, "to get cool."

"Oh! Ah! Yes!" he said, his head on one side, with the air of one whose leg has never been pulled.

"Yes," I said, "it is sometimes pretty hot in Canada, hotter than in the British Isles."

"How can that be? Canada is so far north, so very far north!"

"But," I said, "the more populous parts of Canada are not very far north, not so far north as London."

"Ah! Wait a minute! Wait ... a ... minute!" and Mr. James disappeared into the Club. In a moment he was back with an atlas. "Now we shall see," he said, laying the atlas where the teapot had been and turning to a map of the world. "London! London! Where ... is ... London? Ah! Yes! London is about fifty-one degrees north. And Canada? Where is fifty-one degrees north in Canada?" Mr. James bent over the map, running a bony finger carefully along the parallels of latitude. At length he straightened up and removed his spectacles, his face suffused with incredulity. "Well! Well!! Well!!!" he said, "London is in the latitude of Labrador."

"Yes," I said. "Now let us see where Montreal is, and Toronto. There they are! Montreal, you see, is about as far south as Bordeaux, and Toronto as far south as Rome. People do not come from Rome to London in July to get warm, do they?"

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. James, still incredulous. "How very singular!"

For some days I did not meet Mr. James. He was studying the atlas, I fancy, in his bed-sitting room, which was reputed to be piled high with papers and magazines, accumu-

lated through many years and carefully classified and documented. Then I had occasion one evening to approach him in the library of the Club. Would he witness my signature to a document? He would, with pleasure, as would another gentleman present, a clergyman of the Church of England. When the document was returned to me I read "William Potter James, Gentleman" and "Charles Pollock Smithfield, Clerk in Holy Orders." I had a foggy notion as to Clerks in Holy Orders; but what was a Gentleman? Not, you understand, a gentleman of the ordinary garden variety, who is a gentleman because he is one, and who does not so subscribe himself. What, I had often asked myself, is a gentleman who boldly signs himself "William Potter James, Gentleman"?

Twenty years before, when a college undergraduate, selling Underwood & Underwood's stereoscopic views in England, I had seemed to reach an answer to my question. Wondering whom to assail with stereoscopic views, I had secured a city directory and had come quickly to the name "John Parker Stackhouse, Gentleman". "This looks promising," I had said, "John Parker Stackhouse may not buy my views; but he is a gentleman and will not throw me into the street." I was soon at his door, and soon thereafter in the spacious library. Mr. Stackhouse was reading before the fire but rose immediately to meet me, not hastily, nor yet reluctantly. He came to meet me impersonally, as one who neither knew me nor did not know me but was accustomed to all sorts of happenings in his library. I soon had him sitting, back to the light, looking through a stereoscope at views of France. He was little interested, tending to lower the instrument, to look at me and other odd things; but with patience I kept his eyes recurring to the stereoscope and his mind to the beauties of France. He had seen France, however, and was doubtful that he needed pictorial reminders. Italy, I suggested, was more ancient, more romantic, more, What shall we say? Mr. Stackhouse had seen

Italy, was sceptical about Italians. Spain was clearly what he needed; and one could purchase a hundred views of beautiful Spain for three pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence. He had only to sign an order and the thing was done. Mr. Stackhouse was doubtful that he had decided to buy anything, but was easily persuaded that this was a misapprehension. He gave the order and two days later, with further persuasion, received the views and gave his cheque, which I found to be good.

This incident of Mr. Stackhouse had given me some light on my problem. A gentleman, I had said, is one who does not know his own mind but can be shown, who signs cheques, and whose cheques are good.

This definition, I had felt, was not complete. A gentleman must be more than that. But I pigeon-holed the matter, as one of the unsolved mysteries of my Scotland Yard. And now, after twenty years, I was again in England, under the same roof with a gentleman, and likely to remain for several months. Clearly this was the time to settle forever the gentleman question.

One morning, bolder than usual, I looked for Mr. James to ask him directly, What is a gentleman? But he had not come down to breakfast, and was not to be found. Miss Tanger explained that Mr. James never did come down to breakfast, that he retired very late at night—nobody knew how late—and rose very late—everyone knew how late—to partake of what was neither breakfast nor lunch. Mr. James described it pleasantly as “brunch”.

Failing to find Mr. James when my courage was high, I abandoned the plan of a frontal attack and settled down to reconnoitring. This proved rewarding. I soon learned that Mr. James had been for many years the honorary treasurer of a City Mission. The Mission was now to have its annual concert. If I cared to attend, Mr. James would provide the

tickets. My attendance would serve a double purpose; I should see the Mission, and the Mission finances would benefit. So one evening we ascended a bus in Green Lanes, and went swaying down City Road to the Elysian Mission. The top of a bus in the evening affects Mr. James like a sail on a moonlit river, and he was soon recounting the story of his life. After a normal boyhood, he had studied medicine, and was well advanced towards a diploma when a wealthy aunt died, leaving Mr. James a modest competence. He had really not cared for medical practice; surgery would be particularly unpleasant; so, in the new circumstances, he had abandoned the thought of professional life, to nurse a rather feeble estate.

This autobiographical sketch by Mr. James gave me some light. A gentleman, I said, is more than a person who cannot make up his mind. He is also one to whom is bequeathed an estate to be nursed, and who is honorary treasurer of a Mission. In the case of Mr. Stackhouse, I thought, someone else must have nursed the estate; but even Mr. Stackhouse had probably been honorary treasurer of a Mission. I was getting on.

It was not long after our visit to the Elysian Mission that, emboldened by our growing friendship, I carried a difficulty to Mr. James for solution, one night in the library of the Sojourners' Club. I wished to purchase a considerable amount of clothing, the clothing that is so well made in London. I wanted West End clothing at East End prices. Mr. James said "Oh! Ah! Yes!" placing his hands on his hips and looking at the ceiling. "The Army and Navy Stores?" he soliloquised, "and perhaps Maxims in Fenchurch Street." "Ah! I have it", he said, looking at me but beyond me. "Wait a minute. Wait . . . a . . . minute!" Mr. James withdrew with long, purposeful strides through the library door. "Now," said Miss Tanger, "you are in for it", but before she could explain what, in particular, I was in for, Mr. James was back, animated and business-like. At sight of him I thought that all his ancestors

must have been merchant tailors. Mr. James had an armful of tailors' samples, of uniform size, fastened together in bundles, and ticketed after the most approved fashion of merchant tailors. "These," said Mr. James, "are samples of my suitings and trouserings for many years. Whenever I choose the cloth for a suit, I ask the merchant for a sample, a square sample, and for the technical name of the cloth. At home I attach a ticket to each sample. It bears the date of purchase, a description of the cloth, the weight of the suit; and when the suit is discarded I inscribe the date and the satisfaction it has given."

I thanked Mr. James. It was eleven o'clock; and the guests were withdrawing one by one for the night. "Now we shall be undisturbed," said Mr. James. "Let me show you some of these." I thought Mr. James had taken quite enough trouble on my account, and said so; but he was not tired, not at all tired, and it was early; besides I should be interested, very much interested, in some of these samples. So we sat down beside the great library table, and Mr. James told me the long and chequered story of his clothes, and especially of the pepper-coloured tweed that he had bought in Bond Street, the only one, in fact, that he had bought in Bond Street.

At two A.M. we agreed that we had seen enough, for the present; and Mr. James admitted that he was a little tired. We shook hands as men who were bound together now by common interests; and I went rather timidly to bed. "What in heaven's name . . .?" said my wife. "Sh!" I answered, "I have had enough." As I stretched my weary length upon the bed, I thought, "At least I know now what a gentleman is. He is a man who preserves his sartorial history intact; and the greater the gentleman the longer the history." So thinking I fell asleep, and dreamed that the Army and Navy Stores had sent me fifty suits, all different, as a mark of affection for the colonies.

For some days after the clinic in clothes I avoided Mr. James. The Club was too openly amused, and was not to be entertained gratuitously. Then one night I was out quite late. I had been drawn to the Mansion House, to the extraordinary spectacle of two Prime Ministers, amicably addressing the same company, on the occasion of a church bicentenary. After the meeting I sauntered about, staring into shop windows and otherwise idling. It was nearly midnight when I took the bus at the Bank, and a half-hour later when I descended in Green Lanes and made my way to the Club. The Library was deserted, except for Mr. James, who sat, deep in thought, before the dying fire. He looked tired and subdued; but greeted me with a quiet smile, and moved over to make room for me on the couch. He *was* tired, he confessed. He had walked considerable distances that day, had rowed for an hour on the Serpentine, and had gone various places by bus and tram. But all this, it seemed, was not what had wearied Mr. James. The vagaries of a pedometer had done that. For many years Mr. James had carried a pedometer; he liked to know how far he walked. Indeed he had long ago determined to walk four miles every day. If he could tell himself at the close of the day that he had walked four honest English miles, he felt right in his mind and ready for sleep. But it was not easy to know. The pedometer, it appeared, was not discriminating. It worked when one walked; but it worked also, albeit more slowly, when one rowed on the Serpentine, or rode on a bus, or loafed in the gardens at Kew. What allowance ought to be made for these anomalous wanderings, that were not honest walking? Besides, at the end of the day, it was hard to recall everything one had done. Worse than all, the pedometer sometimes got out of sorts. Only recently Mr. James had caught it registering seven miles, when he had spent the whole day at the Club. It was rather discouraging.

Finding no comforting word on my tongue, I listened in silence; and Mr. James wandered on into silence himself. We sat some time without a word. Then my idle mind reverted to its own problem. What, I mused, really *is* a gentleman? Why should I not ask Mr. James quite directly? I was getting nowhere by my own efforts. Mr. Stackhouse, Gentleman, had not known his own mind; Mr. James, Gentleman, did. Mr. Stackhouse had probably let others nurse his estate; Mr. James nursed his own. Mr. Stackhouse had perhaps been honorary treasurer of a Mission and carried a pedometer, but I should never know; for Mr. Stackhouse had been gathered to his fathers. The thing was hopeless. "Mr. James," I said, "some weeks ago you were good enough to witness my signature; and I noticed that you wrote 'William Potter James, Gentleman'. Will you tell me precisely . . ." Mr. James nodded violently, then sat up very straight. "Oh! Ah! Yes!" he said, with an embarrassed smile, "I must have been asleep. How extraordinary!" We agreed that it was late. So we shook hands and went to our beds.

I never again got courage to put my question to Mr. James; and it came back with me to Canada unanswered. Since then I have banished it. An unanswered question, like an unfinished job, becomes an obsession. I shall never raise the question again. Life is too short. But I often think of Mr. James, with a certain warmth about the heart. I shall go again to London some day, I hope, and make my way to the Sojourners' Club. If it should be that Mr. James no longer passes tea and cake in the garden, I shall not stay; for I sorely miss a departed friend, and especially a gentleman.

FORM-CRITICISM OF THE GOSPELS¹

BY S. MACLEAN GILMOUR

THE application of historical method to New Testament literature may be said to date from 1835, when a German philologist, Carl Lachmann, wrote an article suggesting that the second Gospel either represented a more primitive form of the oral tradition than did Matthew or Luke, or embodied a documentary source elaborated by the other two. This prepared the way for the emergence of the familiar Marcan hypothesis. In 1838 two German scholars, C. H. Weisse and C. G. Wilke, adduced arguments (independently of one another) to prove that Mark was the earliest Gospel and itself the main source of Matthew and Luke. In 1841 Bruno Bauer accepted the hypothesis and proceeded to argue that Mark had invented the whole of his narrative, and that thus the entire Gospel tradition was mythological. This unwelcome champion threw the Marcan hypothesis for a period into disrepute, from which ultimately it was rescued by the work of such scholars as H. J. Holtzmann and Bernhard Weiss.

By the beginning of this century the hypothesis of the priority of Mark had been so well established that research began to direct its attention to the composition of this earliest Gospel. Granted that Matthew and Luke made use of Mark, what sources did Mark have at his disposal? A tradition that goes back to Papias, a second century Father, to the effect that Mark had been the interpreter of Peter, was chosen as a point of departure in many studies of Mark issued during the early years of the twentieth century. Attempts were made to distinguish a substratum of Petrine reminiscences and various layers of later material. But no consistent advance has been

¹A critical review of *The Validity of the Gospel Record*, by E. F. Scott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938, pp. 213. \$2.00.

made in this direction. It is one thing to suspect a Petrine influence behind the Gospel of Mark, and another to identify particular portions of it as betraying that influence. In attempting to do so, criticism has often fallen into lapses of over-elaboration or unreality.

One permanent result of this attention to the composition of Mark has been the recognition of the arbitrary and stereotyped character of the editorial notices connecting the various narratives. Incidents are vaguely located "at the seashore", "in a house", or "on the mountain". Time-dates are equally conventional: "after some days", "on the Sabbath day", and "on the morrow". This was pointed out in 1901 by Allan Menzies in his *Earliest Gospel*, still one of the best commentaries on Mark in English. A more penetrating criticism of the editorial framework of Mark was supplied in 1919 by a German scholar, K. L. Schmidt. "The earliest sketch of the story of Jesus," he says, "is that of the Gospel of Mark . . . no continuous account, but a mass of separate narrative units arranged largely according to the character of their content . . . Only occasionally, by means of deductions from the inner character of a story, can we fix it somewhat more precisely with respect to time or place. Generally speaking there is no such thing as a life of Jesus in the sense of an evolving biography, no chronological sketch of the story of Jesus, but only single narratives, pericopes, which have been placed in a framework."

These conclusions as to the framework of Mark have made possible a new approach to the study of the Gospel's composition. Mark is seen to be not so much an author or an amanuensis, as an assembler and editor. The stories and sayings in his Gospel had an independent literary existence before he undertook to collect them. If we are to understand the character of the tradition about Jesus before it was assembled in "Gospel" form, we must analyse the various anecdotes in

Mark and classify them according to inherent likenesses and probable function.

In its essentials this recognition of the composite character of Mark goes back to Schleiermacher. In 1832 he suggested that what the evangelists had before them was a miscellany of separate sayings and narratives which they combined to form their Gospels. His theory came to be known as the *diegesin* hypothesis, from the Greek word used by Luke in his preface. It proved inadequate as a solution of the synoptic problem as a whole but has been resurrected by modern research in so far as it applies to Mark.

Since 1919 a number of important studies have been undertaken, chiefly in Germany, which begin with the assumption that Mark is a mosaic of *disjecta membra* and that the editor's part in the Gospel is largely one of choice, arrangement and final shaping of its component parts. This school attempts to reconstruct the pre-literary history of the Gospel tradition and to analyse and classify its units according to their varying form—hence the name "Form-Criticism". The first and most important of the series of studies was a book published in 1919 by Martin Dibelius, professor at Heidelberg. It came out in a second edition in 1933 and was translated into English and published in 1935 under the title: *From Tradition to Gospel*.

The school of Form-Criticism asserts that many of the units of tradition in Mark can be classified according to type: (1) stories which illustrate some element of Christian faith in Jesus (*paradigms*); (2) which describe Jesus' miraculous powers (*tales*); (3) which give information about characters associated in some way with Jesus or the early Church (*legends*); (4) which represent Jesus as a divine being (*myths*); (5) and sayings which could be used to give direction to the individual or community life of early converts (*exhortations*). Form-Criticism assumes that the various units were

fixed according to type in the period of their transmission by word of mouth.

In addition to this analysis, the new school has tried to answer two pertinent questions: Why was the tradition preserved at all? and do the various types into which it may be analysed give us any criteria for estimating its historical worth?

According to Dibelius, early Christian preaching provided the vehicle by which the first type of anecdote was preserved and given form. Stories about Jesus were told and retold by missionary preachers who wished to confirm the faithful and convert the unbelieving. Incidents which illustrated the early Christian faith in Jesus as Messiah were employed in the missionary programme of the early Church. *Tales* and *Legends* arose in response to more secular interests: a desire to know more about Jesus' "mighty works" as ends in themselves, and a desire to satisfy a growing curiosity concerning secondary personalities connected with Jesus and the early life of the Church. The story-teller followed upon the heels of the missionary. *Myths* were invented or borrowed from other religions in order to interpret Jesus to the world as divine Saviour. There is little in Mark, however, that is mythological in character. Finally, sayings of Jesus were preserved and employed which served a didactic or hortatory function in the primitive community.

Dibelius makes it clear that the "preacher", in his vocabulary, includes also the individual whom we might more accurately describe as a "teacher". Dr. Scott seems to overlook this when he describes the theory I have just sketched as "absurd". The Church meeting, according to Scott, was the instrument by which a set tradition was formed. Anecdotes of Jesus which were told and retold in the Church meeting for confirmation of believers gained a place in the permanent record. Propagandist purposes played little if any part. Scott's alternative

to Dibelius' suggestion seems to me to differ only in ignoring the predominantly missionary character of early Christianity, and therefore of the literature which it produced.

Dr. Scott makes much of another motive for the preservation of the material in the Gospels which he believes Form-Criticism has completely overlooked: "Our Gospels," he says, "were written for a religious purpose which they could only fulfil by a true narration of the facts." "The chief interest of the Gospels is historical." "Though it [the record of Jesus] has been modified in the course of transmission it is no less credible than anything else that has come down to us as history." The desire to safeguard the historical element was the determining factor in the preservation and formulation of the tradition.

This appears to be the main thesis of Dr. Scott's book, but it is extraordinarily difficult to establish. It involves asserting that the Gospel of John marked a completely new departure in Gospel writing. The Fourth Gospel differs from the Synoptics in kind rather than in degree. The thesis does not do justice to the theological interest in the Gospel of Mark or in the units of which it is composed. It does not explain why Paul in his letters could dispense with "history". It does not answer the question: why should a Church which expected the imminent return of Christ as Messiah so rapidly develop an "historical" interest?

There is not much history for history's sake in the Gospels, but there is certainly history there, and Dr. Scott's book should provide a healthy corrective to conclusions which have no necessary warrant in the theory of Form-Criticism. Stereotyped form does not mean that substance has been fabricated. Formulation served in large measure to preserve and fix the earliest tradition. The presence of men in the early community who had known Jesus served to check any serious aberration from fact.

In addition to analysing the tradition into its constituent types and suggesting a theory to account for its preservation, Dibelius attempts to develop criteria for estimating its validity. The sermon, story, legend, and myth represent vehicles of tradition on a descending scale of historical worth. Probably most readers of Dibelius find his arguments least convincing at this point. For one thing, forms are "mixed" in the Gospels. The story is worked into the sermon and the myth into the story. Furthermore, it often appears that judgment is based ultimately upon considerations of literary or historical rather than of "form" criticism. But the new technique cannot be dismissed. In one chapter Dr. Scott expresses the opinion that study of the oral period is premature while many literary problems in Gospel investigation remain unsolved. But his book as a whole is witness to the fact that study of the tradition from the point of view of form has already made an important contribution.

In several directions Dr. Scott has corrected erroneous deductions or inferences which have been made under the influence of Form-Criticism. Much is made in recent literature of *life situations* in the early Church which account for the presence of some saying or story in the Gospels. One might admit more generously than Dr. Scott is prepared to, that a particular incident reflects a problem or situation in the history of the early community and owes its very preservation to that fact, while insisting that it also belongs to an earlier setting in the life of Jesus. Scott rightly deprecates the tendency among students of Gospel origins to ascribe creative genius to the "community" while denying it to the individual. In the last analysis, only the individual is creative. Finally, Dr. Scott justly comes to the defence of Mark's order. Mark imposed an order upon his material that it did not have before his day but which is none-the-less, in broad outline, a credible one. Many of the incidents narrated could not have taken place in

any order other than that which Mark gives them. Scott is also justified in insisting that a rough memory of the general course of Jesus' life must have persisted during the first Christian generation. But one can also greatly overestimate what Mark actually gives us, and it would be misleading to stress many incidental chronological and geographical references which are nothing but "scenery".

The reader will get much more out of Dr. Scott's book if he will first read Lightfoot's *History and Interpretation in the Gospels*, F. C. Grant's *Form-Criticism*, and Dibelius' *From Tradition to Gospel*. He will then realize that Dr. Scott accepts more of the findings of Form-Criticism than he himself is willing to admit, and he will be able to form an intelligent independent opinion on the values of the new discipline.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY IN THE BALKANS

BY L. S. STAVRIANOS

TO those acquainted with the history of Canada, the importance of geography in the development of a given area is taken for granted. The St. Lawrence River, the Laurentian Plateau and the Rocky Mountains, to take a few examples, have all affected fundamentally the evolution of the Dominion.

No less important has been, and is, the influence of geography in the development of the Balkans. As one approaches the peninsula the significance of its position becomes obvious. Jutting out from Europe into the Mediterranean Sea, it is situated at the junction of Asia and Africa, making the peninsula a crossroad for the peoples of the region. Moreover, the importance of this situation is increased by the nature of the topography. Travelling southward from Central or Eastern Europe towards the Balkans, one encounters no serious mountain barriers. Thus, whereas the Iberian and Apennine Peninsulas are protected by the Pyrenees and the Alps, no such shelter is provided for the Balkans. Instead, the wide Danube river plain to the north, and the Moravia and Vardar troughs, running north and south, provide easy channels for penetration southward. The result has been a constant influx of Central European, Slav and Asiatic races. Similarly, if one approaches the peninsula by sea, it at once becomes apparent that the Ægean Sea, narrow and island-studded, serves as a highway rather than a barrier. It is this accessibility, then, from both Asia and Europe, which has made the Balkans a battleground of cultures and races.

Of equal importance in the development of the peninsula is the mountainous nature of its terrain. The term 'Balkan' is the Turkish word for mountain. The only extensive plains are formed by the valleys of the Danube and the Maritza and the basin of Thessaly drained by the Salambria. Elsewhere

several ranges criss-cross in bewildering fashion, producing a maze of mountains and little, isolated valleys. As in the case of Spain, this mountainous topography has worked towards political disunity and racial isolation. Thus we find that Balkan unity in the past has not arisen from within, but has been forced from without. It is true that Alexander of Macedon did succeed in creating an empire, but with his death it rapidly disintegrated and the Balkan peninsula was overrun by the Roman legions. Similarly, as the power of the East Roman Empire weakened, short-lived Bulgar and Serb empires were set up by Samuel and Dushan until the Turks arrived from Asia and imposed their rule for nearly five centuries.

This historical background is significant, not only in relation to the geography of the peninsula, but also in the influence which it exerts on the present situation. For the centuries of foreign rule to which the Balkan races have been subjected has produced what one might call a Balkan culture. It is only recently that this fact has been recognized. Thus we note the creation in 1934 of the periodical *La revue internationale des études balkaniques*, with the expressed purpose of studying the Balkans as an integral unit with a common historical and cultural background. The editors have even coined the term '*la balkanologie*' to emphasize their peninsular viewpoint.

The extent of the inter-Balkan ties becomes strikingly evident if one travels through the rural districts of the various Balkan countries. The prolific Roumanian historian, Nicholas Iorga, asserts that a common Balkan type of man has been evolved—that there are more physical similarities between the Balkan peoples than between Serbs and Czechs, or Bulgars and Russians. There is some truth in this theory, but how far it can be applied it is difficult to determine.

In the domain of culture, however, there is no doubt about a common heritage. It is quite apparent in the language of

the people. Although the various Balkan languages have the most diverse origins, yet territorial contiguity, together with centuries of Byzantine and Ottoman domination, have left numerous common characteristics in vocabulary and grammatical construction. In fact, Sandfield, the authority on this subject, maintains that there exists “ . . . *une unité linguistique remarquable rappelant, sous bien des rapports, les unités linguistiques qui ont pour base une origine commune, comme c’est le cas des langues romanes, des langues germaniques, etc.*”¹

The same is true of the everyday life of the various nationalities. In the countryside it is difficult to distinguish a Bulgarian from a Serbian, Greek or Roumanian village except those in the coastal or strictly Mediterranean regions, where another type prevails. But with this exception there are the same type of streets, the same gardens, houses, thatched roofs, open hearths and furniture. The costumes also, despite local variations, are fundamentally the same—the gay colours, the vest arrangement and the upturned toe. Similarly, many types of food and drink are common to all the Balkan countries. The popular dish, *mossaká*, can be found anywhere between Constantinople and Zagreb. Typical also are the rich, heavy pastries such as *baklavá*, and the potent liquors, such as *ouzo* and *rakkí*. In music and dancing, especially, there are few differences to be found. Turkish influence in the music is always discernible and sometimes gypsy. The result is a type of music, discordant perhaps to the Western ear, but hauntingly expressive, weird and sad. And the picturesque, circular peasant dances, whether the Slav *kolo*, the Roumanian *hora*, or the Greek *choria*, are practically identical. In religion there is, with few exceptions, a common adherence to Orthodox doctrines, and, in contrast to Catholicism, a conspicuous absence of clericalism and a pronounced autonomy and looseness in church organization. This difference between Catholic and

¹ *Linguistique Balkanique*, Paris, 1930, p. 6.

Orthodox ecclesiastical administration is one reason why Catholicism has made little progress in the Balkans. Many similarities are also to be found in the popular legends and superstitions. The legends of Lenore and of Hero and Leander, for example, are of Greek origin, but different versions are known to all the Balkan people. There is also a common personification of nature. Birds are used to bring aid, give advice, deliver love-messages, and so on. Finally, the concept of empire and emperor, obviously foreign to the ancient Slavs and Greeks, is now common to the Balkan races. The Greeks have their *basileus*, derived from Byzantium; and the Slavs their *tzar*, from the Roman *Caesar*.

Such, then, is the relationship between geography and history in the Balkans. On the one hand geographic contiguity and a common historical background have produced, in the words of Iorga, "*. . . une certaine unité millenaire, intime, profonde, que les phenomenes superficiels, discordes, inimitiés et conflits, ne doivent pas masquer à nos yeux.*"² On the other hand, the position of the Balkans remains as strategically important to-day as at any time in the past. Thus the peninsula has remained the vortex of the conflicting interests and policies of the Great Powers. In the pre-war era the Russian and Austro-Hungarian empires fought for hegemony. After the war the Balkan states attempted, with considerable success, to form a separate bloc strong enough to reserve "the Balkans for the people of the Balkans". During recent years, however, the sharpening conflict between the Great Powers together with the economic dependence of the agricultural Balkan countries on western Europe, has produced a situation resembling that which existed before 1914. Other powers have taken the place of Russia and Austria-Hungary with results equally foreboding for the future of the Balkan people.

² *Le Monde Slave*, February, 1926, p. 171.

DEMOCRACY

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE Germans are having a lot of quite legitimate fun with the Americans these days on the subject of Democracy. They point out that while the theory of American democracy requires that every citizen should have an equal voice in the election of the rulers, the practice of American democracy sees to it very effectually that in all States where the Negro constitutes a large proportion of the electorate he is carefully and completely disfranchised. This they choose to regard as an example of democratic hypocrisy, from which the totalitarian states are fortunately free.

It is just as well that the Americans should be reminded that there are some inconsistencies between their political theory and their political practice, and there can be little doubt that the criticism to which they have been subjected in the course of the present world-wide discussion about theories and principles of government is helping towards a substantial amelioration of the lot of the Negro as well as of other depressed classes in the Republic. But it is not fair to blame the inconsistencies of the Americans upon democracy. Democracy has never insisted upon the equal right of all human beings to an equal share in the processes of government. Until one hundred years ago it seldom occurred to anybody that it was incompatible with the institution of slavery. It is not now, in Canada, held to be inconsistent with the denial of the franchise to orientals.

The trouble with the Americans is that they let themselves in for the charge of inconsistency, not by adopting democracy as their political system, but by quite unnecessarily declaring that all men are born free and equal, and proceeding at the same time to keep quite a large number of men in a state of

great unfreedom and great inequality. And even this was not so bad, for it was still possible to argue, and was actually argued, that Negroes are not men in the sense of the Declaration of Independence. But when, as a tactical device toward the end of the Civil War, the North declared in so many words that Negroes are men, and inserted a clause in the Constitution to provide that they should enjoy the franchise, it was putting itself in an impossible position, from which it has only been extricated by the fortunate fact that the Federal authority lacks the power to ensure, against local opposition, that the Negroes shall exercise the rights with which it has declared them to be endowed. The United States can conscript Negroes to the army, but it cannot conscript them to the polls. Since the danger to a Negro facing the country's enemies in battle is considerably less than that from attempting to cast a vote in one of the Southern States, this slightly illogical situation has gone pretty much uncriticized until the Germans began to take an interest in it.

It is, as has been said, unfair to blame this inconsistency upon democracy. It should rather be blamed upon the romantic concept of the political equality of human beings which was rampant in the second half of the eighteenth century, and which even went to the length of seeing in the untutored savage a more natural and therefore a more noble being than the product of centuries of European civilization. This concept never commended itself to the men of action who carried on the actual relationships between civilization and the savages, relationships which in those days occurred only at the periphery of the civilized area. It was the product of the philosophers, evolving from their inner consciousness their own idea of the noble savage as he ought to be. It has of course nothing whatever to do with the theological doctrine of the equal importance of all men's souls in the sight of God, a doctrine which, far from conferring upon the savage an equal political status

with the civilized man, was more likely to lead to his being burned alive or otherwise discommoded if he exercised the right of a free man and declined to adopt the principles of Christianity. But this eighteenth century idealization of the non-European races has long since passed away, to be replaced by the very different concept of "the white man's burden", which means in effect that the white man is free to employ democracy in his own affairs if he likes, but should on no account extend it to "the lesser breeds without the law". It is true that lip service is occasionally paid to the old "all men are equal" doctrine by the assertion that democracy should be extended to the lesser breeds when they can show that they have fitted themselves for it; but it is almost as difficult to persuade the masters of a lesser breed that it has qualified itself for democracy as it is to convince the owners of an infant industry that it has reached the stage where it no longer needs tariff protection.

Democracy, therefore, does not imply, as our German friends seem to suggest, that a minority of higher political character must always submit itself to a majority of lower political character, just because they happen to dwell in the same territorial area. But the thing goes farther than that. The question of higher and lower political character is a delicate one, and in many cases it is impossible to get an agreed scientific opinion as to which of two races is the higher and which the lower. As between the Scotch and the Fiji Islanders, science would probably not hesitate very long. As between the Norwegians and the Swedes, science would have a hard job to decide. And the truth of the matter is that minorities of a definite character dislike to live under majorities of a different character, whether the majority is scientifically ranked as higher in political character or not.

This is the major trouble of our very race-conscious era. And it is by no means entirely due to the economic difficulties

of the times. It must not be forgotten that the Sudeten Germans are not the only minority which has failed to coalesce into a democratic unit with a majority of different race. The Southern Irish have just as definitely failed—or rather just as definitely succeeded in maintaining their identity; and they managed to get that identity recognized without external military aid long before the advent of the present depression. The device of divided sovereignty, of which Canada is such a conspicuous example, is almost wholly due to the desire to provide important minorities in the major political units with a minor political unit in which they can be majorities and maintain as much of their special concept of government as may be compatible with the necessary degree of unity in the whole. This is not a matter of higher and lower political types; it is just a matter of differences. Few scientists would care to say whether the French Canadian is a higher or lower political type than the English Canadian. But he is a different type, and in certain aspects of his communal life he is unwilling to live under the government of a majority of English Canadians; and the British North America Act was devised chiefly in order to insure that as regards those things which matter greatly to him he shall not have to. The result is a very complicated political structure which is extraordinarily difficult to work, and which in times of hardship is likely to be accused of failing to do the job that a political structure ought to do. But the only alternative is an entirely separate French Canadian state.

Democracy is not a particularly difficult system to work in a unit whose population is all of pretty much the same political character. It used to be cheerfully assumed on this continent that newly arrived population, no matter of what racial and economic and political origin, would be fairly rapidly assimilated to the North American pattern. As regards the speed of the process, this expectation has been disappointed, though there is plenty of reason to believe that it is going on

but more slowly than was supposed. But the French Canadians are not a new population. They are the oldest European population on the continent, and they have preserved their identity and worked out a political and social structure by which they will be greatly aided in continuing to preserve it. It is quite certain that they will never be assimilated to the English-speaking population, and indeed the British North America Act is based on an assumption to the contrary. Until recently the needs of their special concept of government were adequately provided for by the powers assigned to the province under that Act. But there has been a tremendous increase in the number of points at which the authority of the national government impinges upon the life of the individual citizen, both in Quebec and in the other provinces. Conscription for military service for anything other than home defence was undreamed of in 1867; it is now possibly an inevitable element in the process of national self-preservation. There is an increasing demand, and there may ultimately be an imperative need, for some modification of the rights of property in the interest of the higher rights of humanity; and this modification can only be effected on a nationwide scale, and thus involves the surrender by the province of some of its authority over property and civil rights. All such increases in the duties and powers of the central authority increase the problem of rendering its operations tolerable to any definite and self-conscious minority.

But it is important to remember that these problems are difficult only because we are trying to govern ourselves according to the principles of democracy. Our good friends, the Canadian Fascists, if they ever came to power, would have no trouble with them at all. In the first place, their government would not be that of a majority; it would be that of a small but compactly organized and physically powerful society devoted to the support of the inspired "leader" who is at its head. In

the second place, their government would not have to bother about any minorities, for any group which dissents from the decisions of the leader automatically qualifies itself for the concentration camp, the assassin's pistol, or the milder treatment of robbery and expulsion from the country. Canada would not longer be "a difficult country to govern" under such methods. That, as a matter of fact, is the chief attraction of Fascism, that it makes governing so easy. Democracy unquestionably makes governing difficult. To argue from that fact that it is an inferior form of government is to assume that governing ought to be easy. There is very little evidence to support such an assumption. Governing is an art, not unlike playing the piano or writing a poem. It is easy to play the piano badly, but difficult to play it well. Probably the same thing is true about governing. When a nation is too easily governed it may be because it is not being governed well, that is, to the advantage of the people as a whole now and for the future; or it may be because it is a simple and easy nation to govern, as a mouth-organ is a simple and easy instrument to play compared with a piano, or as a limerick is a simple and easy poem to write compared with a sonnet.

All the same, it is no use losing sight of the fact that a nation, to be successfully governed democratically, must be a governable nation, just as a piano, to be well played, must be a playable instrument. It would be no use putting four or five keyboards on a piano, or a lot of extra pedals, because a single player would be unable to use them effectively; it would not be a playable instrument. And a nation with too many minorities, too permanent and too irreconcilable, is not a nation to be governed as a unit by the democratic process. Its single authority cannot use all the keyboards for harmonious effect; it is bound to hit wrong notes on some of them by accident, and ruin the music. Take it apart and make two or three pianos of it, with as many players, and you may get excellent results.

We have rather lost sight of this limitation of democracy. We have heard so much about government of the people, by the people, for the people, that we have lost sight of the important question: Government of how many people, by how many people, for how many people? Would North America be less democratic if the Confederacy had succeeded in enforcing (some generations before its promulgation at Washington) the doctrine of self-determination, and had set up another Republic between the Mason and Dixon line and the Gulf of Mexico? It hardly seems likely. Would the British Empire be less democratic if the Province of Quebec became *Laurentia* and ceased to be part of Canada? Autocratic monarchs can assert a "divine right" to the perpetuity of the boundaries of their rule (though Mars has a habit of upsetting the arrangements of other deities in this matter); but surely a democratic government cannot assert any such thing. At any rate it does not when it is wise; the Irish Treaty is the proof.

In the present state of the world it is inevitable that every citizen of a democracy must feel the impact upon his life of his national government in a far greater degree than ever before since modern democracy began to flourish. The nineteenth century was ruled largely by the law of supply and demand, which was not enacted by any government. But that law has now been supplemented by so many amendments, all of them of legislative origin, that it is almost repealed; and many people, arguing that the scarcity of goods and services which made it operative has disappeared, demand that the old law itself shall disappear also. Be that as it may, the national authority now tells us what shall be the value of our money, what small part of our wealth we may leave to our legatees, what shall be the price of our wheat, what union (in the United States at all events) we shall hire our labour from, what wars we shall personally fight in, what acres we shall seed and what plow under, and scores of similar things; and in Canada a good deal of

economic paralysis is due to the fact that the national authority lacks the power to do many of the things that, in the present state of the world, it ought to be doing. And this does not make things any happier for minorities which happen to feel differently from their majorities about the way in which this sort of thing ought to be done.

This impact of the national authority is, as has been said, inevitable. But there is also an increasing impact of the national authority which is due to another cause. This cause is the increasing disposition to intolerance, to interference with whatever is considered to be peculiar, or inconsistent with the national ideals or objectives, whatever they are, by the majority. It is unnecessary to particularize about these intolerances; every fair-minded Canadian knows that some of them already exist in the legislation either of the Dominion or of some of the Provinces, and that the demand for more of them is growing and insistent. And the important thing is that as soon as they are carried to the point where they become a serious grievance to a considerable and self-conscious fraction of the community, there has been created another and unnecessary dissident minority, and another step has been taken in the direction of national disintegration.

Democracy can work properly only within a governmental unit consisting of reasonably homogeneous population units. The pressure of government is already so great that it is testing our homogeneity to the utmost. Our minorities must learn to tolerate a lot more of that pressure, along lines dictated by the majority, than they have been used to. But conversely, the majority must learn to exercise the greatest possible tolerance in all matters wherein governmental interference is not absolutely necessary. The more we have to accept the exercise of governmental authority in some matters, the more rigidly we should set ourselves against it in all matters where it cannot be shown to be necessary. If we must

surrender a good deal of freedom of contract, let us retain all we can of freedom of speech. If we must send all our able-bodied men to war when we go to war, let us at least see to it that we do not go to war except for purposes which will appeal to our minorities as well as to our majority.

The totalitarian states are not bothered with minorities. They speak with one voice, because the hand of the government is at the throat of every man who does not cry Heil! The democratic states are bound to have minorities, and their voices will seldom be in perfect unison with that of the majority. But if the relations between majority and minority are what they should be, then, in all great issues greatly affecting the nation, their voices will blend in a harmony which will be far richer and more impressive than the totalitarian unison.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

LAW AND POLITICS

CANADA AND THE LAW OF NATIONS. N. MacKenzie and L. H. Laing (Ed.). Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1938. Pp. xxvi+567. \$6.00.

This volume contains a collection of cases on international law, the vast majority of which were decided by Canadian courts. The remainder come from the higher courts of the United States and Great Britain and from international tribunals. In this latter group, the cases selected either have a Canadian element in that Canada or Canadians were involved or deal with questions of international law which are of special import for Canada. The editors have designed this compilation to give a view of the Canadian contribution to the law of nations.

Such a principle of selection imposes limitations on a case-book on international law. It rules out most of the generally recognized "leading" cases and some of the most important topics because no Canadian element can be discovered in them. Quite inevitably, too, the emphasis given to various topics reflects the peculiar character of Canada's international relationships rather than the relative importance of the topics. Because of the distortion which is thus involved, it is difficult to agree, as the editors seem, at one point, to suggest, that a collection of this kind affords a sound approach to the study of international law. An approach should surely be made through those cases which raise vital questions most sharply and reveal most clearly the technique which great jurists have brought to the development and elucidation of the subject. For such a purpose, cases must be selected without regard to their nationality.

While this volume is not suitable as a basic case-book, it is to be welcomed for several reasons. International lawyers will be grateful for the material which it makes readily accessible for the first time. In particular, they will appreciate the selections from the decisions of Dr. Croke who lent distinction to the Court of Vice-Admiralty in Halifax between 1801 and 1816. Canadian teachers of international law will find it a valuable supplement to the standard case-books. Most important, perhaps, it will assist teachers of Canadian history in placing emphasis on Canada's external relations.

The main topics expounded in the cases are Canada's international status, the rights and duties of states and their jurisdiction over their territory, the position of individuals in international law, private international law (as it is called), and the law of war and neutrality. Accepting the editors' principle of selection,

the cases have, on the whole, been judiciously chosen. One criticism of some importance may be made. Quite a number of the cases are not decisions on international law at all. It is not suggested, of course, that any rigid definition of international law should be adopted in a work of this kind. There is no objection to the inclusion of cases on the subject so inveterately and misleadingly called private international law. This branch of law is domestic and not international law but cases on it are fairly included here because international relationships are always involved. The same may be said of the cases on Canada's treaty power. At the same time, some cases have been included which do not throw light on international relationships. For example, four cases on the validity of provincial statutes discriminating against persons of Oriental origin are purely questions of the interpretation of the British North America Act. The case of *Maass v. Seelheim*, on p. 143, deals solely with the domestic law of defamation and the privilege which the German consul established arose, not out of the fact that he was a consul but out of a special type of relationship in which any person might find himself. The inclusion of such cases is likely to confuse students as to the scope of international law.

J. A. C.

THE STATUTE OF WESTMINSTER AND DOMINION STATUS. By K. C. Wheare. Oxford University Press, 1938. Pp. xvi+328. \$3.00.

In the development of the British constitution, ancient legal rigidities were overcome, partly by changes in the legal rules themselves and partly by the growth of conventions which modified or nullified legal rules without any formal abolition of them. In the transformation of the British Empire into the British Commonwealth of Nations, this characteristic British method has found further employment. Up until 1931, Dominion status rested almost entirely on convention and usage. The Statute of Westminster cut away some of the legal anachronisms and established some new legal rules in their place. It did not supplant convention but merely readjusted the legal and conventional elements in the Constitution of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Accepting the distinction between strict law and convention as fundamental, this essay analyzes the contributions of both to the development of Dominion status and shows their interaction on each other. It shows the mingling of these elements in the developments which were summed up in the Report of the Imperial Conference of 1926. It considers the work of the 1930 Conference which drafted the Statute and its history between that date and its enactment in 1931. Separate chapters are then devoted to the bearing of the Statute on the constitutional position of each of the Dominions and on the crisis of the monarchy in 1936.

The author resolutely foregoes the discussion of political issues and limits himself to constitutional questions. Needless to say, this takes him over ground littered with legal controversy, either actual or potential. He picks his way carefully and avoids the dangers of dogmatism. He states opposing views fairly and gives cogent reasons for his own choice. Of course, his sharp distinction between law and convention rests upon the doctrine that law, to be law, must be the command of a sovereign. To this he adds the closely related doctrine that the sovereign is not himself bound by the law he makes. Accordingly, an important legal inequality still remains between the United Kingdom and the Dominions because the British Parliament may at any time resume its intervention in Dominion affairs despite the Statute of Westminster. Constitutional equality is secure, not by legal right but because the conventions declared by the Imperial Conferences put such intervention beyond the realm of practical possibility.

Adherence to this orthodox British theory of law largely vitiates the author's discussion of the South African Status of the Union Act of 1934 and the new Irish Constitution of 1937. It obliges him to hold that the validity of the Status of the Union Act depends upon particular interpretations of both that Act and the Statute of Westminster and that any effect which the former has may be destroyed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom repealing the latter. On his assumptions, this is obviously correct. Nevertheless, in the minds of many South Africans, the Status of the Union Act, which declares that "the Parliament of the Union shall be the sovereign legislative power in and over the Union", is based upon the entirely different assumption that the self-abnegation of the British Parliament in the Statute of Westminster is complete and final.

The case of the new Irish Constitution is even clearer. The author seems to consider the validity of portions of it to depend on the view taken of the scope of section 2 (2) of the Statute of Westminster. But its sponsors regard it as the fulfilment of the Irish Republic which was first proclaimed in 1916 and in no way derived from powers granted by the British Parliament. Constitutional equality among the members of the Commonwealth requires that their theories of the nature of law should be taken into account. If South Africa and Eire now assert an exclusively native source for their constitutions and law, the Commonwealth is faced with a juristic puzzle which is not likely to be solved by Hobbes and Austin.

Perhaps it is unfair to criticize the author for not taking the underlying juristic problem in his stride. If he had done so, he clearly could not have written this book. And the task which he set himself has been admirably done. For those Dominions which do not deny the imperial source of their law, he provides a clear

and minute analysis of the bearing of the Statute on Dominion status. Indeed, his care for precision of statement leads him to a good deal of repetition which makes the book rather burdensome to read but greatly enhances its value for the purpose of reference.

J. A. C.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE UNDER THE QUEBEC ACT. By Hilda M. Neatby. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 1937. Pp. 348, with three appendices and bibliography. \$6.00.

Miss Neatby has written on one of the most complicated problems in Canadian history. She has threaded her way through a jungle of laws with care and foresight, and the story of her investigations is not only scholarly but remarkably clear and readable. The Quebec Act itself has long been a subject of debate among historians. Not a few have maintained that this act of 1774 in restoring to the French Canadians their civil laws and customs without giving to the English merchants the protection of English commercial law, habeas corpus and trial by jury, helped to erect a wall around French Canadian nationality, which, after the coming of the Loyalists, became the adamant shelter of the Quebec isolationist. Hardly had the Quebec Act come into force, before the new policy of the Old Inhabitants was expressed in the words: *Je renferme dans le bill*. The Quebec Act in its essentials is still in force to-day.

There can be no doubt, as Miss Neatby has shown, that the act was not adapted to any colony with commercial interests, not even one that was entirely French. "For a colony under an English government, with English judges and officials and an English merchant class, it was wholly unsuitable and inadequate". As Chief Justice Hey pointed out, the revival of Canadian laws to the exclusion of any other was likely to be so injurious to trade and commerce that it was difficult to believe this to have been the intention of the framers of the act. We know now that Hey was correct in his surmise. The old French legal system was intended to be merely the basis of the Canadian structure, and the old French laws were to prevail only, as Governor Carleton was instructed, "until they shall be varied or altered by . . . ordinances . . of the Legislative Council." The task of making these alterations, in other words, of building up a mixed system of French and English law, would have been difficult enough under the most favourable political conditions. In the face of American disorders and before the threat of invasion, Carleton seems to have quailed. Strongly French Canadian in his sympathies, and dominated by the idea that Canada would always remain a purely French province, he concealed his instructions, and transformed what was to

have been the "camping ground of the French party" into a citadel of French Canadian nationalism. Had the English merchants, says Miss Neatby, "been able to associate the Quebec Act from the beginning with a prompt and efficient administration of justice, and a not too flagrant disregard of their interests, they might have been partially reconciled to it."

This book should be of interest to Canadian lawyers as an enlightened commentary on what may happen when justice is administered by amateur lawyers, without proper legal training, with rabid political affiliations and with almost unlimited power (since there were not even juries to control them). For the historian, it throws much new light on the bitter political strife of the time, and even the economist will find good material on the business methods of a community disrupted from the beginning by the conflict of two civilizations within the bosom of a single state.

G. S. G.

ART

FLOWERS AND STILL-LIFE. An Anthology in Paint edited by J. B. Charles. New York: The Studio Publications Inc.; octavo pp. 112; \$2.50.

This collection of illustrations of a so-called minor department of painting is almost wholly of contemporary work—but not quite. The scant handful of classic Dutch serves to demonstrate the older ideal of thoroughness in observation and execution; the few nineteenth century French show the transition of the purely impressionist period; and on that slight background the bulk of the book is better understood in the variety of modern influences which it displays. There are seventy illustrations in all: sixteen of them in full colour.

Still-life of its very nature lends itself to arrangement, so it is not surprising that a greater proportion of this work is frankly decorative than is the case with landscape, figure and genre painting. French impressionism is just as evident. But everything else is present also—even to surrealism. Outstanding among the colour reproductions are Kirkland Jamison's *Fruit Piece* and Barbara Christian's *Flowers at Night*. For those who see in Cezanne only the value of an original approach, Mr. Jamison's painting will seem to be the logical and beautiful consequence of the Master's experimenting; while Miss Christian shows the influence of still later techniques entirely disciplined by correct observation and conscientious draughtsmanship. These two English pictures surely belong to that class of beauty which inspires to virtue. The Americans are all in the half-tone section, more's the pity. But Glen Mitchell's *King's Crown Squash* and J. Stuart Curry's *Osage Orange* definitely take the eye.

One cannot refrain from asking why so much of this work seems rough and devil-may-care; for the editor's notes of explanation do not always convince. Certainly the readiest answer seems to be the artist's will to fall in with the modern rush. It seems that he grudges the time and labour; perhaps he also desires to impress by bravura and shock because he despairs of acquiring the knowledge and finish of a former time. (Van Gogh has certainly been an unfortunate influence in the lop-sided drawing of pots and vases, for one thing!) But it is good to see that occasionally Chardin still makes himself felt. Painters can still feel in this branch of their work an opportunity to express the mysterious associations sometimes attaching to the common utensils of life.

G. McL.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART. By Robert Morris Ogden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938. Pp. xviii+292. \$2.50.

The author, Dean Ogden of Cornell, regards psychology as the study of behaviour. The psychology of art is therefore concerned with behaviour in so far as it is artistic. "We define the æsthetic as a felt behaviour, the pattern of which lacks discernment. We define the artistic, in turn, as the perfection of means to ends, a perfection which becomes artful only as the means themselves become an end. What is æsthetically felt, or artistically expressed, may but need not be discerned." The Cartesian differentiation between distinct and confused ideas, both of which might yet be clear, was utilized by Leibnitz and Baumgarten to define the æsthetic attitude. Thus what began as an introspective distinction is now translated into the idiom of behaviourism.

A classification of the arts is devised by "following the various senses through their space-time orders of expression". Music, Poetry, and Visual Art are then examined at length. One finds here a fascinating study of "the materials and methods of the fine arts". Serious alertness to technical problems of craftsmanship is notable throughout. The choice of illustrative material is often deft and stimulating and always instructive. There is a most suggestive treatment of "naïve geometry in art", itself neither naïve nor neglectful of the need for more than mere geometry in art. The contrast drawn between static and dynamic symmetry, deriving from distinct types of perceived order, presents at once valuable criteria for æsthetic judgments and, more importantly, insights into the behavioural origins both of mathematics and of art. Readers acquainted with Dean Ogden's earlier volume on *Hearing* will recognize again, back of the discussion of musical theory and technique, a masterly grasp of the physics and physiology of sound. In the chapter on prosody one comes upon some verses by George Herbert Clarke, a gracious and happy tribute to his active interest in the book's writing.

The book is thorough, workmanlike, careful in detail. It moves forward, testing the ground it covers, and when it reaches new and unfamiliar terrain it halts. There is no hostility towards the new, but a sensible caution. Thus no opinion is expressed on modern painting: it is experimental and exploratory; it may evolve new forms or master new media for artistic expression. We must wait and see. The comment on modern poetry and music is the same. Try to understand it, get used to it, but let the future decide. By the same token, it is early yet to appraise the movies as an art form. At present it remains uncertain whether they can fill the abiding needs of the audience as well as catering to those of the moment. This comment may well evoke disagreement. Reading it, the reviewer discerned what had been obscurely felt as a lack in earlier chapters. Put baldly, it is this. Little is said of the artist's relation to his own time. Art is not located explicitly in the context of social change. Thus the surrealist is treated as experimenter, not as rebel, satirist, or critic. The poet contemplates and records, subordinating semantic continuity to formal excellence. The question whether his art is also propaganda—Plato's question whether it serves social ends—is not asked. Now it may be that the objection is impertinent, touching on a topic properly excluded by the author's terms of reference. Yet the closing chapter, on æsthetic education, probing as it does to fundamental principles in education, prompts one to ask whether a 'right rhythm' in life is possible in the absence of a 'right direction' in society. Do artists in exile to-day raise a problem relevant to the psychology of art?

H. M. E.

HISTORY

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION, 1688-1689. By G. M. Trevelyan.
London: Thornton Butterworth, (Nelson's in Canada); pp.
250; \$1.50.

Professor Trevelyan's account of England's "sensible age" is actually an addition to the Home University Library. It is not, then, an exhaustive treatment, and is at times too consciously written for the uninitiated, and with an eye towards a schoolmasterly word for the virtues of peaceful persuasion. The point raised most clearly is the issue of sovereignty, left in abeyance by the Restoration. As to whether Parliament or Crown was to be the ultimate power had to be settled when the storms of the Civil War had subsided. Not only did the rapidly changing social scene require definite government decisions on policy, but the threat from France to England's expanding foreign and colonial trade made a strong hand absolutely necessary abroad. James II saw the problem in terms of monarchy by divine right. A practically

united people saw it in terms of the traditional common law. Only two new principles were immediately enacted by the Revolution: the independence of the Bench, and toleration for Protestant dissent from the Church. But that was enough to make all the difference.

Other points seem unfortunately blurred. While it is rightly insisted that the Revolution was led by the landed gentry, it is not shown that this class must have realized the needs of capitalism in order to succeed. Again, Cromwell is not given his due. For surely the movement of 1688 was but the final phase, delayed by forty years, of the more "heroic" epoch. One often hears of the *perspective* of history; but sometimes it seems a little short-ranged after all.

G. McL.

THE RAPE OF PALESTINE. By William B. Ziff. Toronto: Longmans, Green; 1938. Pp. xvi+612. \$4.00.

The title of this volume has a lush melodramatic flavour, as have also many of the headings of sections such as "Jehovah abdicates in favour of Downing Street", "Brass Buttons and Stuffed Shirts", "Handrubbing Statesmen", "Bureaucracy looks at Jews", "Whooping it up for Democracy", and "Saint George spits in the Dragon's eye". Indeed, the book is a long-drawn-out screeching "hymn of hate", hatred of British soldiers and administrators in Palestine and in Whitehall, of spineless renegade Jews (mostly British) and of barbarian Arabs (deemed British protégés and tools). To Mr. Ziff, Jew of a special "revisionist" brand of Zionism, Britain is the arch-villain of the piece, committing one of the great crimes of history in the betrayal of Jewry in Palestine. Even before the World War Britain was "aiming at complete domination of Asia". "The largest and most expertly conducted business in the history of man, the British Empire", is dominated, according to Mr. Ziff, by the bureaucrats of Whitehall like Sir Robert Vansittart, "perhaps the most powerful personage in the Empire . . . whose taste for whiskey and intrigue has won him the nickname of Machiavelli-and-soda". To these men trained from boyhood "in the tradition of the Empire . . . the slightest material advantage to Imperial business comes first, irrespective of humanist philosophies and social codes. They are smug, clever and loyal. . . . It was the same cabal and its reactionary allies in The City who were largely responsible for the rise of Adolf Hitler on the continent, financing him and preparing his way behind the scenes". These men, frightened out of their wits by the bogey of Bolshevism, believe the Balfour Declaration on Palestine to be a great error which they have set out to rectify by artful plannings and long-range intrigues, sabotaging the Zionist experiment and egging on the Arabs in their risings, even in the last one directed mainly against Britain herself.

This is the Ziffian thesis and method of innuendo, insinuation, and misleading half-truths. Nearly every single British administrator associated with Palestine is dubbed as an anti-Semitic knave or fool because he did not choose to fall down and worship in the House of Rimmon the golden idol of a Jewish National State which impatient Zionists like Ziff want to set up. Thus there is a continuous stream of corrosive detraction of the name and fame of Britishers from Allenby, Lawrence and "the Military Junta" onwards. "Hardly had the Turks been driven out", writes Mr. Ziff, "when it became apparent to Jews and Arabs alike that the entire Administration was uncompromisingly opposed both to the letter and spirit of the Balfour Declaration". This reviewer from his personal experience of the early post-war régime knows that such a statement is far from the truth. Ziff makes derogatory or even scurrilous remarks about administrators like Ronald Storrs (whose ideals of life and duty are better revealed in his own autobiography). Ziff merely alludes to Storrs's memoirs in a few obscure footnotes; he does not mention *Orientalism* as one of the 250 books recommended in his bibliography for the study of Palestine—perhaps because it gives another picture of British administrators and administration and also a searching analysis of the problems raised by Zionism! Nor does Ziff refer there to the writings of proponents of the Arab cause such as George Antonious whom indeed he once mentions to illustrate the wide ramifications of pro-Arab, anti-Zionist propaganda in America of British officialdom which was "able even to secure an appointment to lecture in Columbia University" for this "venomous Jew-baiter". Ziff heaps contumely in abundance on his fellow-Jews like the British philosopher-administrator Sir Herbert Samuel, charitably termed "this latter-day Herod". He ransacks the pages of travellers to testify to the detestable, uncivilized qualities of the Arabs and conjures up many reasons why the British "favoured" them rather than the Jews, one a foul suggestion (p. 202) which may be deemed an insult to British honour, or preferably as an index of Mr. Ziff's own mentality.

Mr. Ziff has piled up a formidable list of points in his indictment of the Mandatory Power Britain, whose statesmen, soldiers and officials are said to have shared in a carefully planned "conspiracy" to deprive the Jewish people of rights guaranteed to them. Thus limitations have been imposed on Jewish immigration, acquisition of public lands, etc., while the British authorities have encouraged the Arabs to make murderous attacks on the Jews and have deliberately fomented disorder so as to retain control of this strategic region. This is not the place to discuss the controversial issues raised, but it should be remarked that there is much to be said for the Arab case in Palestine and for the sincere attempt of

Britisher administrators to follow a middle course between Jews and Arabs. Britishers were aware that the Balfour Declaration not only involved encouragement of a Jewish National Home (not a Jewish State), but also respect for "the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine", i.e. the Moslems and Christians who formed the vast majority in the Holy Land. But Mr. Ziff has no word of understanding of the Mandatory's difficulties, or of the many real achievements of the Administration, in spite of divers mistakes and errors. The volume is "highly documented". Forsooth, all the passages which can be turned or twisted to besmirch Britain are included, sometimes being torn out of their context. The case for the Administration on the Wailing Wall, immigration, and other issues is either ignored or ludicrously misinterpreted. There are frequent inaccuracies or slips. Thus General Bols at the time of the 1920 riots was *not* "Governor of Jerusalem" (p. 86) but Chief Administrator of the Palestine Military Administration (O.E.T.A.). Storrs was then in the capacity of Governor of Jerusalem but was *not* "ruling Jerusalem" during the pogrom of 1929 as Ziff thinks (p. 124). Storrs had left for Cyprus three years before this particular rising, and departed from that island in 1932, although Ziff declares that Storrs promulgated a decree on December 13, 1934, barring land to foreigners viz. Jews (p. 253). It is not true that Jews of the calibre of Herbert Samuel and Dr. Weizmann "and his cohorts" are tainted with "Ghetto mentality" and have been arch-enemies of the ideals of Zionism and the interests of Jewry. It is an incredible hypothesis, where the "clever" British officials are concerned, that "the current disturbances, as well as the preceding situations they have been required so busily to police, were created with adroit cunning by themselves" (p. 415); in view of the threatening designs of Hitler and Mussolini, would British imperialists foment and foster a Pan-Islamic revolt directed not primarily against the Jews but against British authority? Mr. Ziff has included a passionate and moving account of the tragic plight of the Jews in many countries, which is so distressing to all believers in liberty. His multitudinous statements should be weighed—and checked. But his animus, tone and method of approach, while earning the plaudits of Anglo-phobe elements in the U.S.A. and elsewhere, may perchance render a grave disservice to the cause of Jewry where many Britishers are concerned. They may even create rather than deflate anti-Semitic feeling.

A. E. P.

TRIBUNE OF ROME: THE STORY OF COLA DI RIENZO. By Iris Origo. Toronto: Longmans, Green; 1938. Pp. 265. \$2.00.

Readers of Byron and Bulwer Lytton in their youth had their curiosity whetted about the "Last of the Tribunes", celebrated also in music by Wagner. It is of interest to note that the overture of Wagner's *Rienzi* opened the proceedings of the tenth anniversary of the Soviet Republic in 1928, Rienzo being hailed as a great champion of the proletariat. Over a century ago a life of the Roman Tribune was found in Napoleon's baggage after Waterloo. To-day Rienzo's portrait is honoured in Italy by Mussolini as a prophet of Italian unity and the renaissance of Rome. Emperor, Communists and Fascists are strange bedfellows in common admiration of a strange figure, appearing in a strange environment.

Nowadays the elevation from "Log Cabin to White House" is extolled. Yet a Rienzo rose from a tavern to the Capitol of Rome; the son of an innkeeper and a washerwoman was crowned "tribune of Rome" and consecrated "Knight of the Holy Ghost" in the caste-bound society of mediaeval Rome. Nurtured on antiquarian studies of Rome's pristine grandeur, animated by intoxicating mystical prophecies and inflamed with personal ambition, Rienzo led a revolution and suddenly in 1347 became supreme in control of the City of Rome itself. He felt himself a Messianic figure and indeed compared his accession to power to the Ascension of Christ. He was immersed in the ritual rose-water bath in the font traditionally associated with the baptism of the Emperor Constantine. Rienzo sought to usher in a new era and did succeed in smashing the authority of the Roman feudal nobles. The "notary" of the people carried through a remarkable series of popular reforms, legal, economic and social, whilst he aimed at a unification of divided Italy. But his rule degenerated into a fantastic, cruel tyranny, and before half a year had elapsed, Rienzo fell dramatically from power. In retirement among the devotees of poverty, the Franciscan "Fratricelli", he began once more to dream dreams and see visions of a dominant Holy Roman Empire and Papacy. He travelled with these visions to the Emperor Charles IV in Prague, who threw him in prison for two years, and then to the Avignon Pope Clement VI who incarcerated him for another year. But the new Pope Innocent VI, charmed by Rienzo's fascinating personality, authorized him to return to Rome where once again he reigned supreme—only to fall for the second time, on this occasion being slain.

These are the bare outlines of a thrilling story which has been told admirably by the Marchesa Origo—based on a thorough study of historical materials. Where Cola di Rienzo is concerned, truth

seems almost stranger than fiction—or even than gangrenous Wagnerian opera!

A. E. P.

LOUIS XIV. By Sir Charles Petrie. Toronto: Thomas Nelson; 1938. Pp. 320. \$4.50.

This book is neither quite history or biography, but between the two. Many biographies of Louis XIV tend to be *chroniques scandaleuses*. Such are the chapters Michelet devotes to the Grand Monarque, for he wishes to vilify a man he loathes, he being a liberal historian and Louis the high water mark of conservatism. Voltaire also wrote a history of Louis XIV, for he thought his reign was in all respects the triumphs of French prestige, yet he writes too lengthily to make it appear. The present volume, which is not really long, contrives to get a good deal in its compass and much of interest, but whether it is quite adequate for the great subject it is hard to say. The history must necessarily be outline, but even then we are not made quite aware of that great duel between Louis and William of Orange. The Mazarin period is well suggested, and young Louis's disappointment over La Mancini which seems to prelude the period of favourites La Vallière, La Montespan, ending up so egregiously with the school marm Vve. Scarron. All this period brings home to us vividly *l'état c'est lui*, and its history is a family history. The King's brother, Duke of Orléans, marries Charles II's young sister Minette, who captivates this critical Court as her great grandmother Mary Queen of Scots had done. Also she captivates the young King who is always with her, and the ungainly gauche Orléans still has feeling enough to be jealous. Minette dies and Bossuet preaches his most eloquent and most direct sermon—on a royal penitent who made herself worthy to die, and died leaving the whole court in tears. The picture of La Montespan is enough to tell us her grossness and that of her decade. When we come to Veuve Scarron, Madame de Maintenon, the enigma is not explained. She was governess to the Montespan's children—the royal bastards—then Mistress of St. Cloud, where the girls acted Racine's *Esther* and *Athalie*. She imposed on Louis, it would seem, by her devoutness, her business capacity, her secretary character. She became his morganatic wife and was responsible perhaps for the revoking of the Edict of Nantes, for that 'occasional conformity' which Molière reveals in the *Tartuffe*, to be cant. On the Gallican episode the author does not speak with authority. It is no light matter to impeach Bossuet's orthodoxy, nor is it made clear that in this matter Louis finally lost. Again, it is the one serious lack in this interesting book, we would like to hear a little more of Jansenists and Pascal, of the writers who added so much to the glory of the reign, with whom Louis was on such intimate terms—did he not finally slay Racine with a look for writing on "The Evil Condition of the Realm"? W. M. C.

CANADIAN VERSE

NEW HARVESTING: CONTEMPORARY CANADIAN POETRY. Chosen by Ethel Hume Bennett. Illustrated by J. M. Donald. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1938. Pp. 198. \$2.00.

BY STUBBORN STARS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Kenneth Leslie. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1938. Pp. 64. \$1.50.

THE UNCONQUERABLE NORTH, AND OTHER POEMS. By O. J. Stevenson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1938. Pp. 79. \$1.75.

A HARP IN THE WIND. By Jean Percival Waddell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1938. Pp. 65. \$1.50.

Forty-five poets are represented by 102 poems in Mrs. Bennett's anthology, and of these all are living except Annie Charlotte Dalton, Constance D. Withrow and J. E. H. MacDonald. The compiler has restricted her choices to the post-war period in order to emphasize what she considers quick and effective in our contemporary verse. Like nearly all Canadian anthologists, however, she has been too hospitable, and has lessened the value of her work by reducing its level, for not more than ten or twelve of the poems included seem to have survival-value. The editor has obviously taken much pleasure in her undertaking and may have preferred to traverse a wide range within the boundaries indicated, but it is rather difficult to discern the critical principle that has guided the excursion. Certainly, little of the contents can be called "alive and vital" and only about half of the poems chosen "reflect the contemporary Canadian scene". There is room for an anthology of Canadian verse that will observe austere standards, for no others will avail, in the long run, the cause of letters.

Mr. Leslie has a mind, an imagination, and enough mystical music in his soul to enable him to utter poetry. The title-poem consists of a sequence of twenty-seven Shakespearean sonnets, all of which have something to say and most of which are well turned (especially the twenty-fourth) save for some catalectic lines and some weaknesses in equivalent substitution. Of the miscellaneous poems, *Two Thieves* and *When You Wrote the Threnody* deserve mention; and among the Nova Scotian themes *The Old Man* is noteworthy. *Fifth Columnist* and *Cobweb College* also are striking poems, but here Mr. Leslie is too often content with merely facile second-best lines. One likes his work best in the patterns that hold and discipline him.

Professor Stevenson treats, frequently in free verse, themes related for the most part to Canadian nature and experience.

Among his sonnets perhaps *The Laughter of Loons* and *He Lingers Still* are best. Although the author does not profess exceptional merit as a poet, the gentleness and sympathy of his tone are pleasing and many of the students whom he has taught at the Ontario Agricultural College will read and recur to the collection with happy memories.

A Harp in the Wind contains nothing unsparable. The verses are striving and anxious, for the author's knowledge of prosody is as yet too meagre to ensure acceptable craftsmanship.

G. H. C.

FICTION

YOUNG VOYAGEUR. By Charles Clay. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. 409. \$1.50.

RED WILDERNESS. By Frank J. Tate. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. 461. \$2.00.

The story of Canada, both past and present, is full of excellent raw material for literature, and the authors of the above volumes are to be commended for their effort to put Canada on the map from a literary point of view.

Young Voyageur is a story of adventure in the days of the struggle between the great Hudson's Bay Company and the fur companies with headquarters in Montreal. A heroic journey, yet such as was common in those days, from Montreal by canoe to Northern Manitoba provides a setting for an exciting tale, which is likely to please boys in particular. Mr. Clay is already the author of *Swampy Cree Legends* and shows considerable knowledge of methods of travel and other details of the North-Western scene. The descriptions of the wild country and the pictorial map inside the cover help the reader's imagination to realize the atmosphere of those stirring times.

Red Wilderness is something of a problem novel, dealing with the economic discontents of the present day. A lumber company in an isolated part of the country provides the reason for a fight between striking employees, led by professional agitators, and loyal servants of the company who try to check them. Many aspects of the economic life of our times are made clear in the course of this struggle. The author shows a desire to be impartial, and the book has sincerity and freshness. The character of the Preacher, in particular, is well conceived.

This is a first novel, though Mr. Tate has already contributed to magazines.

E. H. W.

TUDOR DRAMA AND FICTION

JOHN HEYWOOD, ENTERTAINER. By Rupert de la Bère. London and Toronto: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Pp. 272. \$3.50.

DRAMA AND SOCIETY IN THE AGE OF JONSON. By L. C. Knights. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 347. \$4.00.

ELIZABETHAN TALES. Edited with an Introduction by Edward J. O'Brien. London and Toronto: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Pp. 317. \$2.25.

The first of these three books includes a useful bibliography, a general introduction to Heywood, a brief analysis of works known to be his or attributed to him, the text of four of the most interesting interludes—*A Play of Wytty and Wyttles, The Pardoner and the Frere, The Playe Called the Foure P. P.* and *Johan Johan*—and an appendix about Heywood's birthplace. The scholarship is adequate, but the style is at times somewhat uneasy, repetitive and self-conscious. Heywood was born in 1497, of rather humble parents but "superior to his pedigree" and died about 1578 in Louvain, for he had fled to Flanders after the Elizabethan settlement. He may have studied at Oxford. He became not only an entertaining playwright, but also "a sound patriot", an applauded singer and instrumentalist, a good-natured wit, an epigrammatist and eventually a "gentleman". He was presented at the Court of Henry VIII by Sir Thomas More, his friend and patron, whose niece Joanna Rastell he married about 1523, and his daughter Elizabeth became the mother of John Donne, poet and Dean of St. Paul's. With Henry VIII and Mary—especially Mary—Heywood found much favour. He gives us a revealing epigram on himself:

Art thou Heywood with the mad mery wit
Ye forsooth maister that same is euen hit
Art thou Heywood that applieth mirth more than thrift
Ye sir I take mery mirth a golden gift
Art thou Heywood that hath made many mad plaies
Ye many plaies fewe good woorkes in all my daies
Art thou Heywood that hath made men mery long
Ye and will if I be made mery among
Art thou Heywood that woulde be made mery now
Ye sir helpe me to it now I beseche yow.

These "mad plaies" are difficult to classify. Two of them are moralities of a sort, and one—*Johan Johan*—is a brief but complete triangle-farce. This and others of his works take on something of Chaucer's archness and liveliness, and the "very mery enterlude" of *The Playe Called the Foure P. P.* is particularly Chaucerian in both humour and invention. They were also influenced by contemporary French farces. During the twentieth century Heywood's life and influence have been studied more closely

and Professor de la Bère makes a generally accurate and acceptable contribution.

The first four chapters of Mr. Knights's well documented book examine the social and economic background of the Elizabethan and early Stuart periods. He points out that "neither critic nor historian has made a study of economic conditions and the drama, *in conjunction*, in order to throw light on one of the more important problems of our own time: the relation between economic activities and general culture". Despite some over-emphasis here and there, he knows through careful research the changes in financial habit that hastened the transition from a simple, communal life to highly individual enterprise and ostentation. These changes quickened capitalism and lessened the sense of interdependence. Without a close awareness of both the plus and minus values of such enterprise we cannot, he thinks, critically understand the factual testimony of Tudor drama. The last six chapters study the plays of Jonson, Dekker, Thomas Heywood, Middleton and Massinger in order to promote this understanding. The chapter on Social Theory is especially valuable and forms a sort of bridge between contemporary economics and the æsthetic and spiritual patterns of the plays of the period.

Dramatic poetry of course was only one part of a larger whole, but . . . only along lines similar to those that I have indicated can we hope to map the social and economic bases of Elizabethan-Jacobean culture and to make some profitable correlations.

The second part of the work is based on the belief that "the essential life of a period is best understood through its literature; not because of what that literature describes, but because of what it embodies". The witness kept longest on the stand is Ben Jonson, since, although Mr. Knights waxes too eloquent about Jonson's style, he rightly considers him more finely endowed than any seventeenth century successor, and since his art reflects the popular tradition of individual and social morality. The author is also right in regarding the early 'humour' plays as experimental. Their influence, however, is seen in several of Jonson's later plays. His real strength lay less in 'humours' and in Greek and Latin learning than in the truly classical attitude that rejects both puritanism and loose self-indulgence. Several plays, especially *Sejanus*, are reviewed to support this contention and the central thesis. Jonson had a "tough equilibrium" and exercised a "steady, penetrating scrutiny of men and affairs". The critically searching chapter on "Jonson and the Anti-Acquisitive Attitude" further develops this point of view, and the treatments of the other dramatists named above are equally competent. The appendices deal with seventeenth century melancholy and Elizabethan prose.

Mr. Michael Roberts's *Elizabethan Prose* remains the best anthology of its kind, as regards scope, what Mr. Knights calls "muscular content", and effective illustrations of the homely, honest, vigorously idiomatic Elizabethan prose style at its best. In the seven categories of his book the wheel comes full circle. Mr. O'Brien, naturally, is more interested in the Elizabethan short story as such, and his anthology tries to do for tales that can be quickly read what the Everyman *Shorter Novels* (*Elizabethan and Jacobean*) does for works of a wider canvas. Mr. O'Brien's introduction is rather superficial, but his popular collection illustrates well enough the variety and immediate appeal of these tales and episodes. There are twenty-five selections representing some eighteen known writers, with four anonymous pieces. Nashe, Deloney, Painter, Greene and Riche are the chief charmers here.

G. H. C.

BIOGRAPHY

SAMUEL PEPYS: the Saviour of the Navy. By Arthur Bryant. Cambridge University Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. x+452. \$4.00.

The great popularity of Pepys's *Diary*, ever since its publication in 1818, has tended to distract attention from the events of Pepys's life which are not recorded in the *Diary* itself, and thus obscure the entire man, who was not only an unique diarist, but one of the ablest government executives of the seventeenth century. Mr. Arthur Bryant, in what may well become the standard biography of Pepys, has not only recreated the man whom we know so well from the *Diary*, but has presented a detailed picture of Pepys the public servant and has shown the value of his work during his two terms of office as Secretary to the Admiralty Board. The third volume of this biography, *Samuel Pepys; the Saviour of the Navy*, describes in exhaustive detail the work of Pepys during his second term of office, 1684-89, when he occupied a position which made him "the administrator-in-chief of the Service, and at the same time the equivalent of a modern First Lord of the Admiralty".

In 1683 Pepys sailed to Tangier, as confidential adviser to Lord Dartmouth, who had been commissioned to destroy the fortifications and evacuate the garrison. Tangier, once regarded as the gateway to dominion in Africa, had proved merely an expensive nuisance. During the long and tedious voyage Pepys had ample opportunity to observe the appalling conditions which prevailed in the naval services and the extent to which the work of his first administration had been undone owing to lack of intelligent and authoritative control. In his notebook he recorded, in detail, evidence of the incompetence and corruption of the senior officers,

many of whom were using their commands for private trading enterprise; of the undermanning, underprovisioning, and in many cases unseaworthiness of the ships; and above all, of the complete lack of discipline among the crews.

On his return to England Pepys was reappointed Secretary to the Admiralty and immediately set about the task of restoring naval efficiency — a task rendered comparatively easy by the co-operation of James II, who, whatever his faults as monarch, felt the importance of a strong naval force. Pepys was given a free hand; he was allowed to choose the members of the special commission that worked under him, and ample funds were forthcoming for the business of rehabilitation. And now that meticulous regard for detail, that passionate interest in even the most trivial occurrences, so apparent in the *Diary*, stood him in good stead. No matter was too small for his personal attention; and for five years he worked unceasingly towards the establishing of an adequate naval power and the restoration of the tradition of discipline. The work was well done. When, upon the accession of William of Orange, Pepys resigned his office, with regret but without rancour, the tonnage of the fleet had been doubled, discipline restored, and the foundations for the subsequent greatness of British naval achievement solidly laid.

One may feel at times compelled to disagree with Mr. Bryant's interpretations of the facts which he presents so admirably; for example, he makes much of Pepys's loyalty to James II, although a disinterested consideration of the relations between the Secretary and the King suggest the loyalty of expediency rather than that of faith. But generally, Mr. Bryant's deductions are as sound as his scholarship. Of the accuracy of that scholarship there can be no question; and the precision of Mr. Bryant's style is in keeping with the skill with which he has selected relevant material. This is an excellent book for the reader who, having affection for Pepys the Diarist, would learn more of the man who "alone among the men of his century . . . grasped what the sea might come to mean to his country," who "more than Raleigh before him, or Halifax in his own day, though with only a tithe of their eloquence . . . comprehended the future of England." E. A. M.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I WAS THERE. By Edith Tyrrell. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 131. \$2.00.

The literature of autobiography is scant in Canada, whether because Canada's greatest figures have been men of action rather than of literary ability, or for some other reason. Hence an autobiographical volume is more welcome in Canada than it would be in countries where the recent vogue for autobiography

has been more prevalent. But Mrs. Tyrrell's book does not depend for a welcome on such negative considerations. She has written a book, in a sense, supplementary to her husband's many scientific publications, in that she shows a side of the life of J. B. Tyrrell, eminent geologist and traveller, that is not touched upon in his scientific works. The main charm of this unassuming volume, however, consists in the revelation of a character which has its own qualities of sweetness, loyalty, and humour, in the memories of a happy childhood, and in the quality of serene acceptance which characterizes the author's outlook on life. There are, besides, many descriptions of manners and customs, scenes and events in the life of her time which may become a mine for the future social historian of Canada to delve in.

E. H. W.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS

CANADIAN INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS.

Canadian Papers, 1938, Series B, Nos. 1 to 2, Series C, Nos. 1 to 3, Series E, Nos. 1 to 3.

This group of papers which was prepared for the recent British Commonwealth Relations Conference, contains much valuable data in relation to Canadian foreign policy and to nearly every major problem at present facing Canada. J. B. McGeachy's article, in Series B, on *Provinces and Dominion* is, in effect, an interim report of the activities of the Rowell Commission. Mr. McGeachy gives a clear-cut analysis of the principal issues with which the Commission has concerned itself, notably fiscal relations between provinces and dominion and the proposed redistribution of taxing powers. In his discussion of *Relations between English and French Canadians* "a representative French-Canadian business man" describes with remarkable impartiality the basic causes of antipathy between the two racial groups. Series C contains a set of statistics by Professor K. W. Taylor in relation to Canadian foreign trade during the last ten years; an excerpt from the Canadian Hansard of July 1, 1938, over the proposed establishment in Canada of training fields for British airmen, and a series of memoranda on Canadian defence. The significance of the latter two items appears in No. 1 of Series E. This article illustrates the divergent attitudes of Canadian political parties toward the question of foreign policy, by quotations from the Conservative and C.C.F. Conventions of 1938 and by a recent pronouncement of Prime Minister Mackenzie King. The series is completed by G. V. Ferguson's incisive analysis of *The Propaganda Media in Canada* and George Luxton's report of the C.I.I.A. Round Table Conference on relations between the United States and the British Commonwealth.

Taken as a whole, the series leaves a confused impression of many voices crying in the wilderness. As a basis for discussion at the British Commonwealth Conference, the papers have no doubt served their purpose. The general reader will feel the need of a synthesis establishing the relationship between materials which at present appear heterogeneous and unrelated. The task of describing divergent attitudes toward a particular issue has been performed with varying degrees of success. Mr. McGeachy and the anonymous writer on Canadian foreign policy have succeeded, by the organization of their material, in presenting at least a clean-cut description of opposing schools of thought. Mr. Luxton, by contenting himself with a seriatim account of the views advanced, leaves a more confused impression.

D. M.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION

PLANNING AND ADMINISTRATION OF UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Bryce M. Stewart. New York: Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc. 1938. Pp. xiii+665. \$4.00.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF CANADIAN CONDITIONAL GRANTS. By Luella Gettys. Chicago: Public Administration Service. 1938. Pp. xiii+193. \$2.75.

THE MACHINERY OF SOCIALIST PLANNING. By G. D. H. Cole. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. Pp. 80. 85 cents.

These three volumes, differing very widely in size, scope, and direction, are evidence of the increasing importance being attached to administration in contrast with legislation as a function of government. They are indicative, also, of the critical significance of administration in the face of the rapid development of governmental social services.

The first volume is the work of a Canadian, resident in the United States, who has become one of the world's ranking authorities on the subject of unemployment compensation. The volume is distinctly a research work, a work of reference. It is an elaborate and exhaustive study of the administrative problems which have arisen in connection with the setting up of unemployment compensation under the Social Security Act in the United States. Since the Social Security Act is still in process of coming into full operation, it is distinctly a study of beginnings. There is special interest for Canadians in the volume in that Canada is probably on the threshold of some scheme of unemployment compensation. The United States has set up a project of state compensation plans under certain federal controls and standards. Federal control has

been ensured by the device of a federal tax on payrolls, the proceeds of which are credited to the funds of States establishing approved unemployment insurance schemes with approved standards of operation and personnel. Dr. Stewart has, therefore, had to delve deeply into the administrative problems of federalism, and it would be well that Canadian authorities should read his detailed record of the administrative problems encountered, before embarking on any similar type of joint project in Canada.

The second volume is an excellent study of the most important aspect of administration in Canada. The Canadian federal state was set up on the basis of wholly distinct functions for Dominion and provinces, with certain payments or unconditional grants payable to the provinces by the Dominion. For the purpose of extending provincial activity, or sharing in the cost of functions which the provinces found onerous, the device was adopted of paying conditional grants for specific purposes. Technical education, highways, agricultural instruction, employment services, and venereal disease control, were important objects of such conditional grants. In size, however, these have been completely overshadowed by old age pensions and unemployment and farm relief. The author is satisfied, from examination of experience in other countries, that conditional grants can be used effectively, but the general conclusion is that in Canada they have been ineffective for lack of sufficient strength and vigor in the federal control and administration. She notes, as an important contribution to this failure, the dominating position of the two provinces of Ontario and Quebec within the Dominion.

The emphasis in Mr. Cole's little book is also on administration, but the direction is entirely different. He is concerned with the problems that will be faced by a Socialist government when eventually it takes power in Great Britain. It is his view that such a government would not be able to introduce Socialism but only to lay the basis for it. By inference, he also believes that any Socialist government will have to do something more than merely expend large sums of money. His interest is in explaining what can be done, and by what means, in setting the stage for complete Socialism while at the same time safeguarding the economic system against interruption or even collapse. The little book is as admirable in the acuteness of its analysis as it is in its brevity.

W. A. M.

ECONOMICS

TARIFF LEVELS AND THE ECONOMIC UNITY OF EUROPE.

By H. Liepmann. London: George Allen & Unwin, 1938. Pp. 424. 21s.

This study, which has been carried out with great thoroughness and ingenuity, is in a sense a continuation of a study made by the Economic and Financial Section of the League of Nations in preparation for the World Economic Conference of 1927. In part, its object is a statistical calculation of European tariff levels with the object of showing the degree to which the obstacles to trade have been increased. The statistical problem is a formidable one in that European tariffs are predominantly composed of specific duties, and it is therefore necessary to calculate their rates against commodity prices. The author has, however, succeeded in setting out for different groups of countries, and for individual countries, comparable tariff indexes for various years down to 1935.

The second object of the study is to show the degree to which the essential economic unity of Europe has been disrupted since the War by the multiplication and extension of protective tariffs. Even as late as 1922 Europe was relatively open to trade and had a high degree of interdependence. Since that date, however, there has been a severe throttling of trade in the interests of economic nationalism, and along with it has gone a progressive impoverishment. The story is a familiar one, but Dr. Liepmann has given it quantitative substance.

W. A. M.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

RECORD AND REVELATION. Ed. by H. Wheeler Robinson. Oxford Press. 10s. 6d.

PROPHECY AND DIVINATION. By A. Guillaume. Hodder & Stoughton. 20s.

FROM MORALITY TO RELIGION. By W. G. de Burgh. Macdonald & Evans. 12s. 6d.

WORLD COMMUNITY. By W. Paton. Student Christian Movement Press.

One of the burning theological issues of to-day is the relation of the Old Testament to the Christian religion. Is the Old Testament Christian Scripture or only Jewish Scripture; is it, perhaps, but the historical background of the New Testament; is it part of the Gospel; is "Yahweh", the God of Israel, also the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the true and only God? These are not literary but theological problems. As so often, we see them in their acutest form in Germany, where it is widely main-

tained that the Christian religion, if it be a religion for Germans, must slough off its inheritance from Judaism. But amongst ourselves also these questions become more pressing.

Some thirteen years ago Professor Peake edited for the Society for Old Testament Study a volume called *The People and the Book*. The same Society now celebrates its twenty-first anniversary by a new series of essays covering the advance in Old Testament studies since *The People and the Book* was published. It is entitled *Record and Revelation*. The title, says the editor, "is intended to indicate a more constructive aim—that of bringing out the contribution of the Old Testament, when critically studied, to both Jewish and Christian *theology*".

The contributors are from America, Germany and France as well as from the British Isles. We are given a learned and valuable summary of new knowledge and new doubts concerning the language and archaeology, the literature, the history, the religion and the theology of the Old Testament. The various chapters with their bibliographies will be of the greatest service to all serious students of the Old Testament in the academic field. For such the book may be styled "indispensable".

As a milestone the book is admirable. Its defect is that it does little to answer the questions about the Old Testament which are becoming peremptory. It would be hazardous to suggest that, in particular, Drs. Wheeler Robinson and Lofthouse do not see the new questions, but, apart from occasional hints and glimpses, they are still concerned almost exclusively with the Old Testament as the background of the New or as the noble but transcended religion of the Jews. "The God of Israel, like the Israelite, is at his strongest in volition"—"we see the emergence of Yahweh of Israel as one god among other gods"—"another debt that is owed to the religion of Israel . . ."—contrast such phrases with the treatment of the Old Testament by the writers of the New or with the *obiter dictum* of another page, "The persistence of the divine purpose constitutes the real unity of the Old Testament"! The book cannot be praised too highly as a record of attainment; it can only be criticized on the ground that it does little to answer the questions that are becoming ever more insistent.

Dr. Guillaume's Bampton Lectures entitled *Prophecy and Divination, a Study of Man's Intercourse with the Unseen World*, is a notable addition to the literature dealing with the Old Testament. Starting from the Sumero-Babylonian religion and illuminating his main subject by an intimate understanding of Islam, the author treats of divination, magic, sorcery, dreams, ecstasy and prophecy in the Old Testament. The lectures are of very great interest and importance to all concerned in such matters. Here is both learning and insight. For instance, the author's sympha-

thetic and novel account of the dervishes becomes highly illuminating for some aspects of Hebrew religion, and, as an illustration of theological penetration, I may cite a single passage: "we see how fundamental in early Hebrew thought and belief were the Promises of God. Thus the promise to Abraham was individual and tribal: 'I will make of thee a great nation' . . . The subsequent history of Abraham's descendants suggests that there was a sort of Apostolic Succession: the Promises of God are made to the many, but through the few. . . . The religious history of the Hebrew people is inexplicable unless some such apostolic tradition of faith based on communion with God is presupposed. Why did not the tribes who entered Egypt with the aged Jacob settle down and adopt the religion and customs of the more highly civilized, more comfortable Egyptians? Or, alternatively, why did they not return in dribblets whence they came and become merged in the sea of little peoples which made up the population of Canaan? Many undoubtedly took one or other of these courses and quite clearly the Succession was nearly lost." Here we begin to see why the Old Testament is Christian Scripture.

Not many months since, I was calling attention to Professor de Burgh's striking book *Towards a Christian Philosophy*. His Bampton Lectures now published carry his argument further. He begins with a problem of ethics, "the dualism of ethical ideals and types of life according as conduct is regulated by consciousness of obligation or by desire for a rational good"; he insists upon "the autonomy of both principles", and urges that they find their reconciliation in religion.

Of recent thought the author says, "Revelation was the first to go by the board, then the deistic postulate of a Creator; when God ceased to be man's 'everlasting hope', he became irrelevant as a 'final hypothesis'. The modern world drifted back to Stoicism, the creed of natural reason, freed from the spectre of pessimism by the promises of the new science to ensure man's mastery of his environment." But the most modern science, disappointing the hopes placed in it, has itself turned towards scepticism, and we are living in a world of unreason as illustrated by Totalitarian States, Professor Karl Barth, and the "Group Movement". For four centuries, he says, "reason and faith have been drifting apart, on roads that lead logically, the one to a philosophy of mind and nature that negates the claims of the supernatural, the other to a religious supernaturalism that negates the claims of mind and nature. For the severance, Descartes and Luther must bear their share of responsibility: Descartes in that he restricted reason to the processes of inference from clearly defined concepts, exemplified in mathematical physics; Luther, in that, anticipating the restriction, he refused to the 'harlot reason' any part in the knowledge vouchsafed to faith".

A generation ago philosophy seemed to be subsumed under epistemology, to-day it might seem (in certain Universities) to be nearly confined to logic or even grammar. Professor de Burgh calls us back to philosophy as understood by the Greeks and the great thinkers of the Middle Age. But philosophy so understood must take cognizance of religion and call on grace to perfect nature. But here we come to what (in the Gifford Lectures) is a technical offence. What Professor de Burgh says of "religion" is often not true at all except of Christianity as a religion of revelation. So, too, when he pleads for the confirmatory evidence offered by morality to religion, he means morality as understood in Christendom. If he should reply, as well he might, that there is a law of God written on the hearts of all men, yet we must bear in mind that this law of God is called by some a merely bourgeois ethic and by others a weak internationalism sponsored by Free Masons and by Jews. Fundamentally, however, Professor de Burgh is right in that we may deem the current denials of the law of God to be both temporary and pathological.

I have left myself no space to treat of Mr. William Paton's book on the *World Community*. I must be content to commend it without qualification to all thoughtful Christian people. Knowing far better than most men the world's chaos on the five Continents and the defects and ineffectiveness of the Christian forces, Mr. Paton yet sees in the Church of Christ the hope and promise of better things and declares the undiluted faith by which the Church must live. The book is readable, short, moving and authoritative; it is of the moment and for the moment, but its principles and underlying insights are not transient.

N. M.

LIFE OF CHRIST. By Hall Caine. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Ltd. 1938. Pp. xxi+1310. \$4.00.

This voluminous work by the well-known novelist claims to be the product of nearly forty years' continuous study and research. The material, extending to more than three million words, was left in an unfinished condition by the author and the present work is the result of eight years' pruning and editing by his two sons.

It takes a much wider scope than the title itself suggests. It is divided into three books, of which only the second, consisting of thirty-nine chapters, covering some eight hundred pages, deals with the life of Christ from the Nativity to the Ascension. Book I, entitled "Before Christ", consisting of eleven chapters, begins practically with the creation of the world and is concerned chiefly with a survey of the Old Testament history of the Jewish people and the rise and development of the Messianic hope; while Book III, entitled "After Christ", carries the study down through twelve

further chapters to include the missionary work of St. Paul and the last years of St. Peter.

A chief interest of the author in the central part of the book is to rediscover the Jesus of history and the human side of Christ's life. "For a human Christ the world is very hungry. Pressed harder by life than ever our fathers were we hunger and thirst for the man-god that Jesus is and was and should always be. The world to-day is crying out for Jesus of Nazareth, for Jesus the man." "In order to make a portrait of Jesus such as the twentieth century wants, we should not add anything but should strip away all the accretions of the earlier centuries, the Middle Ages, and even the apostolic times and get back, if possible, to the naked historical Jesus." What is the portrait presented? The author argues thus: "The humanity of Jesus must have been absolute . . . He must have been born like a man, nurtured like a man, must have grown up like a man, loved like a man, sorrowed like a man, and died like a man. Whether God or not, on no other terms could he be human. Let him be born by miracle and die by miracle and rule his life by miracle, and he ceases to belong to humanity." So he rejects the story of the miraculous or supernatural birth of Jesus, the "Virgin Birth". "Never was there a more obvious legend. . . . It came into existence only when the early Church (about the time of Ignatius) thought it had need of it—to separate Jesus from all sin, to distinguish him from all other prophets." The Resurrection of Jesus he regards simply as "a spiritual event", the survival of Jesus' soul or spirit. "While I deny the bodily Resurrection of Jesus (or rather see nothing in the Gospels that justifies my belief in it as an historical occurrence), I do not deny that Jesus appeared to the disciples after his death and thereby revived their fallen faith. . . . That Jesus, after his death, conveyed to the consciousness of his followers the firmest and most confident belief that notwithstanding his death he still lived, and that all he had foretold about his second coming would come to pass in God's own time—this is the measure of my belief in the Resurrection of Jesus." So too while in general accepting the healing miracles of Jesus as "psychical miracles" "in harmony with nature", he rejects as "in direct opposition to natural law" (pp. 715, 719) such recorded nature miracles as the turning of water into wine, the walking on the sea or the feeding of the multitudes.

A properly scientific historical study of our Lord's life must be prepared however to examine a little more carefully all the evidence recorded in the Gospels, and not be content to brush aside so lightly recorded facts as "feeble" or "weak" or "unworthy" and "unbelievable" simply because they are "not agreeable to the spirit of the modern world" or in conflict with the presuppositions of "modern thought". The fact is Hall Caine himself admits more.

Thus, for example, after setting forth the "measure" of his belief in the Resurrection of Jesus in the terms above indicated he goes on later to say, "What was it that rose—a physical body or a spiritual body? I say a spiritualized body. And it does not matter to me what became of his physical body that hung on the Cross, whether it was spirited away and its dust still lies in some unknown Syrian grave, or whether it was the seed out of which the incorruptible body sprang. I prefer to believe the latter." The picture of Jesus indeed given by the author is not a strictly consistent picture. Yet there is about the book a spiritual richness as well as literary attractiveness which evidences the work of a devout and reverent as well as cultured mind, and leaves the reader with a new and deep impression of the wonder of the Life with which it deals.

J. M. S.

HISTORY OF MEDICINE

TRIUMPH OVER PAIN: THE STORY OF ANAESTHESIA. By René Fülöp-Miller. Indianapolis; New York. Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.75.

This volume contains four hundred and seven pages of story, fifteen and a half pages of a bibliography of four hundred and thirty-two titles, a chronology of four and a half pages and an index. In spite of all this it is not the work of a serious and critical student of the events with which it is concerned. The main effort seems to have too largely been to write as harrowing a tale as possible of the unhappy quarrels among those who claimed to have been the discoverers of surgical anaesthesia by inhalation.

The story is tragic enough when told with simplicity and artistic reserve, but these qualities are not characteristic of this book. We are frequently irritated by childish and futile, so-called dramatic, interlardings such as these: "Elizabeth Morton wept, the children whimpered." "Morton, putting on his frock-coat, went to see Dr. Warren." Priestly, heretical divine and ardent chemist-physicist, at work in Birmingham, "On Sundays fervently read the lessons, preached sermons; occasionally he conducted the wedding service." This sort of 'business' soon palls.

Then there are strange fantasies such as these: "A substance to dull pain by artificial sleep must itself be an artefact. Thus was closed the circle of an artificial world."

"Precisely because delight in laughter was lacking in Europe, Providence turned to the New World." Here, "scientific instruction was free from the heavy European touch. In physics and chemistry experiments might be made no less amusing than instructive". These remarks introduce the account of the fashion of holding nitrous oxide and ether "frolics", which incidentally had led Dr. Crawford Long to perform the first operation under

ether in Jefferson, Georgia, 1842. He had not the courage or perhaps the ambition to bring it to the notice of the profession at the time. But all these phenomena had been observed and described in Humphry Davy's classic monograph upon Priestly's "spiritus nitro-aëreus", which upon analysis Davy had named nitrous oxide, in 1800. Most important of all, he had suggested that it be tried by the surgeons as a means of securing painless operations.

"We know not who taught man to use the knife in search for the evils within. Was it a god, an omniscient beast of fable, or man's own invincible healing instinct?"

Downright errors are numerous and might easily have been avoided.

"Descriptive medicine was almost unknown before the sixteenth century." There are short reports of carefully observed cases in the hippocratic writings of the fifth century B.C.

"Celsus, physician to the Emperor." Historians are still in doubt whether Celsus was a physician or a lay amateur of medicine.

"By blocking the path which leads into consciousness (hyoscine) excludes the normal workings of an ego that is gifted with memory and therefore capable of feeling pain." If we waited upon memory we should never feel the initial pain. Hyoscine blunts the registration upon the memory of experienced pain, and so saves the patient from the psychological shock of a recorded torture.

"The lungs are transformers in which narcotics must be or may be elaborated before they make their way into the circulation." Ether vapour passes directly through the ampullar lining membrane of the lungs into the blood capillaries and finds its way out of the blood, unchanged, by the same path.

On p. 344 Mr. Miller accuses Sir James Simpson of claiming to have been "the sole discoverer of anaesthesia", in his article upon anaesthesia in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 8th edition, 1854.

The caption of the article is *Chloroform* and in it no such claim is anywhere made. It is plainly stated that for a year before chloroform was introduced by himself, ether had been in use as an anaesthetic in America and in Europe, and that the first public proof of its value had been made by Dr. Morton, a dentist at Boston in America, in October 1846.

The writer's claim that Morton was the real discoverer of anaesthesia is denied by an enormous body of dental and medical opinion in the United States. Horace Wells received the crown from the American Dental Association in 1864, and from the American Medical Association in 1872. He practised painless extraction of teeth under nitrous oxide anaesthesia and published

his success in 1844. The sad circumstances accompanying Wells' mental collapse and suicide are exploited too crudely, and in such a way as to shadow one's idea of his former orderly and honourable career as one of the ablest dentists in the Eastern States. It was natural that Simpson should think chloroform the better drug, as obstetricians work mostly by night and ether in air is a dangerous explosive. In Simpson's day there were no Edison bulbs.

The method here described as Sertürner's for isolating pure morphine from a lump of crude opium would extract as well proportional quantities of all the other alkaloids of opium.

Joseph Priestly did not discover carbon dioxide: Joseph Black did in 1852, when twenty-three years of age. Priestly drew attention to carbon monoxide.

William Hunter was not a "famous surgeon"; it was, of course, brother John.

The use of Tait McKenzie's sculptured mask of an athlete's face and neck at the end of a long distance race, in utter exhaustion and oxygen starvation, is absolutely misleading as an illustration of appearances produced by the pains of labour.

These instances will show plainly enough how ill informed this book is in spite of its confident style and the shows of learning which characterize it throughout. One would be inclined to put it down as one of the pseudo books, mishandling a great theme.

For the appetite of certain moderns sated by the shocks of world iniquities and catastrophes, this style of writing history may pass muster.

It presents a measure of the truth in a way that will hold the attention of those who do not prefer a more reverent and reserved rendering of the "still, sad music of humanity."

T. G.

SOCIOLOGY

A SHORT HISTORY OF WOMEN. By John Langdon-Davies.
London: The Thinkers Library, No. 72. Watts & Co. 1938.
Pp. 244. 1 shilling.

The man who takes an interest in women, and one is given to understand that there are still a considerable number of such men, will find this book a real joy, of information and insight. Perhaps the author was overbold in his choice of title; perhaps the male reader may be led to the belief that his knowledge of the sex will be perfected after finishing these pages; one rather doubts whether it will, *experto crede* (and for the sake of the non-Latinist it seems proper to point out that *expertus* does not mean an "expert", far from it). Still the book is a joy.

It is, however, only fair to the distinguished scientist to whom we owe it, to hasten to add that it is a serious work, albeit penned with a light touch, and further that it seems to cover the whole ground in outline, from the biological differentiae of sex upwards and onwards, from Eve to Elizabeth, from cave-woman to the latest apostle for the rights of women.

It is impossible within the limits of a brief review to give much idea of the variety and lucidity of the information given in a book as condensed as is this one, still less to offer any criticism. The main idea, it would appear, is to trace "through the often depressing quicksands of women's history", the gradual dawn of woman's consciousness that she has a place in the world, her increasing purposiveness, and her claim to be in many respects the equal of man, with an account of the various, sometimes devious ways that these things have manifested themselves through the ages. No more instructive or striking, and one may add humiliating chapter than that of the view of women held by the early Christians and especially by the Fathers of the Church.

One may perhaps suggest, though with some diffidence, that all thinking women would do well to read the book, if only for the sake of regaining that *amour propre* which some of them may think they have lost. Let them read the chapter that gives an account of Matriarchy: the word is a loose term and is generally used to designate a state of society or civilization, still found in various parts of the world, in which woman is supreme, not merely in fact, but in theory also; in which, for example, descent is traced back through the mother, and her mother and so *ad infinitum*: in which, it appears, things move very well indeed. There is even to be found a stage, the evolution of countless centuries, in which the bride takes her husband to the house of his mother-in-law, there to take up permanent residence. By all means a book worth reading.

P. G. C. C.

BIOLOGY

THE NATURE OF MAN. By Élie Metchnikoff. London: C. A. Watts and Co. Pp. xi+210. 5 shillings.

This, as one would expect, in view of the pen from which it came, is both a sound and an interesting book, and the translator and revisor are to be congratulated, the former for the skill with which the difficult task of translation from the Russian has been carried out, the latter for the smoothness with which the delicate operation of modernization has been performed.

True, recent advances in knowledge have vitiated some of the author's arguments, but this is largely offset by appropriate ex-

planatory footnotes and a number of appendices. The historical development of the nature of Man, set forth in the first chapter, is particularly interesting in view of the recent exacerbation of nationalism, and the rise of various more or less peculiar and unpleasant 'isms'.

One may make some few adverse criticisms. For example, it seems hardly fair to consider the well-known habit of moths of flying into bright lights with resultant destruction, as a fundamental disharmony in their make-up. Moths were designed before the days of flood-lights, and could hardly be expected therefore to be able to cope with them in a rational manner, either from the human or the lepidopteran point of view. Further, the experiments with wasps, in which the egg is removed from the burrow, while the unsuspecting mother continues to fill the hole with food, as if the egg were still there, and the failure of the pupating butterfly to mend an artificial rent in its cocoon can hardly be taken as valid criteria of the perfection of mental organization in these creatures. These things represent happenings so far outside the comprehension of the subjects, and so foreign to the standardized world to which they are adapted that it is not surprising that the victims fail to react as the experimenters might do under similar circumstances. One can conceive of experiments performed upon human beings that might yield equally peculiar results!

On the whole, the reviewer cannot help but feel that Metchnikoff is a little unkind to Man. One must not regard the human race as a finished product (oh horrible thought!), but rather as something still in the process of development and change. This being so, the remarkable thing is not that we have disharmonies both physical and mental, but that we have, on the whole, so few of them. It is true that we carry with us an incubus of vestigial and often useless organs, and that the world is liberally besprinkled with people not far if at all removed from cave-men both in the actual and intellectual positions of their supra-orbital ridges, but for all that, we are 'fearfully and wonderfully made'.

The book is reasonably well illustrated, though the figures of *Paramecium* on page 139 are very poor. There is a good index and an annotated table of contents.

J. S.

SOCIAL WELFARE

THE PLACING OF CHILDREN IN FAMILIES, Vols. I and II.
Geneva: League of Nation Publications, 1938. Pp. xvi+154;
xvi+241.

Canadian Agents: League of Nations Society in Canada, 124
Wellington St., Ottawa. Vol. I, \$0.75; Vol. II, \$1.25.

This publication of the League of Nations, prepared by the Advisory Committee on Social Questions, is of particular interest to Canadians both in light of recent developments in this field within the Dominion and because Canadians played a leading part in the preparation of the publication. Miss Charlotte Whitton, Director of the Canadian Welfare Council, was the rapporteur with Miss Katherine Lemoot, Chief of the United States Children's Bureau, and Madame Vakjai of the Save the Children International Union as the other two members of the sub-committee charged with the work. Mr. Robert E. Mills, Director of the Toronto Children's Aid Society, and Miss Elsa Castendyck of the United States Children's Bureau, were retained as technical advisors.

The report is published in two volumes and a good bibliography is incorporated. The first volume is devoted to an exposition of the underlying philosophy of child placing in families, its historical development, characteristic features in differing systems and principles and procedures in the organization of services. The second volume describes, in some detail, various systems of child placing that are now employed in different parts of the world, and traces their development from the practice in Bohemia in the 15th century of placing dependent children in families. It is interesting to note that in the Americas, Chile was the first country to adopt the system when that country commenced the practice of boarding out dependent children in 1853. In all, thirty countries are included in survey and a special section is devoted to the examination of immigration and colonization as a method of child placing.

There clearly emerges from the report four points of interest:

1. The home and family is the natural and primary agency for the care of the child during the years of immaturity and dependency.

2. That, within certain limits, the community should seek to provide for a child, for whom satisfactory conditions cannot be assured in his own home, a family life in a substitute home.

3. That this substitution should not take place until every avenue has been explored to assist the parents in an endeavour to retain the natural home of the child.

4. That the selection of foster homes and the supervision of the children placed must be done with the utmost care, preferably by a trained paid staff who should carry a case load of sufficient limitations to insure efficiency.

It is perhaps to be regretted that more factual evidence of the value of child placing as a system of child care apart from his own home could not have been given; however, it would appear that research in such matters has been meagre.

Apart from this criticism the report has been well handled and should prove most valuable both for those actually engaged in the direction and control of a child caring agency as a yard stick to measure the standards of their particular agency and for the lay person who is interested in social welfare and child welfare in particular.

E. I. S.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

SUMMER : 1939

THE THRONE AND CANADA

BY SIR ROBERT FALCONER

FROM the moment their Majesties landed in Quebec they have made an unprecedented appeal to the imagination and affection of the Canadian people. The Hon. Maurice DuPlessis, 'happy and proud upon this unforgettable morning', expressed to the King and Queen 'the sentiments of joy, respect, loyalty and affection of the entire province of Quebec'; and the enthusiasm of the thronged city showed that he spoke truly. Equally affectionate demonstrations, as their Majesties cross the Dominion and return, until they take ship at Halifax, will assure the King and Queen how glad Canadians everywhere are to see them in their own home. During these few weeks the Throne is for the first time in their midst. Men live on symbols. Immemorial traditions quicken the imagination, especially when they are embodied in living persons, and give birth to convictions which colour human lives. When Canadians see their Sovereign here, he is to them the vivid symbol of their nationality, but also one of a line of kings with the spell of an ancient lineage.

The average man and woman feel that the King and Queen are more than transient visitors. They have come to their own, and their own receive them as of right. For the time

being the Governor-General withdraws; he is functionless; even the brilliant star of the morning fades as the sun rises. Their Majesties are not loaned to Canada. Roused to surprise by this event some unimaginative Englishman may say: 'I will let you have them for a month. I can see them any day in the week. Have a good look at them, and return them safe and sound'. But we are no longer colonials. Our fathers made a permanent home in this new world for the spiritual and political traditions of Britain when they brought them long ago across estranging seas. We have maintained and developed those traditions, and to this fact the presence of King George and Queen Elizabeth gives emphasis. George VI is our king as others of the same line were the sovereigns of our fathers. As constitutional monarch he presides over the Commonwealths, of which Canada holds the senior position, as well as over Britain.

Happily it was in Quebec that the King and Queen landed. Kingship has for the French-speaking Canadians a spiritual authority; but in addition the Prime Minister of Quebec spoke for his people when he said: 'Never shall we cease to consider the Throne as the bulwark of our democratic institutions and of our constitutional liberties'. The millions of others also, of non-British stock, who have settled in our cities and in the West will join in the acclaim, because they recognize in these Sovereigns the embodiment of the ideals of freedom which they enjoy, and the heads of the British peoples, who have a prevailing regard for the rights of humanity.

The Throne of Britain is invested with the traditions of a millenium. It has remained unimperilled except for a few short periods in the reigns of autocratic rulers, who would have wrecked any institution less deeply rooted in the life of the English people. Successors have always re-established it by common sense and other average virtues. It is difficult to exaggerate the influence of Victoria in restoring the throne,

after the reigns of the Georges, firmly in the regard of the people. The common folk knew nothing of her autocratic ways, of her partiality for some ministers and of the difficulties which she made for others. They did not often see her in public. But they believed that she was a good woman in their understanding of the term, that she practised the religion and morals which they had been taught from the Bible in church, and that she tried to rule her family as they did theirs. They therefore assumed that the good Queen had their welfare at heart. For more than half a century their imagination of what she was held all classes together. After the short reign of Edward VII, in which he continued the tradition of royal interest in the people, came the second Georgian era of a quarter of a century, when George V and Mary shed on the Throne a higher prestige than ever. The King was faithful in his duties, exemplary in his character and home, impartial in his devotion to all, known by sight to most of the empire, and like a father of his people he spoke by radio to his family throughout the world. And now King George VI and Queen Elizabeth carry on the tone of the second Georgian era and represent the best qualities of their predecessors. The King incarnates the spirit which endeared his father to Britain and to the rest of the Empire. He is known to be equally unselfish in his devotion to his duty, and to have a good judgment and a kindly heart. Queen Elizabeth, of their own blood, wins their affection as a woman of great charm, who speaks simply and wisely, a mother who presides over a very English home, and who with her husband has at heart the well-being of all the people. We Canadians also may be sincerely thankful that King George and Queen Elizabeth occupy the throne. Our devotion is paid to them as much beloved persons as well as to the occupants of an august office. With winsome character they clothe the constitutional framework of the Commonwealth in their own persons, and give it the vitality which many theorists believe

impossible to secure for a structure too flimsy to bear the weight of the sectional interests which it is required to carry.

When the King, opening his address on the radio, says 'My people', his voice draws them from every part of the world more closely about the throne. They listen to him as the Sovereign whose virtues inspire his words, moving the hearts of his widespread household. No Prime Minister could ever have spoken to the British nation in such terms; still less to the Dominions, even before the Statute of Westminster was passed. Any leader of a government must count on having a large minority in opposition. But the King, as constitutional monarch, is above all parties and appeals to all the people. He has no policies of his own if he is a wise ruler, but accepts those of his ministers for the time being, though possibly by quiet suggestion he may get them modified for wider acceptance by all classes. In the nature of things this influence has been confined almost completely to Great Britain. Geographical conditions limit the King's personal intercourse to his cabinet in London. The overseas Commonwealths accept without hesitation the primacy of Great Britain. We know that she must determine her external policies with a view first to her own safety, though we are fully aware that these inevitably carry paramount consequences for us. But the reactions of the Commonwealths to them are also of great importance for the British government. The King, whose people are in all the Dominions, and whose ministers in the outer capitals are his as well as those in London, should, therefore, have an understanding of the significance which the attitude of his advisers at the centre may have not only for the Homeland but also for the other parts of the Commonwealth. The King should know his Dominions, and his ministers from overseas should have frequent audience of him in London. This visit of the King to Canada is highly important not merely in order that he may meet his ministers present and past and give royal sanction to

measures in the Parliament at Ottawa, but equally, perhaps indeed more so, important that he may see his people and learn from his own observation something of their home and their manner of life.

As ordinary men and women have confidence in the Throne they become easier to govern. A common loyalty to a well loved person creates a sense of common participation in a national community. That confidence would be destroyed were the King to abandon his impartiality and become the leader of a party. Even before the attainment of full responsible government, it proved disastrous for the Sovereign to control the policy of his ministers. George III was chiefly responsible for the loss of the American colonies. We remember also the troubles into which Canada was plunged when the representative of the Crown became virtually the head of a section. Happily those days are over. To-day it would take a revolution, widespread and profound, to do away with the Throne in the British Isles. The people though democratic believe in authority, and the authority of government finds its most persuasive symbol in the King. This frame of mind was supported through centuries by the belief, transmitted by the Church from the Old Testament, that the King was the Lord's anointed, and heightened by the apostolic injunctions to the early Christians to obey even a pagan ruler. A tincture of this mystical faith in the divinity of kingship may still be subtly interfused in the loyalty of some Canadians both English-speaking and French.

It has been a happy coincidence, for there was no pre-arrangement, that Earl Baldwin delivered his three lectures in Toronto shortly before the visit of their Majesties, and that they were heard all over Canada. In impressive language he set forth the character and ideals of British democracy as understood by a representative Englishman who is also a statesman of unrivalled experience. He told in memorable

words how its principles have been made effective for Britons under a constitutional monarchy. Canadians, especially those of British origin, must have said to themselves, as they listened with sympathetic response from their inmost thoughts, Those are the people to whom we belong; beside them we will remain. Lord Baldwin's words were in some sense a moral buttress for the Throne. This former Prime Minister, who had been the devoted servant of their Majesties at the opening of their reign and is now their admiring friend, was the best possible herald to prepare the way for their coming to Canada, though he made hardly any public reference to this event. Spiritually, his lectures and their coming have been one piece. We welcome the King as the outward and visible sign of those principles of government which have been wrought out continuously during a millenium in the British Isles, and have been transplanted to this Dominion.

No one can read English Literature without realizing the profound faith of Britons in the worth of the common people. This basic conviction has created the forms of government and the administration of justice. These are inspired by the passion for freedom. From the Scottish poet John Barbour, who lived in the fourteenth century, down to Wordsworth liberty and justice are praised as a supreme treasure, and since then this note has been a repetitive groundtone in our thought. *The Times* was right in declaring recently that 'Nowhere in the Empire is the ideal of liberty more dearly cherished than in Canada'.

One is safe in saying that the Throne is not only our most secure link with the people of Britain, but one of the strongest bonds for holding together the nine provinces of the Dominion. The dissolution of Canadian loyalty to the Crown would have serious consequences for our internal conditions. The Canadian nation arose through the determination of the loyalists and other early settlers from Britain to remain steadfast to

the Motherland, and of the French inhabitants to throw in their lot with the British rather than with the Americans. From those days that relationship has been a ruling factor in our life. It was a powerful motive in the federating of the provinces, and is now no less so in the process of national unification. It is, therefore, of supreme importance for us that the prestige of the Throne should be kept inviolate. For Canadians this prestige is personal as well as constitutional. Though the authority of the Crown may for some be tinged with the mystical, that aureole would not hover long over a personality who did not display common virtues. But as long as the King and Queen continue to engage the affection, or to win the respect, of the average man and woman, our Canadian ship of state will remain moored securely within the Commonwealth, nor will its anchor drag far under political or economic squalls.

But the situation might change were the throne to be occupied for an extended period by sovereigns of the mind and character of any of the first four Georges. What the result would be in England itself who would venture to say? The weakened influence of the Prime Minister in London, due to the creation of a King's party, or his increased power resulting from the indifference of the King, might be disastrous to the unity of the Commonwealth. The experience through which we went last September has made us ponder upon the vital function of the King. For us in Canada as well as for the people of Britain the issue of war or peace was then determined by Mr. Chamberlain. While they rallied behind him, it was not long until many voices were raised in criticism of his policy. In Canada too there were differences of opinion, though not in such volume nor so outspoken. A compact nation like the British can endure such differences and yet hold together. But for a loosely unified Federation like Canada, separated by the ocean from Britain, it would not be healthy to have party cries taken up by different classes of the

people. Many Canadians of British birth or descent have such strong attachment to the Old Country that they might be willing to go to great lengths in accepting the external policies of the Parliament at Westminster as the best for Canada also. In fact party lines might for a time run parallel in purpose in both countries. But this could not last long. Such a state of affairs would strengthen mightily those who even to-day are vocal for isolation. The King as constitutional monarch is a bulwark against the disintegrating influence of party spirit spreading from Britain throughout the Dominions. He accepts in foreign affairs the London policies, but henceforth in doing so he will have a more concrete realization of his responsibility for reminding his British ministers that there may be Dominion points-of-view of which they must take account; that in the long run the best policies for England itself are those which will keep the Commonwealth one healthy body in its several members.

The magnificent enthusiasm evoked by the royal progress of our Sovereigns through the provinces of the Dominion has bound us more closely to them and to one another. The gracious influence of King George and Queen Elizabeth will leave memories which will long continue to deepen our attachment to the Throne. Their presence has revealed to us the richest culture from the ancient tree of British democracy, from which years ago a slip was planted in Canadian soil to bear, after vigorous growth, similar fruit with its own national flavour.

THE PAINTED DOOR

BY SINCLAIR ROSS

STRAIGHT across the hills it was five miles from John's farm to his father's. But in winter, with the roads impassible, a team had to make a wide detour and skirt the hills, so that from five the distance was more than trebled to seventeen.

"I think I'll walk," John said at breakfast to his wife. "The drifts in the hills wouldn't hold a horse, but they'll carry me all right. If I leave early I can spend a few hours helping him with his chores, and still be back by suppertime."

Moodily she went to the window, and thawing a clear place in the frost with her breath, stood looking across the snowswept farmyard to the huddle of stables and sheds. "There was a double wheel around the moon last night," she countered presently. "You said yourself we could expect a storm. It isn't right to leave me here alone. Surely I'm as important as your father."

He glanced up uneasily, then drinking off his coffee tried to reassure her. "But there's nothing to be afraid of—even if it does start to storm. You won't need to go near the stable. Everything's fed and watered now to last till night. I'll be back at the latest by seven or eight."

She went on blowing against the frosted pane, carefully elongating the clear place until it was oval-shaped and symmetrical. He watched her a moment or two longer, then more insistently repeated, "I say you won't need to go near the stable. Everything's fed and watered, and I'll see that there's plenty of wood in. That will be all right, won't it?"

"Yes—of course—I heard you—." It was a curiously cold voice now, as if the words were chilled by their contact with the frosted pane. "Plenty to eat—plenty of wood to keep me warm—what more could a woman ask for?"

"But he's an old man—living there all alone. What is it, Ann? You're not like yourself this morning."

She shook her head without turning. "Pay no attention to me. Seven years a farmer's wife—it's time I was used to staying alone."

Slowly the clear place on the glass enlarged: oval, then round, then oval again. The sun was risen above the frost mists now, so keen and hard a glitter on the snow that instead of warmth its rays seemed shedding cold. One of the two-year-old colts that had cantered away when John turned the horses out for water stood covered with rime at the stable door again, head down and body hunched, each breath a little plume of steam against the frosty air. She shivered, but did not turn. In the clear, bitter light the long white miles of prairie landscape seemed a region strangely alien to life. Even the distant farmsteads she could see served only to intensify a sense of isolation. Scattered across the face of so vast and bleak a wilderness it was difficult to conceive them as a testimony of human hardihood and endurance. Rather they seemed futile, lost. Rather they seemed to cower before the implacability of snow-swept earth and clear pale sun-chilled sky.

And when at last she turned from the window there was a brooding stillness in her face as if she had recognized this mastery of snow and cold. It troubled John. "If you're really afraid," he yielded, "I won't go to-day. Lately it's been so cold, that's all. I just wanted to make sure he's all right in case we do have a storm."

"I know—I'm not really afraid." She was putting in a fire now, and he could no longer see her face. "Pay no attention to me. It's ten miles there and back, so you'd better get started."

"You ought to know by now I wouldn't stay away," he tried to brighten her. "No matter how it stormed. Twice

a week before we were married I never missed—and there were bad blizzards that winter too.”

He was a slow, unambitious man, content with his farm and cattle, naively proud of Ann. He had been bewildered by it once, her caring for a dull-witted fellow like him; then assured at last of her affection he had relaxed against it gratefully, unsuspecting it might ever be less constant than his own. Even now, listening to the restless brooding in her voice, he felt only a quick, unformulated kind of pride that after seven years his absence for a day should still concern her. While she, his trust and earnestness controlling her again:

“I know. It’s just that sometimes when you’re away I get lonely. . . There’s a long cold tramp in front of you. You’ll let me fix a scarf around your face.”

He nodded. “And on my way I’ll drop in at Steven’s place. Maybe he’ll come over to-night for a game of cards. You haven’t seen anybody but me for the last two weeks.”

She glanced up sharply, then busied herself clearing the table. “It will mean another two miles if you do. You’re going to be cold and tired enough as it is. When you’re gone I think I’ll paint the kitchen woodwork. White this time—you remember we got the paint last fall. It’s going to make the room a lot lighter. I’ll be too busy to find the day long.”

“I will though,” he insisted, “and if a storm gets up you’ll feel safer, knowing that he’s coming. That’s what you need, Ann—someone to talk to besides me.”

She stood at the stove motionless a moment, then turned to him uneasily. “Will you shave then, John—now—before you go?”

He glanced at her questioningly, and avoiding his eyes she tried to explain, “I mean—he may be here before you’re back—and you won’t have a chance then.”

“But it’s only Steven—he’s seen me like this—”

"He'll be shaved, though—that's what I mean—and I'd like you too to spend a little time on yourself."

He stood up, stroking the heavy stubble on his chin. "Maybe I should all right, but it makes the skin too tender. Especially when I've got to face the wind."

She nodded and began to help him dress, bringing heavy socks and a big woollen sweater from the bedroom, wrapping a scarf around his face and forehead. "I'll tell Steven to come early," he said, as he went out. "In time for supper. Likely there'll be chores for me to do, so if I'm not back by six don't wait."

From the bedroom window she watched him nearly a mile along the road. The fire had gone down when at last she turned away, and already through the house there was an encroaching chill. A blaze sprang up again when the drafts were opened, but as she went on clearing the table her movements were strangely furtive and constrained. It was the silence weighing upon her—the frozen silence of the bitter fields and sun-chilled sky—lurking outside as if alive, relentlessly in wait, mile-deep between her now and John. She listened to it, suddenly tense, motionless. The fire crackled and the clock ticked. Always it was there. "I'm a fool," she whispered hoarsely, rattling the dishes in defiance, going back to the stove to put in another fire. "Warm and safe—I'm a fool. It's a good chance when he's away to paint. The day will go quickly. I won't have time to brood."

Since November now the paint had been waiting warmer weather. The frost in the walls on a day like this would crack and peel it as it dried, but she needed something to keep her hands occupied, something to stave off the encroachments of cold and loneliness. "First of all," she said aloud, opening the paint and mixing it with a little turpentine, "I must get the house warmer. Fill up the stove and open the oven door

so that all the heat comes out. Wad something along the window sills to keep out the drafts. Then I'll feel brighter. It's the cold that depresses."

She moved briskly, performing each little task with careful and exaggerated absorption, binding her thoughts to it, making it a screen between herself and the surrounding snow and silence. But when the stove was filled and the windows sealed it was more difficult again. Above the quiet, steady swishing of her brush against the bedroom door the clock began to tick. Suddenly her movements became precise, deliberate, her posture self-conscious, as if someone had entered the room and were watching her. It was the silence again, aggressive, hovering. The fire spit and crackled at it. Still it was there. "I'm a fool," she repeated. "All farmers' wives have to stay alone. I mustn't give in this way. I mustn't brood. A few hours now and they'll be here."

The sound of her voice reassured her. She went on: "I'll get them a good supper—and for coffee to-night after cards bake some of the little cakes with raisins that he likes. . . Just three of us, so I'll watch, and let John play. It's better with four, but at least we can talk. That's all I need—someone to talk to. John never talks. He's stronger—he doesn't understand. But he likes Steven—no matter what the neighbours say. Maybe he'll have him come again, and some other young people too. It's what we need, both of us, to help keep young ourselves. . . And then before we know it we'll be into March. It's cold still in March sometimes, but you never mind the same. At least you're beginning to think about spring."

She began to think about it now. Thoughts that outstripped her words, that left her alone again with herself and the ever-lurking silence. Eager and hopeful first; then clenched, rebellious, lonely. Windows open, sun and thawing earth again, the urge of growing, living things. Then the days that began in the morning at half-past four and lasted till ten

at night; the meals at which John gulped his food and scarcely spoke a word; the brute-tired stupid eyes he turned on her if ever she mentioned town or visiting.

For spring was drudgery again. John never hired a man to help him. He wanted a mortgage-free farm; then a new house and pretty clothes for her. Sometimes, because with the best of crops it was going to take so long to pay off anyway, she wondered whether they mightn't better let the mortgage wait a little. Before they were worn out, before their best years were gone. It was something of life she wanted, not just a house and furniture; something of John, not pretty clothes when she would be too old to wear them. But John of course couldn't understand. To him it seemed only right that she should have the clothes—only right that he, fit for nothing else, should slave away fifteen hours a day to give them to her. There was in his devotion a baffling, insurmountable humility that made him feel the need of sacrifice. And when his muscles ached, when his feet dragged stolidly with weariness, then it seemed that in some measure at least he was making amends for his big hulking body and simple mind. That by his sacrifice he succeeded only in the extinction of his personality never occurred to him. Year after year their lives went on in the same little groove. He drove his horses in the field; she milked the cows and hoed potatoes. By dint of his drudgery he saved a few months' wages, added a few dollars more each fall to his payments on the mortgage; but the only real difference that it all made was to deprive her of his companionship, to make him a little duller, older, uglier than he might otherwise have been. He never saw their lives objectively. To him it was not what he actually accomplished by means of the sacrifice that mattered, but the sacrifice itself, the gesture—something done for her sake.

And she, understanding, kept her silence. In such a gesture, however futile, there was a graciousness not to be shat-

tered lightly. "John," she would begin sometimes, "you're doing too much. Get a man to help you—just for a month—" but smiling down at her he would answer simply, "I don't mind. Look at the hands on me. They're made for work." While in his voice there would be a stalwart ring to tell her that by her thoughtfulness she had made him only the more resolved to serve her, to prove his devotion and fidelity.

They were useless, such thoughts. She knew. It was his very devotion that made them useless, that forbade her to rebel. Yet over and over, sometimes hunched still before their bleakness, sometimes her brush making swift sharp strokes to pace the chafe and rancor that they brought, she persisted in them.

This now, the winter, was their slack season. She could sleep sometimes till eight, and John till seven. They could linger over their meals a little, read, play cards, go visiting the neighbours. It was the time to relax, to indulge and enjoy themselves; but instead, fretful and impatient, they kept on waiting for the spring. They were compelled now, not by labour, but by the spirit of labour. A spirit that pervaded their lives and brought with idleness a sense of guilt. Sometimes they did sleep late, sometimes they did play cards, but always uneasily, always reproached by the thought of more important things that might be done. When John got up at five to attend to the fire he wanted to stay up and go out to the stable. When he sat down to a meal he hurried his food and pushed his chair away again, from habit, from sheer work-instinct, even though it was only to put more wood in the stove, or go down cellar to cut up beets and turnips for the cows.

And anyway, sometimes she asked herself, why sit trying to talk with a man who never talked? Why talk when there was nothing to talk about but crops and cattle, the weather and the neighbours? The neighbours, too—why go visiting them when still it was the same—crops and cattle, the weather and the other neighbours? Why go to the dances in the school-

house to sit among the older women, one of them now, married seven years, or to waltz with the work-bent, tired old farmers to a squeaky fiddle tune? Once she had danced with Steven, six or seven times in the evening, and they had talked about it for as many months. It was easier to stay at home. John never danced or enjoyed himself. He was always uncomfortable in his good suit and shoes. He didn't like shaving in the cold weather oftener than once or twice a week. It was easier to stay at home, to stand at the window staring out across the bitter fields, to count the days and look forward to another spring.

But now, alone with herself in the winter silence, she saw the spring for what it really was. This spring—next spring—all the springs and summers still to come. While they grew old, while their bodies warped, while their minds kept shrivelling dry and empty like their lives. "I mustn't," she said aloud again. "I married him—and he's a good man. I mustn't keep on this way. It will be noon before long, and then time to think about supper. . . . Maybe he'll come early—and as soon as John is finished at the stable we can all play cards."

It was getting cold again, and she left her painting to put in more wood. But this time the warmth spread slowly. She pushed a mat up to the outside door, and went back to the window to pat down the woollen shirt that was wadded along the sill. Then she paced a few times round the room, then poked the fire and rattled the stove lids, then paced again. The fire crackled, the clock ticked. The silence now seemed more intense than ever, seemed to have reached a pitch where it faintly moaned. She began to pace on tiptoe, listening, her shoulders drawn together, not realizing for a while that it was the wind she heard, thin-strained and whimpering through the eaves.

Then she wheeled to the window, and with quick short breaths thawed the frost to see again. The glitter was gone.

Across the drifts sped swift and snakelike little tongues of snow. She could not follow them, where they sprang from, or where they disappeared. It was as if all across the yard the snow were shivering awake—roused by the warnings of the wind to hold itself in readiness for the impending storm. The sky had become a sombre, whitish grey. It too, as if in readiness, had shifted and lay close to earth. Before her as she watched a mane of powdery snow reared up breast-high against the darker background of the stable, tossed for a moment angrily, and then subsided again as if whipped down to obedience and restraint. But another followed, more reckless and impatient than the first. Another reeled and dashed itself against the window where she watched. Then ominously for a while there were only the angry little snakes of snow. The wind rose, creaking the troughs that were wired beneath the eaves. In the distance sky and prairie now were merged into one another linelessly. All round her it was gathering; already in its press and whimpering there strummed a boding of eventual fury. Again she saw a mane of snow spring up, so dense and high this time that all the sheds and stables were obscured. Then others followed, whirling fiercely out of hand; and, when at last they cleared, the stables seemed in dimmer outline than before. It was the snow beginning, long lancet shafts of it, straight from the north, borne almost level by the straining wind. "He'll be there soon," she whispered, "and coming home it will be in his back. He'll leave again right away. He saw the double wheel—he knows the kind of storm there'll be."

She went back to her painting. For a while it was easier, all her thoughts half-anxious ones of John in the blizzard, struggling his way across the hills; but petulantly again she soon began, "I knew we were going to have a storm—I told him so—but it doesn't matter what I say. Big stubborn fool—he goes his own way anyway. It doesn't matter what becomes of me. In a storm like this he'll never get home. He won't

even try. And while he sits keeping his father company I can look after his stable for him, go plowing through snowdrifts up to my knees—nearly frozen—.”

Not that she meant or believed her words. It was just an effort to convince herself that she did have a grievance, to justify her rebellious thoughts, to prove John responsible for her unhappiness. She was young still, eager for excitement and distractions; and John's steadfastness rebuked her vanity, made her complaints seem weak and trivial. Fretfully she went on, "If he'd listen to me sometimes and not be so stubborn we wouldn't be living still in a house like this. Seven years in two rooms—seven years and never a new stick of furniture. . . There—as if another coat of paint could make it different anyway.”

She cleaned her brush, filled up the stove again, and went back to the window. There was a void white moment that she thought must be frost formed on the window pane; then, like a fitful shadow through the whirling snow, she recognized the stable roof. It was incredible. The sudden, maniac raging of the storm struck from her face all its pettishness. Her eyes glazed with fear a little; her lips blanched. "If he starts for home now," she whispered silently—"But he won't—he knows I'm safe—he knows Steven's coming. Across the hills he would never dare.”

She turned to the stove, holding out her hands to the warmth. Around her now there seemed a constant sway and tremor, as if the air were vibrating with the violent shudderings of the walls. She stood quite still, listening. Sometimes the wind struck with sharp, savage blows. Sometimes it bore down in a sustained, minute-long blast, silent with effort and intensity; then with a foiled shriek of threat wheeled away to gather and assault again. Always the eave-troughs creaked and sawed. She started towards the window again, then detecting the morbid trend of her thoughts, prepared fresh coffee

and forced herself to drink a few mouthfuls. "He would never dare," she whispered again. "He wouldn't leave the old man anyway in such a storm. Safe in here—there's nothing for me to keep worrying about. It's after one already. I'll do my baking now, and then it will be time to get supper ready for Steven."

Soon, however, she began to doubt whether Steven would come. In such a storm even a mile was enough to make a man hesitate. Especially Steven, who, for all his attractive qualities, was hardly the one to face a blizzard for the sake of someone else's chores. He had a stable of his own to look after anyway. It would be only natural for him to think that when the storm rose John had turned again for home. Another man would have—would have put his wife first.

But she felt little dread or uneasiness at the prospect of spending the night alone. It was the first time she had been left like this on her own resources, and her reaction, now that she could face and appraise her situation calmly, was gradually to feel it a kind of adventure and responsibility. It stimulated her. Before nightfall she must go to the stable and feed everything. Wrap up in some of John's clothes—take a ball of string in her hand, one end tied to the door, so that no matter how blinding the storm she could at least find her way back to the house. She had heard of people having to do that. It appealed to her now because suddenly it made life dramatic. She had not felt the storm yet, only watched it for a minute through the window.

It took nearly an hour to find enough string, to choose the right socks and sweaters. Long before it was time to start out she tried on John's clothes, changing and rechanging, striding around the room to make sure there would be play enough for pitching hay and struggling over snowdrifts; then she took them off again, and for a while busied herself baking the little cakes with raisins that he liked.

Night came early. Just for a moment on the doorstep she shrank back, uncertain. The slow dimming of the light clutched her with an illogical sense of abandonment. It was like the covert withdrawal of an ally, leaving the alien miles unleashed and unrestrained. Watching the hurricane of writhing snow rage past the little house she forced herself, "They'll never stand the night unless I get them fed. It's nearly dark already, and I've work to last an hour."

Timidly, unwinding a little of the string, she crept out from the shelter of the doorway. A gust of wind spun her forward a few yards, then plunged her headlong against a drift that in the dense white whirl lay invisible across her path. For nearly a minute she huddled still, breathless and dazed. The snow was in her mouth and nostrils, inside her scarf and up her sleeves. As she tried to straighten a smothering scud flung itself against her face, cutting off her breath a second time. The wind struck from all sides, blustering and furious. It was as if the storm had discovered her, as if all its forces were concentrated upon her extinction. Seized with panic suddenly she threshed out a moment with her arms, then stumbled back and sprawled her length across the drift.

But this time she regained her feet quickly, roused by the whip and batter of the storm to a quick, retaliative anger. For a moment her impulse was to face the wind and strike back blow for blow; then, as suddenly as it had come, her frantic strength gave way to a limp and overpowering exhaustion. Suddenly, a comprehension so clear and terrifying that it struck all thoughts of the stable from her mind, she realized in such a storm her puny insignificance. And the realization gave her new strength, stilled this time to a desperate persistence. Just for a moment the wind held her, numb and swaying in its vise; then slowly, buckled far forward, she groped her way again towards the house.

Inside, leaning against the door, she stood tense and still a while. It was almost dark now. The top of the stove glowed a deep, dull red. Heedless of the storm, self-absorbed and self-satisfied, the clock ticked on like a glib little idiot. "He shouldn't have gone," she whispered silently. He saw the double wheel—he knew. He shouldn't have left me here alone."

For so fierce now, so insane and dominant did the blizzard seem, that she could not credit the safety of the house. The warmth and lull around her was not real yet, not to be relied upon. She was still at the mercy of the storm. Only her body pressing hard like this against the door was staving it off. She didn't dare move. She didn't dare ease the ache and strain. "He shouldn't have gone," she repeated, thinking of the stable again, reproached by her helplessness. "They'll freeze in their stalls—and I can't reach them. He'll say it's all my fault. He won't believe I tried."

Then Steven came. Quickly, startled to quietness and control, she let him in and lit the lamp. He stared at her a moment, then flinging off his cap crossed to where she stood by the table and seized her arms. "You're so white—what's wrong? Look at me—." It was like him in such little situations to be masterful. "You should have known better than to go out on a day like this. For a while I thought I wasn't going to make it here myself—."

"I was afraid you wouldn't come—John left early, and there was the stable—."

But the storm had unnerved her, and suddenly at the assurance of his touch and voice the fear that had been gripping her gave way to an hysteria of relief. Scarcely aware of herself she seized his arm and sobbed against it. He remained still a moment, unyielding, then slipped his other arm around her shoulder. It was comforting and she relaxed against it,

hushed by a sudden sense of lull and safety. Her shoulders trembled with the easing of the strain, then fell limp and still. "You're shivering,"—he drew her gently towards the stove. "There's nothing to be afraid of now, though. I'm going to do the chores for you."

It was a quiet, sympathetic voice, yet with an undertone of insolence, a kind of mockery even, that made her draw away quickly and busy herself putting in a fire. With his lips drawn in a little smile he watched her till she looked at him again. The smile too was insolent, but at the same time companionable; Steven's smile, and therefore difficult to reprove. It lit up his lean, still-boyish face with a peculiar kind of arrogance: features and smile that were different from John's, from other men's—wilful and derisive, yet naively so—as if it were less the difference itself he was conscious of, than the long-accustomed privilege that thereby fell his due. He was erect, tall, square-shouldered. His hair was dark and trim, his young lips curved soft and full. While John, she made the comparison swiftly, was thick-set, heavy-jowled, and stooped. He always stood before her helpless, a kind of humility and wonderment in his attitude. And Steven now smiled on her appraisingly with the worldly-wise assurance of one for whom a woman holds neither mystery nor illusion.

"It was good of you to come, Steven," she responded, suddenly. "Such a storm to face—I suppose I can feel flattered."

For his presumption, his misunderstanding of what had been only a momentary weakness, instead of angering quickened her, roused from latency and long disuse all the instincts and resources of her femininity. She felt eager, challenged. Something was at hand that hitherto had always eluded her, even in the early days with John, something vital, beckoning, meaningful. She didn't understand, but she knew. The texture of the moment was satisfyingly dreamlike: an incredibility perceived as such, yet acquiesced in. She was John's

wife—she knew—but also she knew that Steven standing here was different from John. There was no thought or motive, no understanding of herself as the knowledge persisted. Wary and poised round a sudden little core of blind excitement she evaded him, “But it’s nearly dark—hadn’t you better hurry if you’re going to do the chores? Don’t trouble—I can get them off myself—.”

An hour later when he returned from the stable she was in another dress, hair rearranged, a little flush of colour in her face. Pouring warm water for him from the kettle into the basin she said evenly, “By the time you’re washed supper will be ready. John said we weren’t to wait for him.”

He looked at her a moment, “But in a storm like this you’re not expecting John?”

“Of course.” As she spoke she could feel the colour deepening in her face. “We’re going to play cards. He was the one that suggested it.”

He went on washing, and then as they took their places at the table, resumed, “So John’s coming. When are you expecting him?”

“He said it might be seven o’clock—or a little later.” Conversation with Steven at other times had always been brisk and natural, but now suddenly she found it strained. “He may have work to do for his father. That’s what he said when he left. Why do you ask, Steven?”

“I was just wondering—it’s a rough night.”

“He always comes. There couldn’t be a storm bad enough. It’s easier to do the chores in daylight, and I knew he’d be tired—that’s why I started out for the stable.”

She glanced up again and he was smiling at her. The same insolence, the same little twist of mockery and appraisal. It made her flinch suddenly, and ask herself why she was pretending to expect John—why there should be this instinct of defence to force her. This time, instead of poise and excite-

ment, it brought a reminder that she had changed her dress and rearranged her hair. It crushed in a sudden silence, through which she heard the whistling wind again, and the creaking saw of the eaves. Neither spoke now. There was something strange, almost terrifying, about this Steven and his quiet, unrelenting smile; but strangest of all was the familiarity: the Steven she had never seen or encountered, and yet had always known, always expected, always waited for. It was less Steven himself that she felt than his inevitability. Just as she had felt the snow, the silence and the storm. She kept her eyes lowered, on the window past his shoulder, on the stove, but his smile now seemed to exist apart from him, to merge and hover with the silence. She clinked a cup—listened to the whistle of the storm—always it was there. He began to speak, but her mind missed the meaning of his words. Swiftly she was making comparisons again: his face so different to John's, so handsome and young and clean-shaven. Swiftly, helplessly, feeling the imperceptible and relentless ascendancy that thereby he was gaining over her, sensing sudden menace in this new, more vital life, even as she felt drawn towards it irresistibly.

The lamp between them flickered as an onslaught of the storm sent shudderings through the room. She rose to build up the fire again and he followed her. For a long time they stood close to the stove, their arms almost touching. Once as the blizzard creaked the house she spun around sharply, fancying it was John at the door; but quietly he intercepted her. "Not to-night—you might as well make up your mind to it. Across the hills in a storm like this—it would be suicide to try."

Her lips trembled suddenly in an effort to answer, to parry the certainty in his voice, then set thin and bloodless. She was afraid now. Afraid of his face so different from John's—of his smile, of her own helplessness to rebuke it.

Afraid of the storm, isolating her here alone with him in its impenetrable fastness. They tried to play cards, but she kept starting up at every creak and shiver of the walls. "It's too rough a night," he repeated. "Even for John. Just relax a few minutes—stop worrying and pay a little attention to me."

But in his tone there was a contradiction to his words. For it implied that she was not worrying—that her only concern was lest it really might be John at the door.

And the implication persisted. He filled up the stove for her, shuffled the cards—won—shuffled—still it was there. She tried to respond to his conversation, to think of the game, but helplessly into her cards instead she began to ask, Was he right? Was that why he smiled? why he seemed to wait, expectant and assured?

The clock ticked, the fire crackled. Always it was there. Furtively for a moment she watched him as he deliberated over his hand. John, even in the days before they were married, had never looked like that. Only this morning she had asked him to shave. Because Steven was coming — because she had been afraid to see them side by side—because deep within herself she had known even then. The same knowledge, furtive and forbidden, that was flaunted now in Steven's smile. "You look cold," he said at last, dropping his cards and rising from the table. "We're not playing, anyway. Come over to the stove for a few minutes and get warm."

"But first I think we'll hang blankets over the door. When there's a blizzard like this we always do." It seemed that in sane, commonplace activity there might be release, a moment or two in which to recover herself. "John has nails in to put them on. They keep out a little of the draft."

He climbed upon a chair for her, and hung the blankets that she carried from the bedroom. Then for a moment they stood silent, watching the blankets sway and tremble before the blade of wind that spurted around the jamb. "I forgot,"

she said at last, "that I painted the bedroom door. At the top there, see—I've smeared the blankets coming through."

He glanced at her curiously, and went back to the stove. She followed him, trying to imagine the hills in such a storm, wondering whether John would come. "A man couldn't live in it," suddenly he answered her thoughts, lowering the oven door and drawing up their chairs one on each side of it. "He knows you're safe. It isn't likely that he'd leave his father, anyway."

"The wind will be in his back," she persisted. "The winter before we were married—all the blizzards that we had that year—and he never missed—."

"Blizzards like this one? Up in the hills he wouldn't be able to keep his direction for a hundred yards. Listen to it a minute and ask yourself."

His voice seemed softer, kindlier now. She met his smile a moment, its assured little twist of appraisal, then for a long time sat silent, tense, careful again to avoid his eyes.

Everything now seemed to depend on this. It was the same as a few hours ago when she braced the door against the storm. He was watching her, smiling. She dared not move, unclench her hands, or raise her eyes. The flames crackled, the clock ticked. The storm wrenched the walls as if to make them buckle in. So rigid and desperate were all her muscles set, withstanding, that the room around her seemed to swim and reel. So rigid and strained that for relief at last, despite herself, she raised her head and met his eyes again.

Intending that it should be for only an instant, just to breathe again, to ease the tension that had grown unbearable—but in his smile now, instead of the insolent appraisal that she feared, there seemed a kind of warmth and sympathy. An understanding that quickened and encouraged her—that made her wonder why but a moment ago she had been afraid. It

was as if the storm had lulled, as if suddenly she were transported to shelter and incredible calm.

Or perhaps, the thought seized her, perhaps instead of his smile it was she that had changed. She who, in the long, wind-creaked silence, had emerged from the increment of codes and loyalties to her real, unfettered self. She who now felt suddenly his air of appraisal as but an understanding of the unfulfilled woman that until this moment had lain within her brooding and unadmitted, reproved out of consciousness by the insistence of an outgrown and routine fidelity.

For there had always been Steven. She understood now. Seven years — almost as long as John — ever since the night they first danced together.

The lamp was burning dry, and through the dimming light, isolated in the fastness of silence and storm, they watched each other. Her face was white and struggling still. His was handsome, clean-shaven, young. Her eyes were fanatic, believing desperately, fixed upon him as if to exclude all else, as if to find justification. His were cool, bland, drooped a little with expectancy. The light kept dimming, gathering the shadows round them, hushed, conspiratorial. He was smiling still. Her hands again were clenched up white and hard.

"But he always came," she persisted. "The wildest, coldest nights—even such a night as this. There was never a storm—"

"Never a storm like this one." There was a quietness in his smile now, a kind of simplicity almost, as if to reassure her. "You were out in it yourself for a few minutes. He would have five miles, across the hills . . . I'd think twice myself, on such a night, before risking even one."

Long after he was asleep she lay listening to the storm. As a check on the draft up the chimney they had left one of the stovelids partly off, and through the open bedroom door

she could see the flickerings of flame and shadow on the kitchen wall. They leaped and sank fantastically. The longer she watched the more alive they seemed to be. There was one great shadow that struggled towards her threateningly, massive and black and engulfing all the room. Again and again it advanced, about to spring, but each time a little whip of light subdued it to its place among the others on the wall. Yet though it never reached her still she cowered, feeling that gathered there was all the frozen wilderness, its heart of terror and invincibility.

Then she dozed a while, and the shadow was John. Interminably he advanced. The whips of light still flicked and coiled, but now suddenly they were the swift little snakes that this afternoon she had watched twist and shiver across the snow. And they too were advancing. They writhed and vanished and came again. She lay still, paralyzed. He was over her now, so close that she could have touched him. Already it seemed that a deadly, tightening hand was on her throat. She tried to scream but her lips were locked. Steven beside her slept on heedlessly.

Until suddenly as she lay staring up at him a gleam of light revealed his face. And in it was not a trace of threat or anger—only calm, and stonelike hopelessness.

That was like John. He began to withdraw, and frantically she tried to call him back. "It isn't true—not really true—listen, John—" but the words clung frozen to her lips. Already there was only the shriek of wind again, the sawing eaves, the leap and twist of shadow on the wall.

She sat up, startled now and awake. And so real had he seemed there, standing close to her, so vivid the sudden age and sorrow in his face, that at first she could not make herself understand she had been only dreaming. Against the conviction of his presence in the room it was necessary to insist over and over that he must still be with his father on the other

side of the hills. Watching the shadows she had fallen asleep. It was only her mind, her imagination, distorted to a nightmare by the illogical and unadmitted dread of his return. But he wouldn't come. Steven was right. In such a storm he would never try. They were safe, alone. No one would ever know. It was only fear, morbid and irrational; only the sense of guilt that even her new-found and challenged womanhood could not entirely quell.

She knew now. She had not let herself understand or acknowledge it as guilt before, but gradually through the wind-torn silence of the night his face compelled her. The face that had watched her from the darkness with its stonelike sorrow—the face that was really John—John more than his features of mere flesh and bone could ever be.

She wept silently. The fitful gleam of light began to sink. On the ceiling and wall at last there was only a faint dull flickering glow. The little house shuddered and quailed, and a chill crept in again. Without wakening Steven she slipped out to build up the fire. It was burned to a few spent embers now, and the wood she put on seemed a long time catching light. The wind swirled through the blankets they had hung around the door, and struck her flesh like laps of molten ice. Then hollow and moaning it roared up the chimney again, as if against its will drawn back to serve still longer with the onrush of the storm.

For a long time she crouched over the stove, listening. Earlier in the evening, with the lamp lit and the fire crackling, the house had seemed a stand against the encroaching wilderness, against its frozen, blizzard-breathed implacability, a refuge of feeble walls wherein persisted the elements of human meaning and survival. Now, in the cold, creaking darkness, it was strangely extinct, looted by the storm and abandoned again. She lifted the stove lid and fanned the embers till at last a swift little tongue of flame began to lick around the

wood. Then she replaced the lid, extended her hands, and as if frozen in that attitude stood waiting.

It was not long now. After a few minutes she closed the drafts, and as the flames whirled back upon each other, beating against the top of the stove and sending out flickers of light again, a warmth surged up to relax her stiffened limbs. But shivering and numb it had been easier. The bodily well-being that the warmth induced gave play again to an ever more insistent mental suffering. She remembered the shadow that was John. She saw him bent towards her, then retreating, his features pale and overcast with unaccusing grief. She re-lived their seven years together and, in retrospect, found them to be years of worth and dignity. Until crushed by it all at last, seized by a sudden need to suffer and atone, she crossed to where the draft was bitter, and for a long time stood unflinching on the icy floor.

The storm was close here. Even through the blankets she could feel a sift of snow against her face. The eaves sawed, the walls creaked. Above it all, like a wolf in howling flight, the wind shrilled lone and desolate.

And yet, suddenly she asked herself, hadn't there been other storms, other blizzards? And through the worst of them hadn't he always reached her?

Clutched by the thought she stood rooted a minute. It was hard now to understand how she could have so deceived herself—how a moment of passion could have quieted within her not only conscience, but reason and discretion too. John always came. There could never be a storm to stop him. He was strong, inured to the cold. He had crossed the hills since his boyhood, knew every creek-bed and gully. It was madness to go on like this—to wait. While there was still time she must waken Steven, and hurry him away.

But in the bedroom again, standing at Steven's side, she hesitated. In his detachment from it all, in his quiet, even

breathing, there was such sanity, such realism. For him nothing had happened; nothing would. If she wakened him he would only laugh and tell her to listen to the storm. Already it was long past midnight; either John had lost his way or not set out at all. And she knew that in his devotion there was nothing foolhardy. He would never risk a storm beyond his endurance, never permit himself a sacrifice likely to endanger her lot or future. They were both safe. No one would ever know. She must control herself—be sane like Steven.

For comfort she let her hand rest a while on Steven's shoulder. It would be easier were he awake now, with her, sharing her guilt; but gradually as she watched his handsome face in the glimmering light she came to understand that for him no guilt existed. Just as there had been no passion, no conflict. Nothing but the sane appraisal of their situation, nothing but the expectant little smile, and the arrogance of features that were different from John's. She winced deeply, remembering how she had fixed her eyes on those features, how she had tried to believe that so handsome and young, so different from John's, they must in themselves be her justification.

In the flickering light they were still young, still handsome. No longer her justification—she knew now—John was the man—but wistfully still, wondering sharply at their power and tyranny, she touched them a moment with her fingertips again.

She could not blame him. There had been no passion, no guilt; therefore there could be no responsibility. Suddenly looking down at him as he slept, half-smiling still, his lips relaxed in the conscienceless complacency of his achievement, she understood that thus he was revealed in his entirety—all there ever was or ever could be. John was the man. With him lay all the future. For to-night, slowly and contritely through the days and years to come, she would try to make amends.

Then she stole back to the kitchen, and without thought, impelled by overwhelming need again, returned to the door where the draft was bitter still. Gradually towards morning the storm began to spend itself. Its terror blast became a feeble, worn-out moan. The leap of light and shadow sank, and a chill crept in again. Always the eaves creaked, tortured with wordless prophecy. Heedless of it all the clock ticked on in idiot content.

They found him the next day, less than a mile from home. Drifting with the storm he had run against his own pasture fence, and overcome had frozen there, erect still, both hands clasping fast the wire.

"He was south of here," they said wonderingly when she told them how he had come across the hills. "Straight south—you'd wonder how he could have missed the buildings. It was the wind last night, coming every way at once. He shouldn't have tried. There was a double wheel around the moon."

She looked past them a moment, then as if to herself said simply, "If you knew him, though—John would try."

It was later, when they had left her a while to be alone with him, that she knelt and touched his hand. Her eyes dimmed, still it was such a strong and patient hand; then, transfixed, they suddenly grew wide and clear. On the palm, white even against its frozen whiteness, was a little smear of paint.

WOLF OF MUSIC

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

I saw those paws that out of shadows came,
The limbs that flowered from the panelled night
And, lit with humming moonlight as with flame,
The eyes hung low in hunger for the light.
I heard the dreadful tread about my brain
Become articulate in flowing shape:
Out of the airy silver sod of rain
Bloomed perilous sinews powered by escape.

This was the Wolf of Music stalking seas
That shook their hoary alps above men's graves:
Like hair his howling fell above the trees:
He crouched in shadowy niches of the waves:
And as the veering light swept through mankind
His teeth were gleaming in the light of mind.

Then that white Wolf of Music in the brain,
His eyes now waters shrouded in eclipse,
Leaped through a wall of mountains tall with rain.
And where the universe cracked miles like whips
He sped down windy canyons of the sky,
Past monstrous suns, beyond the fogs of birth,
Until he gave forth the deep human cry,
Seeing a great green fire of grass on earth.

Who knows how he devoured the everywhere?
Or why his silver hide blows in the snow?
Or if these rocks are teeth, his breath this air?
Music's momentous hunger is all I know:
Here is my soul, the wound, where sank his fang!
Behold my body, the breach, through which he sprang!

THE ELECTORS' HIRED MAN

BY B. K. SANDWELL

GLANCING the other day through my morning newspaper—I am a resident of Toronto and have no option in the selection of it—I came across a heading which read something like this: “Mr. So-and-So, M.P., Writes to His Employers.” The heading was placed above a letter which Mr. So-and-So had addressed to those of his constituents who, at no expense to themselves except the provision of a cheap envelope, had sent him a coupon extracted from the morning paper, and exhorting him to forget party and work for the common good. I was impressed by the use of the term “employers.” It came to my mind that if this term was accurately used, it must follow that all the great statesmen of democratic history were nothing more than the hired men of the few hundred or thousand electors comprised in their constituency. Sir John A. Macdonald was the hired man of the voters of Kingston, Ont. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the hired man of the electors of certain constituencies in Quebec. Disraeli, Gladstone, Asquith, the various Chamberlains, all these were nothing more than the employees of certain groups of citizens, among whom there might not be one single individual able enough or strong-charactered enough to impress his name in even the faintest letters upon the pages of history. And it seemed to me that there must be something wrong about the idea.

It is true that there is one distinction between the position of Mr. So-and-So in the present-day Parliament of the Dominion, and that of any of the great figures of the past whom I have enumerated. I am not sure at just what date the practice of payment of sessional allowances to members was introduced in Canada or in England, but I am pretty sure that most of the personages whom I have named antedated it, during at least a part of their political career, and could not

therefore be described as hired men in the sense of being paid their wages in cash. But I am quite sure that the practice of paying members of Parliament was not introduced with any idea of increasing their servitude to the electors of their constituency. The idea was merely to ensure that nobody should be debarred from sitting in Parliament by the mere fact of not having a sufficient income. The payment is not a wage, it is a substitute for the income which the Member, it is supposed, would be able to obtain if he were not obliged to devote his time to the public service. And of course it is not paid by his constituents, but out of the general funds of the entire Dominion of Canada.

Nevertheless, this attitude towards the elected representatives of the people—an attitude which I conceive to be insulting and degrading to the representatives, and destructive of public respect for the institutions of Government—is extremely common in this our time. It has been admirably dealt with by that remarkable student of psychology of politics, Professor Graham Wallas, of the London School of Economics and Political Science. His book, "Human Nature in Politics," was originally published in 1908 and was reprinted in 1920 in that handsome little pocket series, Constable's Miscellany. Wallas was the first writer to introduce into the main channels of English political thought the new knowledge derived from the study of crowd psychology by Tarde, Le Bon, and other continental European writers. No writer has stressed more effectively than he the danger that threatens democratic politics from the increasing size of the body of electors and their increasing insistence upon obtruding themselves and their opinions and interests upon the time and attention of the politician. His experience was gained in Great Britain, where the persistency of an aristocratic tradition still provides a modicum of protection for the politician; but it was gained in the Labour Party, that is to say in that

sector of British political life in which the aristocratic tradition is least in evidence. "In America," says Wallas, "all observers are agreed as to the danger which results from looking on a politician as an abstract personification of the will of the people, to whom all citizens have an equal and inalienable right of access, and from whom every one ought to receive an equally warm and sincere welcome. In England our comparatively aristocratic tradition as to the relation between a representative and his constituents has done something to preserve customs corresponding more closely to the actual nature of man. A tired English statesman at a big reception is still allowed to spend his time rather in chaffing with a few friends in a distant corner of the room than in shaking hands and exchanging effusive commonplaces with innumerable unknown guests. But there is a real danger lest this tradition of privacy may be abolished in English democracy, simply because of its connection with aristocratic manners. A young labour politician is expected to live in more than American conditions of intimate publicity. Having, perhaps, just left the working bench, and having to adjust his nerves and his bodily health to the difficult requirements of mental work, he is expected to receive every caller at any hour of the day or night with the same hearty good will, and be always ready to share or excite the enthusiasm of his followers."

In Canada conditions are much the same as they are in the United States and in the British Labour Party, and I am not at all sure that we should not have better government if those who govern us were less persistently bothered by those who voted for or against them at the last election.

The constitutional theory about members of Parliament, whether they be members of Parliament at Westminster or at Ottawa, is very different from this. They are not persons hired by the citizens to perform for them the nasty business of governing as other persons are hired to perform the nasty

business of gathering up the garbage. They are prominent citizens selected by the other citizens to advise the King as to how his government should be carried on, and selected because they are considered specially fit for such advising. Far from being regarded as the servants of their electors, they are provided with a number of constitutional safeguards to prevent them from being interfered with by their electors during the time of their mandate, for they are expected to give their Sovereign the best and most impartial advice of which they are capable.

It is probably fortunate that Canada makes no financial contribution to the upkeep of the Royal Family, or we might have heard complaints during the royal visit that Their Majesties were not earning their keep, and were loafing on the job, when they failed to make themselves visible during eighteen hours of each working day and to shake the hand of every citizen who presented himself. Fortunately Royalty has worked out for itself certain forms and ceremonials which do provide it with a certain modicum of privacy in spite of the fierce light that beats upon the Throne. But there is no such ceremonial to protect the democratic politicians who, under the present British system, have to do most of the real work of governing; and those who are unwilling to appear rude and unable to work out protective devices of their own often suffer in nerves, health, and fitness for work.

Ever since Canada had a Post Office of its own, that Post Office has been required to carry without charge all communications addressed to Members of Parliament. If I am not greatly mistaken, this is an American rather than a British idea; and as in most cases where there is a difference between American and British practice, I incline to think that the American practice is wrong. It would really be much better if all communications addressed to Members of Parliament for delivery during the working days of the Session were

charged double postage, or even a more or less prohibitive special fee of, say, twenty-five cents. It is illogical that petitions addressed to the entire House of Commons should require all sorts of formalities for their presentation, whereas a bullying letter from one constituent to one member is actually transmitted to that member without any charge, and can be couched in any terms and deal with any subject that may occur to the constituent.

The recent discovery, by experts in the art of propaganda, that politicians can be influenced, not to say terrorized, by the mere number of communications that they receive upon a given subject, without any consideration of the degree of feeling that has impelled the communication, has placed a tremendous weapon in the hands of pressure groups. I ought not to speak too harshly about it, for I have employed it myself, but only in the eminently noble and justified cause of a really international concept of copyright. I should probably have got far more action out of both the electors and the politicians, if I had used the same device to advocate pensions for all citizens over forty, or the issue of a new kind of dollar bill which could be cut up into five pieces, each of which would still be a dollar bill. It is probable that the members of Parliament to whom my friends addressed their communications on the subject of copyright were far too well aware of the real character of the Canadian electorate to suppose for a moment that any great number of it would have a real and active interest in Canada's obligations to her fellow-members in the Copyright Union. And yet the same politicians seem to be easily convinced that great numbers of their electors want them to forget party, to reduce expenditure even when it hurts, and to disregard all demands for unnecessary works and buildings even in their own constituencies.

The most extreme form of the "employer" theory is, of course, that which pushes the analogy to the point of demand-

ing that the "employee" shall be liable to be fired whenever his constituency, or some committee or group in it, decides that it no longer desires his services. A proposal to this effect has been heard in Parliament this year, but did not get very far. Even to those who like to think of Parliament as a set of mechanical figures, each of them responding to strings pulled by his respective constituency, the idea has one serious drawback which does not seem to have been sufficiently considered. The theory of the present system is that the voting power in Parliament which belongs to a given constituency is vested in the elected member during the life of Parliament; it is only at election time that it returns to the hands of the electors. The Alberta theory is that this voting power should always be under the control of the electors of the constituency, so that if the elected member uses it in a way which they do not like, they can call him back and send Parliament another one. The difficulty is that it is impossible for the control of the voting power to remain permanently in the hands of the electors; even under the Alberta scheme it is not in their hands at all. It is in the hands of the committee to which has been entrusted the care of the member's letter of resignation, and so long as the member does what this committee tells him, he will not have to resign, and the electors will not have anything to say about his behaviour. The idea of placing in the hands of a small group of private persons, not sworn to allegiance to the sovereign, an absolute power of control over the entire behaviour of one of the sovereign's advisers, seems to me to be the very negation of parliamentary government. But it is only carrying the hired man theory a step further.

A GREAT PIONEER

BY BARBARA MUNRO

IN the crystal air of a prairie October a caravan once wound its way northward through the state of Minnesota. It aimed at Red River settlement, four hundred miles or two weeks away, where a few British farms rayed out along two rivers from Fort Garry at their junction. It was in no particular hurry. Heavy carts made in the country from wood and rawhide, and quite innocent of iron, creaked under their loads until they shook the sky; French-Canadian "freighters" swore at their lean ponies from mere habit; a young rider on a better horse commanded everybody; and an obvious newcomer who was immensely tall and thin and notable for a pair of piercing black eyes, drove in a buckboard alone, thinking many thoughts. This last was the Bishop of Rupert's Land, looking for his diocese. To find it he had left England four weeks earlier, and had travelled by Atlantic steamer, by rail, by river steamer, by rail again, and now by Red River cart, with his goal still in the distance. Those carts and men with their provisions and equipment were costing him £125; such was the cost of the simple life. And though all this happened in 1865, the young leader of the outfit died only the other day, and much of what follows came from him.

The new bishop was a Scot, born in Aberdeen in 1831 of pure Highland blood, and educated chiefly (his father dying early) by a schoolmaster uncle who sent him to King's College in his native city by the bursary route. Parents and uncle and indeed all his ancestors had been members of the Church of Scotland, and he never gave any very articulate reason for his change of communion, which occurred very soon after King's College had sent him up to Cambridge with the reputation of being its most brilliant mathematical scholar.

He was confirmed there and a few years later became a fellow of Sydney Sussex, took orders, was made dean of his college, and for seven years did parish duty without remuneration in an insignificant village near by. He became known as a man of ability and zeal.

Missionary bishoprics were not then regarded as any prizes, and in all likelihood the authorities of the day had no idea that they were making history when they bestowed one on this man who preferred work to pay. In June of 1865 he was consecrated Bishop of Rupert's Land. Two months later he sailed for North America where we found him. When thirty-nine years had passed he died by the Red River, leaving an indelible mark upon the great lone land that in the north stretched three thousand miles from Labrador to the Pacific, and in the south sixteen hundred from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains.

It is no easy matter to make clear within the limits of a brief article just what he accomplished. He had no ambition to shape the political future of his adopted country. When he reached it it was a preserve of the Hudson's Bay Company with the Confederation of Canada still only a project in the air. He saw Confederation achieved, went through the Red River Rebellion, saw the formation of the Province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, watched the new land fill with settlers, and contented himself with trying to preserve a peaceful setting for each new step. There is abundant evidence that he came to have enormous personal influence on the side of sanity and moderation. But his supreme efforts were reserved for his own sphere.

In his mind that sphere was quite definite. He wanted to set up an organized framework for his church that would serve the white settlers as they came, and would minister to the scattered Indian population which then as now reached well up into the Arctic. He wanted also to provide for the

sons and daughters of those coming settlers an education in this land which had no schools. He spent his thirty-nine years working for those objects simultaneously, but for the sake of clearness we may pursue them separately.

Before organizing his vast diocese he determined to know it, an obvious decision if its execution had not been so difficult. But he made nothing of difficulty. Within three months of his arrival he was off with a dog-team for eight weeks to cover a thousand miles north and west in the teeth of a prairie winter. He visited both Hudson's Bay posts and Indian missions, for already twenty clergymen were pricking the wilderness with their little training centres. (These men had nearly all been sent at the expense of the Church Missionary Society, aided to some extent by the "Company," but the bishopric had only come into being when a certain retired chief factor had bequeathed £12,000 for the purpose. Machray had therefore had only one predecessor.) That summer he was away again for nearly two months, going eight hundred miles up the coast of Hudson's Bay and eight hundred back. Travelling proved so much easier then that summer journeys became a matter of routine . . . one to the territory east of James Bay, another far west across Lake Winnipeg and up the Saskatchewan River, one east to the Lake of the Woods and up the Rainy River to the watershed of Lake Superior, and so on. They averaged fifteen hundred miles each, restricted to that distance solely by the limits of his available time. He gave up, though most unwillingly, a project of visiting Fort Yukon and Fort Simpson in the Arctic when he learned that the journey there and back could not be made under two years. Within his possible radius he travelled by wagon over prairie country but often by canoe and on foot over lakes and rocks, always camping and cooking at night, as men still travelled over much of that land until airplanes multiplied five or six years ago.

He was not slow to realize that no one man could supervise a district as large as all Europe. The history of his work is therefore a history of subdivision. Before his death eight bishops, nearly all drawn from among the pioneers, shared with him the responsibility for the original Rupert's Land, which had turned into an ecclesiastical province. Moosonee, Athabasca, Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle, Mackenzie River, Calgary, Selkirk, Keewatin. The roll call is impressive. Every name stands for a hundred and fifty thousand square miles or so snatched from the blank wilderness to become parish ground, and every step had been initiated by Machray.

He was not slow either to realize that a new country would demand democratic church institutions as Eastern Canada and the United States and Australia had already demanded them. Within two years he had brought into being a diocesan synod and fitted it out with a constitution written by himself and approved by the great English missionary societies as well as by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Nine years later he voluntarily put into the hands of this body the thing nearest his heart, when he gave it power to alter the statutes governing his cathedral and his college. The synod was copied eight times as each successive diocese took shape, and as soon as three had come into existence he organized a provincial synod which elected him its Metropolitan. The members of that provincial synod were his trustiest comrades. Year by year he discussed every forward step with them, drawing strength and counsel from their vast local experience. He refused to obliterate their entity when at last in 1893 Eastern Canada and British Columbia came to unite with Rupert's Land in an all-Canadian Church and proposed to wipe out the existing ecclesiastical provinces. He fought one of the most passionate fights of his life to preserve his well-tried instrument, and won.

The immensity of the financial burden needs no emphasizing. However closely the bishop counted every penny, and

he did count them with the thrift of his Scottish upbringing (a thrift that is found nowhere in the world today), the sums involved in this work were large. He made successful efforts to induce white settlers to support their own churches and to give for education and for missions. He turned almost the whole of his income back into his work. But the country could not meet the cost of its church development alone. Even white settlers needed help at first as they pushed back the frontier, while the vast northern regions still need it. Most of the money required came in one way or another from England, Eastern Canada having a missionary section of its own to support, and it was perhaps the need of this supply that kept Machray prudent and conservative in his plans. Not one of his many moves was made without long correspondence with the missionary societies and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had all approved every constitution and statute before ever the bishop offered it to his clergy. New bishops, even, were nominated by the primate in England until Machray had induced that dignitary to agree that election by synod was a better mode of choice in a new country. Some of the clergy thought Canterbury was very remote from the western prairies, but the Metropolitan won murmurers over.

This gigantic planning sounds like a task sufficient for any man. But it was only one side of Machray's work. However much he subdivided, he could never be quit of his own large diocese at the centre, where he acted as the vigilant shepherd of every white family who came up from railhead at St. Paul or over the "Dawson trail" or later on by the Canadian Pacific railway to "take up land," and as an active missionary to the Indians within its limits. This is what is best remembered now. To those who saw him day by day his whole life seemed nothing but an endless concern for these people. Unceasingly he fought, hampered by poverty and scarcity of assistants, to follow them with the prophylactic of

religious services and the dynamic of education. Education came first with him, I think. But the two went together.

He worked out a really unique system for achieving both, and put into it so much of his own fire that today it is administered with almost his own eager sacrifice of self. It was a scheme to make his cathedral the centre of all parish and mission and educational work, as he believed English cathedrals had been in the middle ages. It had the advantage of getting three men's work out of one man's salary, an advantage which the bishop's own zealous example inspired his subordinates to welcome, but also of building up a remarkable centralized enthusiasm based on knowledge. Already within a year of his arrival the bishop had set up St. John's School for boys in one small classroom, and in another St. John's Theological College for the training of clergymen for the west. In both he had himself carried the weight of the teaching. Seven years later he managed to house them in a new wooden building which had room for dormitories and diningroom as well as additional classrooms, and as part of the same move to organize a cathedral chapter. He himself became its Dean, as he had now become the avowed Principal of both School and College. To make possible his two theological professors he gave up his private house and moved into two small rooms in the new building which he inhabited for years, turning the saving involved to good public account. He did regular incumbent's duty in a parish a few miles away. Then he turned those theological professors into Canons and told them to go and do likewise. Ever since then an addition to the college staff has meant a new Canon, a new parish clergyman, a new home missionary.

"I have a real Cathedral and a real chapter at last," he wrote triumphantly, and there were those far away who thought he had wasted missionary money on a pile of stone. Little they knew. His church was a cathedral because it was

his Seat, but to the eye it was as plain a wooden meeting-house as ever defiled a Welsh valley. Machray called it "real" because in it he had created an instrument that was accomplishing the work he had hoped from it.

The Cathedral-School-College became the bishop's home. He never married, and all his human affections twined tightly around this centre, known collectively as St. John's. They twined most closely about the boys and young men whom he there taught with a brilliant power that would have been remarkable anywhere. At first most of the boys were sons of Hudson's Bay officers serving at remote posts, and often went years without seeing their parents. He became a father to them. "I knew him far better than my own father," wrote one in after life. Into the College, too, came lads who were lonely. Some of them had Indian blood in their veins, and were being trained as missionaries to their mothers' people; some of them were English youths far from home who were preparing to follow settlers along the trails; some came up from the school, already devoted to him. To all alike he became hero, pattern, slave-driver. No one knows to how many he gave financial help, counting himself well repaid if they worked hard. Without discounting the merit of his assistants who came bye and bye, the success of St. John's was his success, and the girls' school which he founded soon languished because he could find no feminine counterpart of himself to head it.

His mark on the general educational development of the prairies was also deep. When in the fulness of time an infant state university was set up, the move was made largely upon his advice, and he became the university's Chancellor for the rest of his life. Much of his strength went into nursing it into adult life. Moreover as Fort Garry became Winnipeg and grew into a city and as the empty lands filled up, his hand was felt in the shaping of a system of state and city non-

resident schools. He became probably the most influential advisory member of the boards which administered them. His opinion was sought upon all educational matters. But it is in St. John's that his spirit walks most plainly today, as he would have had it do.

One cannot see him truly apart from the homely details of the life he lived. One must know of the bitter winters that brought icy bedrooms, mountains of scratching garments knit from coarse native wool, outdoor wraps worn in his study during the morning hours when stoves were contending only feebly with the chill left by an Arctic night; those were the days when milk was sold in frozen cakes, and water came from a pile of ice-blocks in the back yard which had been sawn from the frozen river and were melted over the kitchen fire morning after morning. There were boys, too, to be flogged paternally when they misbehaved and nursed affectionately with his own hands when they were ill. There were grasshoppers devouring the Red River valley for five consecutive years, with all their coming meant of hunger and stench and misery. There were floods and blizzards and scorching summer heat through which one fought one's way to parish work without regarding private wishes, for, as he said with characteristic simplicity when he lay dying and refused to let his dearest ex-pupil and friend break an appointment to stay with him, "Where would be the end of that?" There were always the mosquitoes. There was the plain food of the school and the plain bare rooms. At first there was not a butcher, baker, tailor, or shoemaker in the whole land. He lived the hard pioneering life of those around him, only better.

Its tough details never mastered him. From the endless wrestle with daily life he emerged to nights of statesmanlike planning, or correspondence, or acute financial calculations. A captain of finance, indeed, was concealed somewhere not very far beneath his surface. For years he kept the diocesan

accounts single-handed, investing every cent of hard-won endowment with remarkable judgment, so remarkable that when he finally forced the responsibility upon a committee of the synod its members would not move without his advice. Only he could judge when St. John's should sell its waste land as values began to creep up, or how long it was safe to wait hoping for a better price. He turned his business ability to the furthering of his work, as he turned everything else.

Thus loving yet transcending his environment, he lived through boom times and hard times. His prairie broke up under the plough. Cities came into being, Calgary, Regina, Edmonton. A civilized society developed, very eager for its comforts. Life became not only easier but less costly, while the new cities drew men of ability from eastern Canada. The bishop eventually became an archbishop, and Primate of All Canada.

He adjusted himself to every change. He proved able to dominate the city pulpit as he had dominated the Hudson's Bay post. While he kept his own life simple, he enjoyed other people's prosperity, and delighted in and used the newcomers, who for their part recognized his quality and consented to be used. Slowly, as the eighties and the nineties rolled by, he got his framework built, tightened at the joints, completed. Slowly he saw school and college and university staffed and secure. Then in 1904 he died.

Over his grave they wrote,

HE FED THEM WITH A FAITHFUL AND TRUE
HEART, AND RULED THEM PRUDENTLY WITH
ALL HIS POWER.

THE POST ON BEAR ISLAND

BY W. S. WALLACE

WHY is it that we know comparatively little about the history of the old fur-trading posts in northern Ontario, while we know so much about the history of even obscure trading-posts in the Canadian West? I suppose one reason is that among the early fur-traders in northern Ontario none left behind him narratives and journals like those of the two Alexander Henrys, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Peter Pond, David Thompson, D. W. Harmon, Gabriel Franchère, Ross Cox, and others; but the chief reason, no doubt, is that the trading-posts in northern Ontario were off the main route of the fur-trade, whether from Montreal or from York Factory. The wintering partners at Timiskaming House or Fort Abitibi never attended the annual parliament of the Nor'Westers at Fort William, but reported direct to Montreal; and even after the union of the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, these posts continued to ship their furs to Montreal, while the furs from the western posts went out by way of York Factory. The posts in northern Ontario were thus at all stages in a backwater.

Most of these posts, moreover, are no longer in operation. The advent of the lumberman, the settler, and the miner has put the fur-trader out of business. Timiskaming House was abandoned in 1902, the year before silver was discovered in Cobalt; and while Fort Abitibi is still in operation, its furs are now shipped out by railway. Almost the only fur-trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company left south of the height of land is the post on Bear Island in Lake Timagami. Situated in the heart of an area set apart many years ago by the government of Ontario as a "forest reserve," it has remained immune from the onslaughts of either lumberman, or settler, or miner, and has had to face only the comparatively innocuous

influence of the sportsman and the summer camper. Even the establishment in the neighbourhood of a famous and popular camp for boys, has not given it its quietus. It remains a vestige and a memorial of the days when the fur-traders were, in the phrase of Washington Irving, "the lords of the lakes and forests."

One must confess that it does not look like a vestige or a memorial. It is a depressingly modern structure of red brick, with staring plate-glass windows, which resembles nothing so much as the corner-stone of a country cross-roads in older Ontario. Nor, if one questions its inhabitants, can one learn much about its past. The clerk who stands behind its counter in waistcoat and shirt-sleeves will tell you that the post used to be situated "over on Timagami island," several miles away, and that an Indian burial-ground is still to be seen there; but that is the sum-total of the historical information he has to offer you.

But could one expect him to say more? The records of the post go back only a few years, and the memory of even the oldest inhabitants of the post does not go back much farther. It is easy to say that the people of the north country are not historically-minded; how could they be otherwise? All authentic information with regard to such trading-posts as the post on Bear Island in Lake Timagami has been locked in the limbo of Hudson's Bay House in London; and this has, until recently, been withheld from the public.

Some such reflections as these led me to apply to my friend, Mr. R. H. G. Leveson Gower, the archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company, for such light as he could throw on the history of Timagami Post. In due course, I received from him a reply which indicated that there were preserved in Hudson's Bay House none of the journals of Timagami Post (which was always a subsidiary post), but that there were various items of information regarding the post to be gleaned

from the reports of Sir George Simpson and other officers of the Company; and he sent me some notes which provide at least a basis for a sketch of the history of the post.

From these notes it appears that the first fur-traders on Lake Timagami, so far as we know, were servants of the American Fur Company from Sault Ste. Marie. In the summer of 1822 Chief Factor Joseph Beioley, of the Hudson's Bay Company, visited Timiskaming House on a tour of inspection, and in his journal he made the following entry:

I am informed by Mr. [Angus] Cameron that the American Company have established a Post this Season at a large Lake where they get abundance of Fish—and which he considers to be between Lake Nipissing and Lake Timiskaming in a S.W. direction — about 3 days walk in the Spring of the Year and about 4 days paddling from the latter Place. He states it as interfering with the Trade of the Posts of Timiskaming — Mattowaugumming — and Lake Nipissing — being visited he says by Indians belonging to all these places.

That this "large lake" was Lake Timagami there can be little doubt; and the fact that Angus Cameron, who had been in the Timiskaming district for twenty years, did not apparently know much about it, seems to prove that there had not previously been a trading-post on its shores. It was not, however, until twelve years later, in 1834, that the Hudson's Bay Company established a post on Lake Timagami. In that year Chief Trader Richard Hardisty, the father-in-law of Lord Strathcona, was sent to open Timagami Post; and two years later Sir George Simpson, the Governor, writes, in reporting on the Timiskaming district:

The Post of Temagamang was established two years ago, with the view of collecting the Furs hunted in that Part of the Country by the Lake Nipissingue Indians who, without it, were in danger of falling into the hands of the opposition on Lake Nipissingue, and it is found to answer the purpose for which it was intended.

From the time of its establishment in 1834 until the beginning of the twentieth century, Timagami was an outpost of

Timiskaming House; and it was, as a rule, in charge of clerks, post-master, interpreters, and even labourers, some of whom were apparently half-breeds. Their names were George Taylor, James Cameron, Alexander McDonell, Moyse Lavallée, Philip Moar, Angus McBride, James Hackland, and John Stockand, among others. Its occupation or abandonment depended entirely on the strength of the opposition with which the Hudson's Bay Company had to contend. In 1853, Chief Trader John Wedderburn Simpson, who was then in charge of the Timiskaming district, reported as follows:

The post of Temagamingue being only now frequented by two Indian families, the others having died off, or gone into Nipissingue, I consider it a dead loss to this place to keep it up, & would most humbly suggest that it be again abandoned.

But if the post was then abandoned, it was soon reopened; for it was found that as soon as the Hudson's Bay Company withdrew, the free traders came in. In 1865 a trader variously named as Dukas, Duchies, or Duchas, was in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company on Lake Timagami; and in 1868 Chief Trader Charles Stuart, then in charge of the Timiskaming district, reported:

Duchies is up with four Men at Matachewan & employing the Indians of that place to canoe up his stuff. Another of them (brother) is establishing himself with one Rastool at the outlet of Temagaming Lake.

Who were these free traders who bore the name of "Duchies" and "Rastool"? We do not know. They may have been enterprising trappers so illiterate that they did not know properly their own names; but they had the courage to challenge the supremacy in that region of the Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay.

Up to this time the post on Lake Timagami was on the south shore of Timagami Island, where the site may still be identified by means of the old Indian burial-ground; but in the 1870's the post was removed to the west side of Bear Island,

several miles farther north. Both sites are marked on Map No. 599 accompanying vol. X (1897) of the Reports of the Geological Survey of Canada. As settlements began to approach Timiskaming House and the character of the trade at that post changed, the new post on Lake Timagami became more important as a fur-trading post than the old one had ever been; and as tourists and campers began to flock into the Timagami Forest Reserve about the beginning of the twentieth century, it took on something of the character of a general store. That is perhaps one reason why it is still in existence.

BIRD OF TIME

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Tristan and Iseult are dead
These seven centuries and more,
And yet the burning anguish of
Their mortal and immortal love
That never may be comforted
Is with us still, and at the core
Of all the living who have known
Love's flaming instant, glimpsed and flown.

The sea at Cornwall beats upon
The cliff where Tristan long ago
For Iseult died. The summer sky
Still bends o'er lovers passing by
Tintagel in the shimmering sun;
And all the wildness and the woe
Of their last kiss is in this breeze
Blowing from those far Cornish seas.

O Bird of Time upon the bough!
Out of what turmoil, what remorse
Of human passion, human pain
Does this sad music sound again
Through all our yesterdays and now?
And is love's yearning at the source
Of worlds gone down eternity—
And worlds unending, yet to be?

A HALF-FORGOTTEN BUILDER OF CANADA

(William Hamilton Merritt)

BY A. R. M. LOWER

THE average Canadian of the present generation is apt to take his surroundings for granted. He is aware that not so very long ago the land was a wilderness, he knows something of the strides that have been made during his own time, but in thinking of the foundations of this country he probably does not go beyond the hazy idea that the pioneers were wonderful people and that it is to them that "we owe it all."

The present writer does not wish to disparage the pioneer, especially the pioneer farmer, to whom our debt is great, but he would nevertheless like to claim a little homage for another class of men who in their own type of pioneering contributed more than their share to forging the structure of Canada:—those men, only a handful in our whole history, but present in every generation, who have had some sort of vision of the kind of community to be reared on Canadian soil and who have given their lives to accomplishing that aspect of nation building which they have made their own. Such men were Canada's great Prime Minister, John A. Macdonald, or the group surrounding George Brown, who saw the necessity for including the west in the Canadian Confederation, or men like Joseph Howe, who saw how necessary it was for peace and good relationships with the mother country that the spirit of colonial institutions should be liberalized. Such a man, in another sphere, was William Hamilton Merritt, the subject of this sketch.

Merritt was born nearly a century and a half ago, in 1793, to be exact. His parents, then living in New York state, were shortly to leave the revolted colonies for Upper Canada. His father had fought for King George and he was thus of

"Loyalist" descent, if not technically a Loyalist. His family had large interests in the Niagara peninsula and consequently had continually to face that question so vital to all the early settlers of Upper Canada: even with fertile land and a good climate, what market were they to find for their produce and how on any reasonable terms were they going to get it out of the centre of the continent to that market? Merritt, no doubt, had heard transportation discussed from his cradle. Small wonder, then, that as a man whose mind naturally turned to the large factors in a geographical situation, he should devote his attention to solving the problem of problems, how to get the produce of the lake province down to the sea.

He was spurred on by what was being done in the state in which he was born. In New York they had begun to build the Erie Canal, which was to take barges drawing up to four feet of water from Lake Erie through to the Hudson River near Albany. In an age not yet familiar with the railroad, its advantages would be tremendous. As it was, New York merchants faced with numerous loadings and unloadings of their goods, from barge to portage and portage to schooner, to say nothing of the dreadful pioneer roads, found it difficult to compete in western trade and consequently the Montreal business men, who could send up their goods by the St. Lawrence and the lakes, in *batteau* and schooner, had great advantages. The Erie Canal took away these advantages and gave New York that command over western trade which she has never since lost and on which she has grown to greatness.

Unfortunately for them, Upper Canadian farmers were prevented from using the Erie Canal by the cumbersome provisions of the Imperial trade system as it existed at that time. The laws regulating Canadian trade were made at Westminster and, in accordance with that closed system of Empire preference known as "mercantilism," they prohibited Canadian

produce going out to Great Britain through American ports and British produce coming in that way. Therefore, despite the ill-feeling that they entertained for the Montreal merchants who they felt exploited them — ill feelings that find their modern parallel in the Maritimes and in Western Canada and for the same reason—the upper Canadians had to continue to get their supplies through that port.

It was Merritt who initiated the project that was designed to bring them relief. If New York benefitted so greatly from her Erie canal, why should Canada not recapture the dominant trading position from her by canalising her own magnificent waterway, the St. Lawrence and the Lakes? In 1825, in a little province such as Upper Canada with less than 200,000 scattered inhabitants, no towns of any size and virtually no accumulations of capital, this was a bold thought. It was not the sort of thinking habitual to timid provincials, accustomed to lean on the Imperial government. But Merritt succeeded in arousing the interests of his neighbours, men of American descent like himself and apparently well above the provincial average in energy, resources and initiative. Together they embarked on a pioneer project that should lead the way towards the grand design; nothing less than a canal across the Niagara peninsula as the first link in a chain to give unobstructed navigation from Lake Huron to the sea. The miracle is that almost unaided they accomplished their task. In five years, or by 1830, they had cut a ditch across the peninsula, and had built a series of locks down the Niagara escarpment. With little capital and no mechanical power at their disposal, only horses, men and shovels, they had worked an engineering miracle, at one point leading the canal down the side of the Niagara escarpment, a cliff two or three hundred feet in height.

In the early 1830's, with the canal completed, small schooners began to pass between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

The result was a rapid opening up of that part of the province to the west of Niagara. Goods could now go up by water to any point on the shores of the upper Lakes and produce could come down. In particular, the magnificent white oak of the western peninsula, around Lake St. Clair, became available and was exported in large quantities.

Yet Merritt could not rest with the Welland alone: the natural advantages of the St. Lawrence could not be restored unless a clear channel existed from the sea to the upper lakes. Consequently he turned to securing the completion of the canalization of the St. Lawrence. This was far too big a task for any private body, and Merritt's efforts therefore went to getting the provincial governments to undertake it. He was successful in Upper Canada, where he had access to the governing classes and was on the fringe of politics himself, but he had no luck in persuading Lower Canada. The Lower Canada legislators looked with suspicion upon their hustling English fellow Canadians. The French majority were lukewarm to commercial progress. The city of Montreal, then as now, was inclined to be hostile towards projects that were plainly for its benefit. But Upper Canada threw itself into the task with ardour, if not with discretion, and by the time of the rebellion year, just over a century ago, 1837, had managed to bankrupt itself in the work. In fact, the financial condition of the province was no small factor in causing the disturbances.

For this Merritt was in no way to blame. He had no direct part in building the St. Lawrence canals, which were given to contractors, who no doubt knew how to profit at the public expense after the manner of their kind. At any rate, the province was bankrupt and the canals could not be completed. In such an emergency, the usual recourse was to apply to the Imperial government. That body, however, was never disposed to fling its money about on colonial enterprises and not much satisfaction was to be expected in that direction.

We find Merritt ready with an explanation of the province's ills, which if not a complete explanation, at least probed deeply. In a long series of letters to the authorities of the day, Merritt urged the completion of the canal system upon a uniform scale, to a draft of eight feet, and then—and this was his novel contribution—he argued for turning over to the local authorities the entire question of the regulation of provincial trade.

“The power of regulation and imposing duties,” he wrote, “on every article grown or consumed in this province, should be transferred to our Provincial Legislature . . . it has hitherto been the policy of the Home Government to retain the power of regulating the trade of all the British colonies . . . The Lords of Trade and Plantations pertinaciously adhere to this general principle without due consideration of the geographical position of the several colonies . . .”

A proposal for local control of trade regulation in 1837 was almost as revolutionary a suggestion as anything of Mackenzie's. Merritt's reputation, however, as a sane and solid citizen, in intimacy with all the best people, was so secure that the cries of “disloyalty,” “sedition,” etc., then as now raised against the person who proposes any change in Imperial relationships were not heard in his case. The authorities did not accept his views at the time, but he undermined the old position and a few years later, thanks to this and to more general forces, the principle was conceded and the province of Canada began to make tariffs in what it supposed to be its own best interests, not those of an imaginary mercantile Empire.

By 1849, Merritt's grand project was completed: all the St. Lawrence canals were finished and the local legislature had control of local trade policy. Unfortunately at the very moment a blight seemed to seize on the country. From many causes, the most severe trade depression in our history, with the exception of 1929-1934, fell upon the country. The St.

Lawrence route was deserted. Montreal was full of empty houses. As a result there arose the political troubles of 1848-49, the annexation movement among the Tory merchants of Montreal and their rioting against the Rebellion Losses bill. Once more Merritt had a solution. If Great Britain would not prefer our products, another outlet must be found. That outlet was obviously the United States, with which, before 1846, owing in part to the absurdities of the old colonial system, there had been little trade. Merritt accordingly went off to Washington to sound out the American government on the question of a trade treaty. He was not immediately successful, in fact the treaty was not secured until several years later, 1854. But although he was elbowed aside by abler politicians and men more anxious for the 'spotlight' than he, such as Francis Hincks, his share in securing the Reciprocity Treaty was a large one. He had vast knowledge, he corresponded interminably, he was constantly interviewing, talking and lecturing, he was that necessary nuisance, the man who gives the politicians their ideas. There is little doubt but that he was a factor of prime importance in the making of the Reciprocity Treaty.

When in the 1850's the new means of transport, the railway, was introduced into Canada, Merritt was quick to recognize its advantages. He thought that the railroad would find its place as a complement to the canal, the one carrying expensive or light goods, the other the heavier and bulkier materials. While not so active in Canadian railroad building as in canal building, he cordially approved of many of the new schemes and related them to his general conceptions of the geographical and economic nature of the province as he had done the canals.

In his old age, Merritt saw his youthful dreams begin to come true. The great mid-century depression did not rob the St. Lawrence of its ships forever. Trade picked up again.

The river and lakes re-asserted themselves as the basic conditioning factor in the life of the communities on their shores. Into the scheme that nature had designed there fitted the enlarged trading area of the region, which through the Reciprocity Treaty had secured the United States as an outlet in addition to Great Britain. The new railways reinforced and expanded the original fabric. At his death in 1862 Merritt could look back with satisfaction over a long prophetic career. He had divined the essential nature of his province and its conditions of growth. His efforts had gone far towards erecting upon that foundation the active, hopeful community that surrounded him. He had witnessed his country growing up according to his blue print. He deserves well of it.

THE BRITISH LABOUR PARTY AND BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

BY H. N. FIELDHOUSE

CANADIAN criticism of recent British foreign policy is apt to find much of its ammunition in the attacks made on the British Government by the leaders of the English Labour Party, and there are probably many Canadians who imagine that, if only Labour had been in office in Britain since 1931, British foreign policy would have been stronger and happier.

In point of fact, it is not unfair to suggest that, since the war, the Labour Party has never had a foreign policy. It has merely had a series of highly explosive but, unfortunately, contradictory emotions, and in no matter have its emotions been so explosive or so contradictory as in the crucial questions of war and peace.

The traditional doctrine of the Labour Party — as a Socialist party — has been the Marxist view that wars are the inevitable result of imperialism, and that imperialism is itself the inevitable fruit of the capitalist system. This being so, it was the official theory of the Party that there was no need for the English workman to concern himself with the superficial rights or wrongs of a particular conflict. His attitude could be simple. He had only to refuse to be used as a pawn in any war whatsoever.

Thus, on August 2nd, 1914, when war was about to engulf the Continent, the pioneers of the Party, Keir Hardie and Arthur Henderson, called on the workers to take no part in the struggle. "Workers," ran their manifesto, "stand together for peace. . . . Proclaim that for you the days of plunder and butchery have gone by; send messages of peace and fraternity to your fellows who have less liberty than we. . . . Down with brute force. Down with war. Up with the peaceful rule of the people."

It is true that the efforts of Labour leaders of the Hardie-Henderson school did not prevent the English working classes from supporting their Government in the war, and it is true that Mr. Henderson himself was soon to take office in a war-time Cabinet, but once the war was over the Party was not long in returning to its official view that all wars are of capitalist origin and that the business of the worker is to decline to take any part in them.

Thus, in 1922, and by an overwhelming majority, the Party adopted a resolution which called on the socialist and labour parties of all countries to oppose any war which might be entered into by any government for whatever object, and, until 1934, the annual conference of the Party never failed to carry a resolution couched in these or in similar terms. Even as late as 1933, Sir Charles Trevelyan carried a resolution which pledged the Party conference "to take no part in war and to resist it with the whole force of the Labour Movement and to seek consultation forthwith with the Trade Union and Co-operative Movements with a view to deciding . . . what steps, including a general strike, are to be taken to organize the opposition of the organized working-class movement in the event of war or threat of war"

Down to 1933, then, the Labour Party was, in theory, unalterably opposed to any war for any purpose whatsoever. It was equally opposed to the League of Nations. It took the view of the League which was taken by Lenin; namely, that the League was simply an organization of capitalist governments and that no good could come out of it.

In 1933, however, a change began to be seen. At the same conference at which Sir Charles Trevelyan had despaired of the League and had pledged the Party to take no part in any war, Mr. Noel Baker declared that "if a Socialist Foreign Minister were to come back to office he would again be able to use the League of Nations." More significant, Dr. Dalton

began to invite the Party to commit itself to the use of an economic and financial boycott of an "aggressor." In other words, a party which had just pledged itself to peace was now being asked to join in taking steps which, if taken against a Great Power, would almost certainly lead straight to war.

By 1934, therefore, the Party was thoroughly muddled. Its official policy was still that embodied in the Trevelyan resolution; that all wars are the fruit of capitalist greed, that, in the matter of aggression, one capitalist government can no more be trusted than another, and that the League of Nations is a conspiracy of such governments. At the same time, however, the Party was beginning to give ear to its young men from Geneva who were, in effect, assuring it that a war ceases to be a capitalist manoeuvre if it is waged under the aegis of the League of Nations, and provided, above all, that the British representative at the League of Nations is a Socialist Foreign Secretary.

At the annual Conference of 1934, therefore, the League of Nations had to be grafted on to Karl Marx. The resolution of that year began by insisting that capitalism was the root cause of war. That was for Marx. It continued by insisting that, while capitalism was the root cause of war, the immediate and secondary cause was the wickedness of the National Government, if not, indeed, the personal wickedness of Sir John Simon. That was Opposition politics. It concluded by suggesting that, though capitalism was the root cause of war, you could prevent war without touching its root, if only you would work through the League of Nations. "Labour," it declared, "is emphatically opposed to any form of aggressive war, but we recognize that there might be circumstances under which the government of Great Britain might have to use its military and naval forces in support of the League in restraining an aggressor nation" That was for Mr. Baker and Dr. Dalton.

It would be absurd to pretend, of course, that the Labour Party is the first or only party to have changed its policy. What makes the acrobatics of the Labour Party dangerous, however, is the fact that it has not changed its policy, but has combined two contradictory policies and has retained the worst features of both.

When the Conference of 1934 voted that it was the duty of English workers "to support our Government in all the risks and consequences of fulfilling its duty to take part in collective action against a peace-breaker," some few of its members saw clearly that, having embarked on the course of supporting "sanctions" against an "aggressor," the Party was now logically bound to support rearmament. The Conference and the Party, as a whole, however, saw no such thing. Its members still believed, and believe, that it is possible to eat their cake and have it. From 1919 to 1934, they were against Britain joining in any war. From 1934 to 1939, they have been for Britain getting into each and every war. But they have been consistent in their inconsistency. Whether urging us to stay out of all wars, or whether urging us to get into all wars, they have been equally determined that we should have no arms. For the last eight years the Party has steadily called on the Government to arrest Japan in Asia, Italy in Africa, and Germany in Europe, but it has as steadily opposed the provision of those armaments with which alone such a policy could be pursued. In 1935, its pacifist sentiments led it to denounce Mr. Baldwin for beginning to rearm at all, and its anti-German sentiments are now leading it to denounce Mr. Chamberlain for not having rearmed sooner. As pacifists, in 1935, its leaders demanded that the British Air Force should be scrapped; in other words, that the German bombers should be given a clear course to London. As Opposition politicians, in 1938, they demanded that the Government should have seen to it that, when the German bombers should have reached London, we at least had the best anti-aircraft shelters. At the

very moment when this article is being written, the Party which, for six years, has been sedulously fomenting hatred of Germany, of Italy, and of Japan, and calling on the Government to arrest the activities of each of these three formidably armed Great Powers, is declaring its opposition to the introduction even of the mildest measure of conscription. It is not unfair to say that the Party has time and time again been guilty of what Bismarck called political cowardice; the readiness to will the end without willing the means.

What is the source of these contradictions? How has the Party come to swing from extreme pacificism to extreme bellicosity, and how is it that it declines to admit that its new and warlike policies involve the dropping of its pacifist objection to armaments?

The truth is that the Labour attitude towards foreign policy is based, not upon any considered view either of the national interests or of those ideals in which our interests have been sublimated, but upon the likes and dislikes felt by its "intelligentsia" for other people's forms of government. It must be remembered that the Labour Party in England has never been purely labour. It grew up as the left wing of Liberalism, and, in matters of foreign policy, especially, it still trails reminiscent clouds of evangelicalism from that earlier association. Now English liberalism has never been able to fit into one consistent foreign policy, its highly pacific international ideals and its highly provocative enthusiasm for the causes of righteousness. It has always been passionately desirous of international peace and disarmament, but it has also been passionately anxious that someone should go to the assistance of peoples whom it believed to be fighting against oppression or to the defence of principles which it believed to be endangered, and it still cannot see that the two ideals cannot be pursued together. Theoretically, English liberals have wished to be at peace with all nations, but in practice they have found it hard to be even civil to nations of whose

internal forms of government they disapprove, and they have seldom realised how highly provocative of international ill-will has been their habit of lecturing those foreign governments whom, from time to time, they have elected to regard as "tyrannies" or "dictatorships."

Now, in this matter of conducting foreign policy according to one's preferences in the shades of coloured shirts, the Labour "intelligentsia" have been more liberal than Labour. The English working man has not the slightest wish to fight Germany because Germans have chosen the kind of government which, apparently, they prefer, but the intellectuals of the Labour Party think otherwise. Thus, so long as, between 1919 and 1933, Germany was being run by Social Democratic politicians, the Labour Party was sentimentally pro-German. Now that Germany is being run by National Socialist politicians, the Party has become equally sentimentally anti-German. Yet—and this is the irony of the situation—the things which Herr Hitler has done in Europe are precisely the things which Labour has always said should be done.

For, from 1919 to 1933, Labour never ceased from denouncing the peace treaties as being vindictive and unjust to Germany. In May 1919, Mr. Lansbury declared: "I think the terms are harsh, military and provocative of future wars. They settle nothing"; and Mr. Henderson complained: "Millions of Germans are placed under Czecho-slovak, Polish and Italian rule. This will create irredentist populations as considerable as those which provoked the Serbian agitation before the war." Mr. Ramsay MacDonald even warned the allies: "Were I a German minister, I should only sign after making it plain that my signature was obtained under compulsion, and that the provisions were such that I could not guarantee that they would be carried out."

In short, in 1919, it was Labour's view that the peace treaties were a grave injustice to Germany. When did they cease to be unjust? If they were unjust in 1919, were they

not unjust in 1938? Or can it be that a treaty is unjust to Germany when Germany's politicians are of a political colour of which Labour approves, but cease to be unjust when the German people choose politicians whose political colour Labour dislikes?

In 1919, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, who was to be a member of Mr. MacDonald's first Government, urged that there should be "a declaration that the first official act of the Labour Government would be to denounce the peace treaty as void as far as Great Britain is concerned"; and in an official statement on "Labour and the Peace Treaties," issued in 1920, the Party declared: "The German districts of Czecho-slovakia, by arrangements to which Germany is compelled to agree beforehand, are being refused the right of self-determination. . . . Permission to determine their political future should be granted to the predominantly German areas of Czecho-slovakia." Yet when, in 1938, Germany asked for precisely what Labour had said should be done, what were the Labour leaders doing? As one of the older members of the Party had bitterly complained:—"On September 8th the National Council of Labour issued a statement saying that if the National Government would go to war to prevent Herr Hitler carrying out the Labour Party policy, then every organized worker in Britain was ready for the slaughter. No plebiscite was required, as they knew the workers were just itching to kill and be killed. . . . They didn't really want war of course any more than Mr. Lloyd George wanted it in 1914. It just so happened that their policy was certain to lead to war and everybody knew this except themselves. Dr. Dalton was at great pains to explain the complete position in Europe to a Clydeside audience, all of whom had either fought in the last war because they believed it was the war to end war, or had fought against the war because they knew it would not end war. . . . Dr. Dalton was able to assure this audience that peace would come to Europe if Mr. Chamberlain would pre-

tend he was going to war. A phrase had been invented for that too; it was 'Calling the bluff of the Dictators'."

In short, Labour has not, since the war, had a foreign policy. It has never made any considered study of the complexities of foreign affairs. It has simply moved from one dangerous over-simplification to another. Prior to 1933, everything was to be solved by Disarmament. Since 1934, everything is to be solved by an Anti-Fascist Front; but while we are to insult and antagonise the Fascist Powers, we are still to have no arms.

How has the Party got itself into this confusion? The truth is that the great mass of the Trades Union delegates to the Party Conferences are not interested in foreign affairs. They are thinking—wisely—of wages, of working hours, and of standards of living, and they have allowed the intellectuals of the Party to draft "programmes" for foreign policy without realising the implications of these programmes either for the national safety or for the interests of the Party. The Trades Union delegates are, for the most part, big-boned, big-handed men with a great deal of native commonsense; but they are not well educated men, and, like all not too well educated men, are easily hypnotised by the fascination of long words; and just as, fifteen years ago, they loved to roll from under their heavy moustaches the incantations about "Nationalisation of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange," so, in the last few years, they have accepted, without critical examination, the Geneva phrases about Disarmament, Sanctions and Collective Security.

Whether the shock of last September has sobered the Party, it is too soon to say. Since 1933 the Labour Party had divided its time between preaching hatred of Germany and claiming that, in face of their success in creating hatred, Britain should disarm; and if they had been able to preach these two contradictions simultaneously, it had only been because of that ignorance of foreign countries which has always

led them to believe that any foreign power of whose proceedings they disapprove, is only bluffing, and that there is no possibility of war. Last September, it was not Germany who was bluffing, but the Labour leaders, and Hitler called their bluff. Henceforth they must either drop their insensate hurling of insults at foreign powers, or they must provide the arms to make their insults good.

It is not uncharitable to say, indeed, that this responsibility is the last thing which the Labour leaders desire. If they were to win a General Election while the present tension in international affairs still persists, they would be profoundly disconcerted and dismayed. For had they been in office for the last eight years, they would have had to be done with irresponsible criticism. They would have had to take grave and irrevocable decisions. They would have had to decide whether they really meant to go to the aid of the Madrid Government, and whether, with a sharply divided country, such an adventure was possible. They would have had to decide whether they really meant to evict Japan from China, and Italy from Abyssinia, and Germany from Austria and Czecho-slovakia, simultaneously, and whether they dared ask their pacifist following for the fleets and the armies which such a policy would presuppose. They would have had to decide whether Hitler really was bluffing, and, if so, whether they meant to call his bluff, and whether their Trades Union followers in the factories and the mines were ready for the conscription which war with Germany involves. To have done any of these things, would have split the Party from top to bottom. Even the Party's mild flirtation with "sanctions" in the Abyssinian affair, cost it the resignation of its leader in the House of Lords, Lord Ponsonby, and of its most revered leader in the Commons, that genuine pacifist, Mr. Lansbury.

It is not surprising that those who sit in council at Transport House should prefer to remain in opposition. For it is on the Opposition benches alone that a party can have the best of both worlds.

THE LECTURE SYSTEM

BY ROBERT F. LEGGET

THE instruction of students at Universities by means of regular courses of spoken lectures seems to be an established feature of higher education. The value of the lecture system appears to be unquestioned in many quarters, its efficiency being often taken for granted. Its origin is frequently conveniently forgotten. It is indeed a strange anachronism that the system of instruction now so generally followed should have arisen in the early middle ages when textbooks were unknown unless perchance the lecturer was fortunate enough to own such prized possession. That the same system should be followed in this time of printed plenty is a fact which suggests some interesting questions.

The relative contributions of students and instructors to the results which are undoubtedly achieved through the medium of classroom lectures is an interesting subject for speculation. So many and so varied are the factors affecting any such comparison that it is one which can not easily be made objectively. When first contemplated, it is a matter which inevitably brings to mind diverse pictures of men and places, of lectures good and lectures bad. To many, these recollections of student days have an uncanny clarity and exercise a determining influence on their thinking with regard to the lecture system in general.

The writer is no exception. As a preliminary to general comment, therefore, let him confess to the awe with which students who were schoolboys yesterday listened to lectures on one of the fundamentals of engineering and to the great difficulty with which they discovered, near the end of their first term, what the subject really was! The absence of any explanation as to the extent and significance of this important subject left a feeling of distaste and distrust which long per-

sisted. Then there is still clear a picture of the professor who lectured while sitting down (an unpardonable crime in student eyes) by reading monotonously from an old set of notes. Any interruption meant a delay while the place was found again; halts were strangely frequent. Perhaps the most poignant memory is that of the man who used all of the two hours of double lecture periods for dictating very carefully written notes—later, and with impish glee, found to be transcripts from two well known textbooks! Records surreptitiously made in class and still kept as valued mementos showed an average writing speed of thirty-four words every minute, a speed which permanently ruined a script which was then at least readable. Still vivid is the amazed perplexity with which this travesty of instruction was heatedly discussed, the fact that the students alone knew of this waste of valuable time and yet were too foolishly “loyal” to complain being unquestioned at the time but now a matter for regret.

With the passing of the years, the tables have been turned. The erstwhile student now knows something of the difficulties of the lecturer—knowledge gained in the interesting isolation of the classroom platform. And what problems there are in dealing with the large classes now so common a feature of university work: How to adjudge correctly the average progress which is most desirable; how to avoid lecturing to one student alone, instead of to the whole class; how to break down the barrier symbolised by the lecture desk and establish that community of purpose without which a lecture may be so sterile; above all, how to overcome the natural diffidence of students in asking questions, without which most lectures are but half complete.

Reflections such as these, and thoughts about the lecture system as a whole, were probably entertained by many who had the privilege of hearing from Canadian students something of the discussions which they had on this topic at their Winni-

peg conference in the early days of 1938. Their obvious sincerity and the real interest of their enquiries into the way in which they are instructed left no doubt as to the reality of the problem to which they addressed themselves. And their apparent unanimity as to the desirability of preliminary instruction on lectures and the taking of notes, for all new undergraduates, clearly suggested that the present system of classroom instruction is far from the perfect arrangement so generally imagined.

These thoughts have again been brought to mind by the reading of a remarkable little pamphlet* on the lecture system issued by the Guild of Undergraduates of the University of Liverpool, the representative student body of that important and typical provincial University. In England, too, the method of instruction followed in university classes is being examined and criticised, and criticism is again accompanied by specific suggestions for improvement. The Liverpool students approached the matter in a forthright and democratic manner by appointing as the members of their investigating committee one representative from each of the sixteen student societies in their University. These cover all the main divisions of study to be found in the departments of British colleges, ranging from the small Veterinary Society to the several divisions of the large Arts Students' Association. Each representative canvassed all the members of his society. The resulting information is summarised in this pamphlet, special notes being included which present individual suggestions for the improvement of various departmental courses.

Interesting as are these detailed suggestions, it is the general conclusion of the Report which is of unusual significance. Centred around three of the seven leading questions of the enquiry, it is thus expressed:—"With the exception of the

* "Lecture System Enquiry Report," The Guild of Undergraduates, University of Liverpool, England, May 1938; Price One Penny.

Geographical Society (where the desire was for printed notes of statistical matter only and for the continuation of Seminars) there was a unanimous request for printed lecture notes where practicable and for the extension of the Tutorial System." That this is the unanimous expression of opinion of students of both the sciences and the arts would seem to be a clear indication that the occasional criticisms of the lecture system which come to the ears of some lecturers are signs of a very real and genuine misgiving on the part of its main participants as to its value. The Liverpool students anticipate the obvious criticism of their finding—that of the increased cost of instruction—by quoting in their support this extract from the 1936 Report of the University Grants Committee (administering British Government grants to Universities):—"Today it is such an increase in staff as will make possible more individual tuition and more personal contact between staff and students that is urged upon us and that we ourselves desire to urge."

As a further argument favouring their desire for an extension of the tutorial idea as a supplement to formal lectures, the students responsible for this Report make this interesting observation:—"We have never understood why it is that a graduate training to teach at school is compelled to gain first hand experience before he is granted his diploma, while a graduate securing a lecture-ship at a University requires no training in teaching whatsoever. An ability to discover is not necessarily allied to an ability to teach." There follows an expression of hope—quite moving in its sincerity—that outside the lecture room instructors and students may regain the intimate personal relations which featured University life of earlier days, before the advent of "dormitory areas" in large cities into which professors are wont to disappear as soon as the day's work is done. And the Report comes to an end with an eloquent statement of the British National Union

of Students soliciting a broader basis for University training and in particular the correlation of all subjects, however specialised, with their historical background, their relation to other branches of learning, and their social implications.

It would be easy to attach too much weight to this student publication. If it be remembered, however, that it reflects in some measure the expressed feelings of Canadian students also, despite the differences between Canadian and British Universities, then it must be admitted that it can not be lightly dismissed, deserving rather the sympathetic study of all who have at heart the well being of higher education. Many will probably share the writer's feeling that fundamentally the conclusion reached in this Report is sound; differences of opinion will naturally develop when thought is given to the best methods of effecting the improvements which seem to be so necessary. Clearly an indiscriminate extension of the tutorial system would be as unwise as it would be impracticable, but there are few subjects the presentation of which can not be at least assisted by an occasional discussion period, for small groups of students, in place of the spoken lecture. (It is, perhaps, significant that the Treasurer of the University of Liverpool has given the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for facilitating the extension of the tutorial practice in his University, for an experimental period.) The wider use of textbooks as sources of factual information, to be supplemented by classroom explanations and discussions, would seem to be an obvious and advisable way of meeting the charge of waste of lecture time implied by such comments as have been quoted. Alternatively, the wider use of duplicated sheets or blue prints, when a suitable textbook is not available, would not only obviate much mechanical copying but would give time for discussion and general comment.

Inevitably, objections even to such minor suggestions as these will be encountered. Discussion periods can be held

conveniently only with small classes, thus suggesting increases of staff. But large classes can very easily be divided up into smaller groups, and the repetition of a lecture to two or even three small groups is no hardship on a lecturer; the value of his instruction is enhanced, and discussions become practicable. Textbooks may be useful in some courses but many lecturers seem to believe that there is no one book which can be of general use to their particular course of study. While this is undoubtedly a real difficulty in many cases, the use of even an imperfect textbook would frequently be a great time saver. Further, if a lecturer can demonstrate to students the fallibility of published works while encouraging them to commence the formation of a library of their own, he will help to develop that critical attitude of mind without which the use of any book may be fraught with danger. Duplicated sheets, as an alternative to books involve time and trouble in their preparation, and may prove costly if used in any number. There is the advantage, however, that once the originals are prepared they can be used for many years without further trouble. And if many such sheets are used, students will generally be found to be willing to pay for the privilege of thus implementing their own note taking. The ingenious and well established system followed by the medical students of a well known Canadian University, who have an official "note-taker" for each class—paid for his work, is some confirmation of this even as it is also another telling indictment of the lecture system as generally practiced.

Despite all objections, it is felt that improvements will come if only because of the interest which students are taking in the method of their tuition, an interest which must be reflected in the work of all lecturers who are in touch in any way with student thought. It is singularly unfortunate that the need for improvement may be greatest where this contact does not exist. A lecturer divorced from student thought can not

know that in some way a change in his practice is necessary, while the blind "loyalty" of students will usually prevent them from attempting to have such a situation rectified.

The possibility of students being placed in this dilemma directs attention to two features of university work which appear strange to those who enter it after experience in business or professional life. The first is the absence of any general inspection or supervision of the classroom work of lecturers, the occasional presence of a senior colleague at a regular lecture being apparently almost unknown in Canadian practice—mere mention of the idea being sufficient to call forth vehement protests from some who might be concerned. The second peculiarity is the tacit assumption that once a man joins a University staff his post is permanent, to be vacated only at his desire. The number of square pegs thus firmly embedded in round holes must be appreciable. Although there are, fortunately, many men in Universities who can and do influence students in ways other than from the lecture rostrum, this does not obviate the possibly unfortunate results of this feature, so surprising when compared to general practice in other walks of life.

All considerations of the problems associated with the lecture system lead back eventually to the privacy of the lecture room, where alone can be found and applied their solution. What effort this requires on the part of those who lecture can be known only from experience, but the necessary cooperation of students in achieving any useful result is a matter of general understanding. The practice of fostering student interest by encouraging them to discuss teaching methods with their instructors is one hopeful possibility for improvement; it is a practice followed at several summer schools attended by adult students and is one well worthy of being used with senior undergraduates in the ordinary work of Universities. The views of students which have already

been mentioned suggest that student cooperation in such a venture would be almost a certainty. Allied with some of the minor improvements already mentioned, it would go some way towards answering the criticisms of the lecture system which are today to be heard. And it would indicate clearly an appreciation of the place of the student in higher education, a process essentially active and not passive—to quote the last President of Harvard University—with students as the chief actors and not merely passive recipients of information imparted through the impersonal medium of formal lectures.

The awakening of student interest in the problems of the lecture system appears to be a pleasant reality. If it develops the promise which it suggests and is accorded the sympathy which it deserves then the frequent joking jibes at the lecture system will come to be discounted. The Liverpool pamphlet quotes several of these with erudition. Words of Dr. Johnson, of “Q,” words even of Aldous Huxley could again be quoted in closing this review, but attention may rather be directed to another thought of Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, expressed in words which refer to a period which, it is to be hoped, is gone never to return, when “. . . instead of applying the principle of self-education there has been too much dragging of youth over the ground in perambulators and wondering why their running does not improve.”

THE UNITED STATES AND THE ACADEMIC EXILES

BY DAVID CLEGHORN THOMSON

IT has just been the writer's privilege to make an extensive tour, from coast to coast of the United States, (meeting the academic leaders of over thirty universities and colleges, in twenty different states), trying to survey and appraise the magnificent work which has been done and is even now being planned for the placement of exile scholars and scientists, and their reintegration in the fabric of academic life in a new country. In no centre visited does there appear to be any doubt, in the mind of President, Dean or instructor that there is only one possible reaction for the academic mind in this matter: a number of considerations have to be borne in mind in varying degrees in different centres which affect the possible or particular course of action in a number of ways. Educators, administrators and investigators all accept, as they do in Britain, the obligation to do whatever is possible, without unfairly prejudicing the situation for the best American graduates seeking academic preferment, to see that first-class work interrupted in any country for reasons of 'race', religion or politics, shall be permitted to go in another country where intellectual and academic freedom are still most highly prized. Caution in the circumstances is almost intolerable to humane men, but the stringent caution of those who plan policy in this field has borne fruit, and recent wide developments bid fair not only to improve the existing machinery still further, but to keep it still sure that no displacement of the finest American graduates will be risked.

Great Britain, in this matter, is one of several 'clearing-house' countries: the United States is the main 'terminal' country. For a long time in the United States there has been

much work being done privately by individual scholars bringing in colleagues, with whom they have previously made academic, family or travel contacts. The main national committee (*The Emergency Committee for Displaced Foreign Scholars*) has, from the start in 1933, followed a careful and statesmanlike policy, acting not solely from humanitarian motives, but in the conscious reaffirmation of a belief in academic freedom. While it has always shown its awareness that enlightened self-interest should impel a country toward participating in this work of human salvage, it has always also been keenly aware of the dangers involved in indiscriminate or unplanned participation. It has left it to academic institutions to initiate applications for grants or invitations to exile scholars; it has restricted subvention for colleges to the initial stages, and only when re-establishment seemed likely; and it has scrupulously sought to avoid all possibility of unfair competition with native talent. In this way it has been able to save for the world of culture many contributions from men of learning and distinction, exiled by reason of national and political prejudice.

In addition to the work of this, the leading national committee, must be mentioned the activities of the *Friends' Service Committee*, operating from Philadelphia, some of whose 'peace missionaries' have been able tactfully to bring the matter to the attention of institutions (west of Chicago in particular), and to report openings or stirrings of interest met with in their journeyings. Certain of the great educational trusts have also been active, perhaps most notably the Oberlander Trust, whose founders' aim was to effect a better integration of Germanic culture over here in the interests of the American people; while funds have been generously made available through the Emergency Committee or sometimes directly to would-be-employing colleges, by the Carnegie Corporation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Carl Schurz Foun-

dation, the great Jewish Charitable Trusts and many private benefactors.

A most significant development has recently been sponsored by the colleges and universities themselves, in the setting up horizontally throughout the country of '*Discipline Committees*' on *Exile Scholars*. Such bodies already exist for Psychologists and Philosophers and steps are being taken to establish them also for Mathematicians, Astronomers, Anthropologists, Sociologists, Economists and Historians. This development will be welcomed by the overburdened Deans and instructors who have been for some time inundated with private applications from Europe, and who felt anxious to do something helpful and human, without overlapping or acting unwisely in the matter. Most significant, from several aspects, is the memorandum recently issued to all college presidents by a group headed by Presidents Conant, Butler, Dodds and Milliken, which implicitly if not explicitly admits that saturation point has been reached in absorption from without, but nevertheless acknowledges an obligation laid upon the academic world to take a lead in raising extra funds to endow permanent fellowships making competition unnecessary. Dr. Stephen Duggan has estimated that a minimum sum of seven million dollars would be required to make this plan effective in the U.S.A. No active steps seem to have been yet taken to raise funds, but it seems certain that this committee will play a vital part if and when it becomes active and finds financial backing.

Faced by administrative difficulties and contracted budgets the university leaders have been quick to devise new ways of helping. Vassar College has been responsible for two innovations. It has induced four other neighboring colleges to join up in offering a year's grant to an exile scholar who will divide his time between the five centres. Secondly, it has put aside a fixed sum in its next year's budget to provide 'pocket money' for four exiles for a period of two months only in each case;

the successful applicants will be treated as guest 'fellows' and asked to give one lecture while they are staying on the campus mixing with students and staff.

Further, it has been suggested that there be a duplication in the West of the 'University in Exile' for displaced Mathematicians, Physicists and Astronomers—where they could do 'non-competitive' research. To the objection made in some quarters that such a plan induces those benefited by it to abstain from "integration with American culture" and to concentrate on German and Austrian techniques, approaches and traditions in a hermetically sealed artificial unit, it may be replied that if hundreds of American graduates in the old days chose to seek out the atmosphere of a typically German university—why should not this atmosphere be reproduced and maintained in America as an exotic importation so that they may take advantage of what they sought nearer home? Such a plan might well be financed by a rich philanthropist but it would not be necessary for the foundation to pay high salaries. The plan could succeed with salaries at a modest rate. It would have to be tried in the West, and in a different group of disciplines from either the Institute of Advanced Studies or the "University in Exile".

Any survey of the work done and being planned in the field of academic exiles in the United States must take note of certain clear obstacles in the way. The young students cannot pursue their studies to-day with the same sense that they are living in an expanding universe; the Deans of graduate colleges cannot all be sure of placing in the United States even their best products. The problem facing the Presidents is not one arising from any narrow nationalism in university policy. Leading educators know well here that there is no room for such an outlook in a great democratic country. A great teacher of the University of Paris wrote thus the other day of his Alma Mater in its heyday:

"Never was the French influence more warmly welcomed, nor more universally felt, than in the 13th century when it exerted itself through that strange University of Paris, where not a single one of the most famous professors was French. This is one of the most useful lessons we still can learn from the Middle Ages, and one that should remain before our minds as a safeguard against the worst kind of slavery to which mankind is now being submitted by totalitarian states: mental slavery. In the conviction that there is nothing in the world above universal truth lies the very root of intellectual and social liberty."

The United States with her welcome to Einstein, Mann and Fermi, her Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton and her "University in Exile" in New York has given practical testimony of the most convincingly practical kind to her national loyalty to this great mediæval principle. There is no more striking testimony of its survival in any other part of the world.

There are, however, a number of difficulties inherent in the very nature of the academic field involved—the difference between State and privately endowed institutions, the difference between denominational and non-sectarian foundations, the attitude of North and South, and most important of all the contracting market for academic brains in the United States. For instance, the deficit at Chicago has risen so sharply since 1935 and again since 1937 that there have been faculty cuts and no replacement of certain retiring teachers. In many centres there have been considerable cuts in staff stipends. Again there are many institutions which do not have a graduate school and, consequently, do not seek instructors of a type which is not readily available from their own ranks. In some institutions for certain disciplines there is a greater demand than can be satisfied, e.g., at the University of Pennsylvania 1,500 medical students apply yearly for 125 places in the medical school. This is an exaggerated case. In many colleges there is an embargo on or a quota for Jewish entrants, hence the number of American-born Jewish medicals studying each

year at Edinburgh University. Second-rate Jewish would-be medicals sometimes unfairly assume a race-barrier has been erected when they have in fact failed the test. Nevertheless the barrier against Jewish students is real, as is the prejudice against Jewish graduates in many centres.

At a number of the annual conferences of teachers in the various university disciplines there have been mild 'brushes' occasioned by the exile problem. At the Modern Languages Association there was a row in the German section. The sociologists were not unnaturally annoyed at a number of attempts by newly arrived exiles to be permitted to read papers which would have displaced aspirants to promotion of longer standing and greater status. There is perhaps most nationalism in the philosophical group and with most justification owing to the standing of the American pragmatic group which includes James, Dewey and Meade.

Privately-endowed universities are worse off in the main than State institutions in enlightened States owing to the devaluation of stocks. But in one particular this is going to be changed following a recent decision of the Supreme Court, terminating State employees' exemption from Federal taxes. Hitherto State college professors have not had to pay Federal taxes—a consideration on a \$6,000 stipend. Young instructors are enlightened but apprehensive. They plead for only 'top men' being invited, and suggest that youngsters should spend time in non-academic work first to get to 'know America' and then receive much smaller stipends than offered at present.

It is not easy to determine whether the State universities in this matter are more favorably placed than the private institutions. It is difficult for them to gamble on expansion when they are dependent on the budgeting of a State legislature. But then they enjoy in addition to State funds the vast non-monetary advantages of W.P.A. grants. In this way

considerable renovations and extensions have been effected and planned at the University of Virginia and at Purdue. It is the view of more than one college President that the next ten years will see the rise of State universities and the decline of those dependent on private subvention.

Thousands of promising young graduates formerly used to living in an expanding universe now see doors closing because of adverse budgeting situations following crisis conditions. This varies according to States, disciplines and the attitudes of graduates toward entering smaller colleges for a start. It is most often really difficult to place some of the ablest young Jews to-day.

Several sympathetic observers have reported that the conduct of refugee professors and lecturers has aroused antipathy: a too early desire for better salary and status: expectation of too much deference: inability to adapt themselves to a new culture: slowness in learning the English language and in understanding the outlook of students.

In one instance a college balanced its budget by accepting an exile professor financed by a private Jewish group and dismissing a less able American. This would hardly happen in any reputable institution, although in one of the best known and largest universities in America the three acknowledged authorities on a narrow law specialism were passed over and one of the institution's own alumni appointed who had practically to learn his subject after nomination.

It may be mentioned that some of the negro colleges have played an honourable part in this work and plan to enlarge their participation, while denominational institutions and especially Catholic universities have been particularly liberal in their welcome of the idea.

On one aspect of the situation in particular Britain and the United States are in complete accord. The question of simple anti-semitism may be more acute in the States, but both

countries realize that it is something much deeper than a 'race' problem where Jewish intellectuals are concerned. Albert Einstein said in his broadcast appeal the other day:—

"In the past we were persecuted despite the fact that we were the people of the Bible; to-day, however, it is just because we are the people of the Book that we are persecuted. The aim is to exterminate not only ourselves, but to destroy, together with us, that spirit expressed in the Bible and in Christianity which made possible the use of civilization in Central and Northern Europe. If this aim is achieved Europe will become a barren waste. For human community life cannot long endure on a basis of crude force, brutality, terror and hate.

"Only understanding for our neighbours, justice in our dealings and willingness to help our fellow-men can give human society permanence and assure security for the individual. Neither intelligence nor inventions nor institutions can serve as substitutes for these most vital parts of tradition."

What is at issue in this matter of exile placement involves two of the central problems of contemporary civilization: The Jewish problem and the threat to science and learning which causes them to stand in need of protection. The former is as much a Christian problem as a Jewish problem; and the latter involves the basic principle of the universality of learning. If Christianity has been the driving force behind civilization it has drawn much of its power from its roots in the only great, religious culture of history—the Hebrew civilization, and from that comprehension of reality which was its historic achievement, reaching maturity in the teachings of Christ. These two communities ('in' but not 'of' the world) both lost influence when they were sidetracked by the lure of will to power or race exclusiveness. The Romans persecuted the Jews as Hitler does—and for the same reason: their essential culture is inimical, as true Christianity is, to his type of power rule. The Fuhrer's conscious resistance to Judaism, as John MacMurray has shown, is the complementary opposite of his fear and absorption of it.

Of the mediæval idea of the universality of learning one need hardly speak in the United States. What is threatened is the human basis of our civilization, those widely acknowledged values upon which depends all culture that is worthy of the name. Until such universal principles are secure it is bootless to expend millions upon material armament. The scholar-placement committees are not simply concerned with charity and relief to fellow-mortals, but with preserving immortalities. We must not leave a Giotto among the hill shepherds nor a potential Einstein among the amateur ploughmen of Palestine. Thirty-eight years ago a president of the British Medical Association said, in his inaugural address, that a Faraday, a Koch or a Pasteur would be a cheap purchase for any country at a million pounds. That was the narrower viewpoint.

Milton wrote these words a short time before the founding of the Royal Society:

"We should be wary therefore what persecutions we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the breath of Reason itself; slays an Immortality rather than a life."

That is the wider, higher view.

Dr. Etienne Gilson of Paris said, at the Harvard Tercentary celebration:—

"Our only hope is therefore in a widely-spread revival of the Greek and mediæval principle that *truth, morality, social justice and beauty, are necessary* and universal in their own right. Should philosophers, scientists, artists make up their minds to teach it, and if necessary to preach it in time and out of time, it would become known again that there is a spiritual order of realities whose absolute right it is to judge even the State, and eventually to free us from its oppression. Such was the essential nature of mediæval universalism; such also are the main reasons why it still is so meaningful for us.

No nations, no races, no learned bodies have anything to lose by favouring such an attitude."

and he added:—

"After losing our common faith, our common philosophy and our common art, we are in great danger of losing even our common science and exchanging it for state-controlled dogmas."

He may well have been thinking of the words of the German Minister of Education at Heidelberg, at Christmas 1935, when he said it was superficial to speak of science "as such" as a common property of mankind, equally accessible to all peoples and classes, and offering them all an equal field of work, since the negro and the Jew view the world in a different way from the German investigator. I have found no friendly echo to such a sentiment in any academic centre in the United States.

May it not be in this matter of the universality of learning and the importance of academic freedom that a revival of an old faith is overdue. It is not really known what caused the decay of the great civilizations of the past. Is it not so sure that ours, the product of so short a span of time, will not perish as quickly as it has arisen? Servants of the truth in the Arts and Sciences have been all too prone, in Europe at any rate, to regard themselves as a reserved and privileged caste—outside the rowdy turmoil of the every-day political world. This crisis has overtaken the men of learning in the third Reich with the suddenness of a great convulsion of nature: but, unlike earthquakes and floods, it is contagious, spreading from one nation to another.

Devoted scholars, investigators and committee-men are forwarding this work in the United States at much sacrifice of means and energy, in an endeavour to ensure that good work shall go on and the university not be allowed to degenerate from being the institutional expression of free science to becoming a political, robot-factory, the drudge of the dictators. Science is supra-national, and the universities, if need be, led

by the English-speaking centres, must form themselves into a community of free learning knowing no frontiers, showing themselves to be worthy of this supra-national trust.

One point in conclusion. In a number of countries—Turkey (where a hundred German and Austrian scholars had been re-established nearly five hundred years after the sack of Constantinople), Japan and Spain, for instance—able men of learning are being forced under economic pressure from the missionaries of the culture of the Reich to abandon their posts and lose their means of livelihood. Should not this prove an admirable opportunity for the United States and Britain jointly to initiate and finance an International Committee of Protection to formulate representations for the preservation of academic freedom and incidentally to correlate all activities in this field of the intellectual refugees of the world?

INTERREGNUM

BY GWENDOLEN MERRIN

All fears are dead. We garner happiness
The quick may never know. Some even quail
Before our beautiful estate, nor guess

Our utter bliss. Here are no lips to pale
At printed word, no heart to cringe below
A sky wherefrom the swiftest weapons wail.

No harm can pierce our peace. The seasons go
Without us marking them, and the gray slate
Of memory is crushed—for winds to blow

To living things, so that the trees relate
With quiet sibilance at night, the deep,
The true, unresting thoughts that God or fate
Gave us for jewels of mind, jewels to keep
Throughout that day we lived to rule and reap.

Life is within our dust, resting. Between
Long flights the tern comes to the earth for rest.
The iris sheds her crown, her robes of green,
And through her sleep, her small brown body pressed
Against the soil, her magic lives, and old,
So old her aura, worn when newly dressed.

Life is within our dust. Though it be cold
And gray, the stars continually revive
It by their light: arrows of red and gold
And green with gentle penetration drive
Us through with dream. And we are comforted.
Though dark the house and still, we are alive.
When through the rooms just now a harp note fled,
Something responded from the transient dead.

STEELING HEARTS AGAINST THE AGGRESSORS

BY A. E. PRINCE

THE most startling development in British foreign policy since the World War has recently taken place. An attitude of passive acquiescence in the expansionist activities of Germany, Italy and Japan has been suddenly and sharply changed to one of active resistance. Appeasement has been virtually abandoned for outright challenge to any further smash and grab tactics by the gangster Axis Powers. Non-intervention has given way to far-reaching commitments of economic and military sanctions to be imposed on aggressor states; a vital and bold effort has been launched to promote a grand defensive alliance amongst the threatened states of central and eastern Europe. This dramatic change of policy was announced on March 31 to a hushed House of Commons when the British Prime Minister pledged Britain to go to war if the independence of distant Poland was menaced to such a degree that the Polish Government "considers it vital to resist with their national forces"; the statement was greeted with almost unanimous approving cheers. As an earnest of the determination to implement this promise to Poland and similar promises to other nations willing to joint the new Anti-Hitler bloc, Mr. Chamberlain broke away from the age-old British tradition of voluntary military service and declared in favour of conscription; an act for the compulsory enlistment of men between 20 and 21 years of age is being passed, although stoutly opposed in labour and other circles. A new expeditionary force for the Continent is being prepared.

This amazing reversal of British policies was precipitated by Hitler's annexation of Czechoslovakia, whilst the German jackal threw aside contemptuously the morsel of Carpatho-Ukraine to be swallowed by Hungary. In the space of one

short crowded year Hitler had extended the frontier of the German Reich for the third time. Will history record this rolling of Swastika troops into Prague not as a real advance but as a fateful set-back to a career of aggression? Is it akin to the brutal rape of Spain by Napoleon in 1808 at the zenith of his power, which gave rise to the exhausting "Spanish ulcer" and an insurgence of popular nationalisms? The scales everywhere fell off men's eyes as it became plainly evident that the French dictator was not so much championing the national social ideas of the democratic French Revolution as aiming at the militarist, autocratic domination of Europe. This consciousness roused an intense national awakening of the people of Spain, Portugal, Stein's Germany, Russia and Austria, as also Britain with her decisive instrument of sea-power—and the surging flood of resistance to aggression swept away Napoleon with his vaulting ambitions, and left him like driftwood on the barren isle of St. Helena. In retrospective exile he mused, "I embarked very badly on the Spanish affair, I confess; the immorality of it was too patent, the injustice too cynical." Will Hitler some day have to rue the absorption of Czechoslovakia, as Bonaparte did Spain's? In *Mein Kampf* Hitler severely castigated the old Hohenzollern regime for its criminal blunder in making foes of both Russia and England. He has continually stated that Germany should be prepared to make almost any sacrifice to retain the friendship of Britain. Last September at Munich it seemed that Britain was ready to make almost any sacrifice to retain the friendship of Germany. But Hitler's appetite for Lebensraum grows by what it feeds upon, and he would not for his part sacrifice the desire—or necessity—to march on Prague, and make a meal of Bohemia and Moravia. As a result, by April of this year, Britain inaugurated two intimately related revolutions, one in foreign policy abandoning appeasement and one in domestic affairs, the introduction of conscription. In his Reichstag

speech of April 28th, Hitler sensed the icy change in psychological climate when he declared that "War against Germany is taken for granted in that country (Britain)."

Let us examine in more detail this momentous new phase in British foreign policy. Britain's foreign policy is perforce grounded on the consideration of a few essential points. First of all is the capacity to back up effectively a particular trend of policy, if needs be, in the "bloody arbitrament of war." A government cannot indulge in the quixotry of tilting at wind-mills; it requires heavy cannon not a wooden lance which will break in its hand if it embarks on the task of battering down a formidable obstacle. The primary consideration is the condition of the armed forces, the army, navy and air force, for purposes of defence and offence. Linked up with this is the second factor, the state of preparedness among the civilian population to cope with the dread menace of air attack. The third is public morale, the strength and degree of unanimity of public opinion throughout the nation on the issues which may involve them in war. The fourth point is concerned with the position of the Dominions and colonies, their state of defence and public opinion in regard to these issues and their share of participation in a potential conflict. The fifth is the condition of military and psychological preparedness in the allies of Britain, and the circumstances which would promote the widening of the circle of allies; in this latter connection the possibility of the economic and even military co-operation of the United States is a factor of the greatest significance.

There will be hot controversy for many years to come as to whether in view of all the above considerations the British Government was justified in the course it took in the Sudeten Czechoslovak crisis; but possibly most Britishers in the Old Country and in the Dominions would agree with the verdict of many independent outside observers like the American Mal-lory Browne that "it would have been difficult, not to say

impossible, for Britain to pursue any other policy than that which Mr Chamberlain followed at Munich last September." During that crisis Britain was found to be scandalously backward in preparedness for war among the armed forces with the exception of the navy. The army was too small and only two divisions were ready to move to the Continent. Changes in tactical doctrine mirrored in new forms of organization had caught it in a state of flux. The air force, whilst very efficient in various respects, and in training and command perhaps the best in Europe, was woefully inadequate in the supply of planes, especially to replace the heavy initial wastage. British industry without more controls could not compete with the well-integrated industry of Germany in these replacements of machines: thus Britain was producing scarcely 100 planes per month, whilst Germany turned out four times that number. The anti-aircraft defence arrangements were disgracefully inept even in the case of London itself; the Governor of Gibraltar has admitted that this fortress was guarded by merely two out-of-date anti-aircraft guns. The measures devised for protection of the civilian population were tragically limited in scope and in efficiency: were not many of the gas-masks "made in Germany"? Prior to the eve of the Czech crisis a mass of people had treated the Air Raids Precaution Movement as an official joke.

The position of the Dominion in relation to the Old Country was another factor which had sundry elements of doubt, although there was an inspiring rally to the side of Britain when Hitler spurned the Godesberg terms. But the internal racial and political problems complicating the situation in Ireland, South Africa and Canada raised uncomfortable questions with regard to possible internecine dissensions; in any case the provisions for military defence and the dispatch of effective aid abroad were somewhat rudimentary. The difficulties in India and the seething unrest in Palestine

coupled with the dangers from a militant Moslem world seduced by Italian propaganda were grave sources of anxiety.

Moreover Britain's chief ally, France, had been weakened by political factionalism and serious economic discontent arising out of Blum's New Deal. The army was in fine fettle and the navy strength fairly efficient. But airplane production could only turn out a miserly 60 monthly. Defence for the civil population was almost as scandalously inadequate in France as in England; there was an alarming lack of gas-masks in Paris. What effective aid could be expected from Russia, the ally of France and Czechoslovakia, in view of the Soviet "purges" and Far Eastern distractions?

Lastly there was the paramount consideration of public opinion and the morale of Britain, her Dominions and her allies. In all these quarters there was a sharp difference of opinion as to the moral justice of "fighting to keep 3,000,000 Sudeten Germans from being German." There has been a strong and numerous group in every country which has revolted against many of the harsh terms imposed upon prostrate Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. Admiring the German people and their magnificent cultural achievements in the past, they have envisaged a better world-order in which Germany would take her rightful part in a true comity of nations. Whilst deploring and abhorring the Nazi ideology and its anti-democratic, anti-Semitic excesses, they have clung to the hope that once Treaty grievances were redressed and equality recognized, Hitler would rest content within the boundaries of a restored Germany; a new equilibrium in Europe might be established; in the meantime the extremist forms of economic and political nationalisms might be modified in a warmer, more friendly atmosphere between all the nations: freer access to all markets, colonial problems and the like might be adjusted. "Appeasement" might possibly bring the blessings of peace to a hate-riven world. The action of

Mr. Chamberlain in recoiling from war last September was not the defeatist impulse of an "old man" whose brain and moral fibre was softening. It crystallised the deep longings of countless fathers and mothers in Germany and Italy no less than in Britain itself who had experienced the horrors of war in the years 1914-8 and yearned to save the present generation from a far more terrible holocaust.

Mr. Chamberlain's activities were not those of the sinister Fascist capitalistic intriguer who out-Machiavellied Machiavelli in stage-managing all those insincere mercy-flights and false-bottom negotiations whilst he was complacently "selling Czechoslovakia down the river" to his fellow-Fascist Hitler—according to the cynical, mendacious, tendencious versions of Anglophobe isolationist commentators like Frederick Schuman. Mr. Chamberlain may be the target for fair criticism for his errors of judgment; with regard to his personal and official contacts with Hitler it is perfectly legitimate for commentators to aver that he completely misjudged the Germans and reposed trust in a man who cannot be trusted. But most Britishers resent the crude imputation against Chamberlain of satanic turpitude of character and heartless hypocritical duplicity. Few men in all history can have been faced with a more appalling dilemma, as it appeared to him, a choice between immediate world war and the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia. In a bedevilled world it is often necessary to choose between two evils; he chose the lesser rather than the greater evil. It meant for him distress of mind and anguish of soul—Perhaps before he lays down the seals of office he may do something to restore the Czechoslovakia he felt forced to leave in the lurch.

For in addition to the five considerations already mentioned as basic in British foreign policy there are two other principles, one that appeals particularly to Foreign Office officials and diplomats, that of the Balance of Power, and another that has a wider constituency, the championship of

the democratic way of life. Away back in 1907 Sir Eyre Crowe, Permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, defined the fundamentals of British policy in a classic State Paper which has only recently been published. In part it reads as follows: "The national policy of the insular and naval state (Britain) is so directed as to harmonize with the general desires and ideals common to all mankind, and more particularly that it is closely identified with the primary and vital interests of a majority, or as many as possible, of the other nations. Now the first interest of all countries is the preservation of national independence. It follows that England, more than any other non-insular Power, has a direct and positive interest in the maintenance of the independence of nations, and therefore must be the natural enemy of any country threatening the independence of others, and the natural protector of the weaker communities.

Second only to the ideal of independence, nations have always cherished the right of free intercourse and trade in the world's markets, and in proportion as England champions the principle of the largest measure of general freedom of commerce, she undoubtedly strengthens her hold on the interested friendship of other nations.

History shows that the danger threatening the independence of this or that nation has generally risen, at least in part, out of the momentary predominance of a neighbouring State at once militarily powerful, economically efficient, and ambitious to extend its frontiers or spread its influence, the danger being directly proportionate to the degree of its power and efficiency, and to the spontaneity or 'inevitableness' of its ambitions. The only check on the abuse of political predominance derived from such a position has always consisted in the opposition of an equally formidable rival, or a combination of several countries forming leagues of defence. The equilibrium established by such a grouping of forces is technically known as the Balance of Power, and it has become almost an his-

torical truism to identify England's secular policy with the maintenance of this balance by throwing her weight now in this scale and now in that, but ever on the side opposed to the political dictatorship of the strongest single State or group at a given time. If this view of British policy is correct, the opposition into which England must inevitably be driven to any country aspiring to such a dictatorship assumes almost the form of a law of nature."

This secret official brief by Sir Eyre Crowe admirably summarizes the main principles of British policy which have been at work during the forty years since it was written. Couched as it is in the diplomatic language relating to realist national "interests," the document evokes overtones of a wider idealism, e.g. in its reference to "the general desires and ideals common to mankind." Maybe we can enlarge these allusions as implications of "the democratic way of life." In respect to these basic lines of British foreign policy, Mr. Chamberlain must have had grave anxiety of mind in making the Munich settlement. Was England now standing for "the maintenance of the independence of nations" as the "natural enemy of any country threatening the independence of others, and the natural protector of weaker communities"? Was England championing democracy when she acquiesced in the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the only great democracy in central Europe, the "fallen bastion" which had guarded Eastern Europe against German aggression?

The situation nowadays has radically changed from that of last September in respect to the seven factors of British foreign policy sketched above. First the state of the armed forces has been greatly improved. Naval ship-building has been accelerated and expanded; some 25 capital ships will carry the White Ensign before long; new warships are being delivered at the rate of one a week. More "controls" are exercised over industry to facilitate increased production of war materials. Measures such as the creation of a Ministry

of Supply will advance this aim. As a result it is estimated that Britain is now turning out over 400 planes monthly, and in cooperation with France and American supplies soon will rival the output of the Axis Powers. Anti-aircraft defence has been completely overhauled, and gaping leakages stopped up. Plans for a more adequate protection of the civilian population have been put into operation: thus by April 280,000 steel shelters had been provided for over 1,500,000 people; the driving force of men like Sir John Anderson as Minister of Civil Defence has been harnessed to the public service. Above all the introduction of conscription in conjunction with the reorganisation of territorial units has demonstrated that Britain "means business" and is ready to implement her new commitments in Eastern Europe by sending to the Continent an expeditionary force of at least 19 divisions of 300,000 men. The Dominions are at long last awakening to the perils in the world situation and are increasing their local defence establishments—not so rapidly and effectively in Canada as many would wish. The France of today is a very different France from that of September. The extension of semi-dictatorial powers to M. Daladier and the trend toward more centralized control of industry and labour in France as in Britain, is enabling the democracies to offset the advantages of totalitarian integration of national resources in war preparation amongst the Axis Powers. The loss of Czechoslovak support is however on the debit side.

Above all there is the amazing change in the morale of the peoples in Britain, the Dominions, the United States and other parts of the globe. After Munich Herr Hitler had a priceless opportunity of enlightened statesmanship, to share in the creation of a finer and better world-order. He let it slip. Egged on by the Ribbentrops and reliant on his mystic "Star," he has deliberately continued on the march of aggression he had mapped out in *Mein Kampf*, and has signalled his determination to strike for the hegemony of Europe—and

possibly other regions across the ocean. To what extent the internal weaknesses of the economic structure of the Third Reich have contributed towards that fateful decision is a matter of conjecture. The acquisition of Austria and Sudeten Czechoslovakia may have added little to the amelioration of domestic conditions, and indeed in some regards have aggravated them. At any rate he resumed his brutal attacks on the Jews. He annexed Memel, and then on the momentous Ides of March he marched into Prague. Undoubtedly he made significant material gains in the 500,000,000 marks gold deposits, military equipment, industrial and munition plants, natural resources and the like. But his predecessor the acute Bismarck was alive to the importance of the "imponderables." This action of Mr. Hitler's shocked public opinion as no previous action on his part had done, and caused the closing of ranks which had formerly been divided. Champions of appeasement including members of the so-called Clevenden Set severely denounced Hitler. He had obviously abandoned his policy of racialism when he incorporated some 7,000,000 non-German Czechs under his "protectoring" care. Sheer, naked aggression was to be the *leitmotif* of his course of policy. The technique of limited objectives, the use of preparatory abusive propaganda and the lightning stroke was to be employed successively against threatened areas. Poland was apparently selected for the first victim, as Rumania had bowed to force majeure and concluded a trade treaty with the Reich.

But at this juncture Poland backed by Britain stiffened, and as already mentioned Mr. Chamberlain pledged support to Poland. The significance of this new phase in British foreign policy can hardly be over-emphasised. With the exception of the abortive guarantee to Czechslovakia after Munich, this seems to be only the second time in modern history (the first being the century-old alliance with Portugal) that Britain has single-handed guaranteed another nation's independence, as distinct from collective guarantees like the

League Covenant and the 1839 pledge of Belgium's neutrality. It is the more remarkable because it applies to a country located outside its Western European sphere of interest. On April 3, Chamberlain indicated that this pledge to Poland was only one link in a chain of similar promises to countries that are "unhappy, anxious and uncertain about Germany's future intentions." Rapid-fire negotiations have resulted in such guarantees to Rumania, Greece and in the important agreement with Turkey, controlling the Dardanelles and access to the Black Sea and Russia. Britain is resolutely combatting the strong German economic penetration of the Balkans by the negotiation of trade treaties and the offer of "defence" loans. The formation of a mighty "Stop-Hitler" bloc however calls for the cooperation of Soviet Russia. But Rumania and Poland fear Bolshevik Russia almost as much as Nazi Germany, whilst influential circles in the British Government are reluctant to conclude a thoroughgoing military alliance with a long distrusted Russia.

The cardinal principle of the Balance of Power undoubtedly indicates a policy of active opposition to Germany now demonstrably aiming at predominance, a State "at once militarily powerful, economically efficient and ambitious to extend its frontiers or spread its influences." But the danger that a defeated, prostrate Germany might dissolve in anarchy and that Bolshevism might extend its frontier and spread its influence throughout Central and Eastern Europe and Russia then become predominant is an eventuality which gives some pause to Mr. Chamberlain. Moreover in Britain's championship of democracy, it does not relish this cooperation with the totalitarian U.S.S.R. Yet nowadays she is seeking her new allies in the authoritarian regimes of Poland, Rumania, Greece and Turkey. Differences of ideology must not be allowed to interfere with the prosecution of the movement to meet the present peril of Hitler.

At the moment of writing the Anglo-Soviet negotiations have reached a deadlock. Nevertheless a notable feature of the developments since Munich climaxed by the seizure of Prague has been the rapprochement with the great democracy of the United States. There is no doubt that President Roosevelt and the Secretariate of State are wholeheartedly in favour of an intimate association with the European western democracies; in effect he does incline to the view that the frontier of American democracy is on the Rhine, if not on the Vistula and Danube. Of course he is hampered by the traditional American foreign policy of non-entanglement, complicated by personal and party factious opposition. But such thermometers of American public opinion as the Gallup poll surveys abundantly testify to the remarkable change of attitude of the people with regard to the possibility of active participation in a European conflict, or at least of the offer of a substantial aid to the menaced democracies in the form of material supplies by a modification of the Neutrality Act. The dramatic and timely appeal of Mr. Roosevelt to Hitler and Mussolini on April 15 was greeted in the U.S.A. with a degree of unanimity which was extremely gratifying. It sought to dispel any illusion the dictators might have respecting the non-participation of the U.S.A. in a general war, whilst it proffered to them the hope of economic readjustments through American cooperation. The new Pope Pius XII too has been making soundings with the hope of mediation and the prevention of further aggression. If Hitler precipitates war, he may well find that the moral forces of the vast organization of the Roman Catholic Church may be thrown into the scale against him.

Almost everywhere there is a steeling of hearts against the aggressors. It is questionable whether Hitler's colleague, Mussolini, has made any effective gains by his invasion of little Albania on Good Friday last. Assuredly this land is a spear-point directed against Greece and Yugoslavia, which

has had something to do with the increasing influence of the Axis Powers in the latter country. But this seizure of a predominantly Moslem State will have disillusioned many in the Islamic world who were accepting Italy's protestations as the defender of Islam against the exploiting British and French imperialisms. The alliance with Ismet's Turkey and the suggested settlement in Palestine moreover may reassure the Arabs and help to avert a possible "Jihad," a Holy war, against the democratic "Giaours." In other directions the stiffening of Britain and France has had an electrifying effect on the smaller states who had long been looking for some sign of leadership by the great democracies in a challenge to aggression. Thus the elections in Belgium on April 2 saw a set-back to the Fascist Rexists in favour of the centre parties. Hope is in the ascendant. In face of the projected formidable Grand Alliance of states opposed to Hitler and Mussolini, the latter may desist from aggression—for the time at least—or Hitler may precipitate war on the Danzig issue or some other pretext. The problem may be resolved before this article reaches print. Many bitter critics of Mr. Chamberlain prophesy a third course of action, another Munich "settlement." This eventuality seems almost unthinkable to most Britishers, who believe in peace at almost any price but not peace at any price. Today the British people, although as eager as ever to preserve peace, are keyed up and ready as never before to fight, if compelled to do so. Not once or twice in Britain's story has she led in a crusade against aggressors, like Louis XIV, Napoleon and William Hohenzollern; on occasion she has been left single-handed to carry on the struggle. But in the end she has triumphed, ensuring not only her own existence and way of life, but democracy and peace everywhere. She has rigorously scanned the records of her past in a *Recessional* mood; there are some actions she deplores and would like to forget. But she faces a darkling future, perhaps ordeal by battle, clear-eyed and undaunted.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

PHILOSOPHY

THE ANALECTS OF CONFUCIUS. Translated and annotated by Arthur Waley. Toronto: Thos. Nelson. Pp. 268. \$3.00.

The great Chinese philosopher and moralist belongs to the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. He therefore antedates Socrates by about a century. Like Socrates he was surrounded by many disciples, and in both cases the Master's portrait has suffered somewhat as painted by the pupils. There are many interesting resemblances between the two sages. Both were instructors of youth, and both aimed at cultivating the virtues most essential for a successful and lasting commonwealth. Both are known to us chiefly through later writings of enthusiastic followers. Both experienced the bitterness of rejection at the hands of those whom they would have served, though the Greek fared worse at the hands of his countrymen than the Chinese.

The "Analects" are a collection of the sayings of the Chinese sage made long after his death. To the authentic sayings are added many which come from his disciples and some are even from sources hostile to Confucius. By way of comparison one thinks of the literary structure of the Old Testament book of Proverbs and its connection with Solomon. When it comes to real interest, however, there is no comparison. Even Mr. Waley admits in his preface "The present book is somewhat dry and technical in character." The Proverbs of Solomon are not technical and they are never dry. A western reader will find these *dissecta membra* of Confucius' teaching uninteresting and often quite futile. The Orientalist, however, will be grateful to Mr. Waley for this English version of some of the teachings of this "private person who trained the sons of gentlemen in the virtues proper to a member of the ruling classes".

H. A. K.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

HISTORY AND THE GOSPEL. By C. H. Dodd. Nisbet. 6/-.

ST. PAUL AND THE CHURCH OF THE GENTILES. By W. L. Knox. Cambridge University Press. 15/-.

THE EARLY EUCHARIST. By F. L. Cirlot. S.P.C.K. 12/6.

AMOR DEI. By John Burnaby. Hodder & Stoughton. 10/6.

THE ORIGINS OF THE REFORMATION. By James Mackinnon. Longmans, Green. 16/-.

THE PROTESTANT CRUSADE. By R. A. Billington. Macmillan. 21/-.

Can a religion that claims to be for all time and all nations rest securely upon a basis of "history"? Are not the events of the past mere contingencies, unable and unworthy to sustain eternal

truth? Is there any event of the past which can be proved beyond all cavil to have happened? A certain scepticism among the historians and a lack of finality in the findings of historical critics has inevitably led to attempts to free the Christian Gospel from the entanglements of its early historical beginnings and to set it forth in forms beyond the reach of question on the ground of historicity. On the other hand, "suffered under Pontius Pilate", a definite historical event at a definite moment in a definite place, is seen by the Church to be integral to her Gospel. The Crucifixion, moreover, is not open to sober doubt. But what beyond this is sure? The Resurrection? The alleged sayings of our Lord? What assurance can we have that in the light of modern criticism we know anything securely about the Founder of Christianity and about Christian origins? It is with these burning questions that Professor Dodd deals in his lectures delivered in the United States last year. He offers us a more philosophical treatment than in *The Apostolic Preaching* and much learned argument in a very readable form. The book, which comes from, perhaps, the foremost New Testament scholar in the English-speaking world, is profoundly reassuring: it will keep the interest as well as fortify the faith of educated laymen no less than of technical theologians.

Canon Knox's new book on the Pauline epistles flows along so pleasantly, so learnedly and yet so urbanely—a happy conflation of Oxford wit and Cambridge scholarship—that the reader is almost beguiled into an interest in the phantasmagoria of Jewish-Hellenistic speculation in the first century of our era. Previous writers have sought to represent the apostle Paul either as an out-and-out Hellenist, who translated the primitive Gospel into a Gentile world of thought, or as one whose mind moved always—in spite of a few literary lapses into pagan vocabulary—within the circle of Old Testament ideas. Canon Knox maintains that St. Paul's knowledge of Greek philosophy was of the most superficial kind, but he was prepared to use any language that came to hand for the expression of his Christian thought; consistency of phraseology was no concern to him, and he was deeply affected by the type of Gnosticism which had arisen from Jewish attempts to Hellenize the Jewish faith. The second epistle to the Corinthians "is largely devoted to a complete revision of Pauline eschatology in a Hellenistic sense". Again, "the effect of the Colossian controversy . . . was to substitute philosophy for homiletics as the basis of Christian preaching . . . Whether he realized it or not, he had committed the Church to the theology of Nicaea". Of the greatness of St. Paul's achievement Canon Knox has no doubt. "In one sense he had turned Christianity into a mystery-religion, for he had not hesitated to express it in terms of that Hellenistic cosmogony which was the general form in which the cults of his time were adjusting themselves to the needs of the age." On the other hand, "his trans-

formation of Christianity from a system of Jewish apocalyptic, with a purely local and temporary appeal, into a religion of salvation by faith in the historical Jesus as the first-born of all creation was essential if Christianity was to survive and to conquer the world". This is no book for beginners, but it is a work of great distinction as well as of great erudition.

Dr. F. L. Cirlot is a young American scholar whose first book deserves a friendly welcome. The early history of the Eucharist is a field not unworked by previous scholars, but "often I seem to find writers putting on a particular piece of evidence the minimum interpretation it will bear, when a slightly later piece of evidence suggests very strongly that it should actually receive an interpretation very much nearer the equally possible maximum. I hold that it is not 'reading back' to interpret earlier evidence in the light of later, provided only that certain rather obvious conditions are fulfilled". To staunch Protestants this method of approach will seem highly temerarious, but certainly it is legitimate when used scientifically, and it should not be shunned for fear of its conclusions.

Of the Cambridge Hulsean Lectures called *Amor Dei* it is difficult to write too warmly. English literature has recently been enriched by several studies of St. Augustine. First there came *A Monument to St. Augustine* in 1930, a series of essays by distinguished Roman Catholic scholars, written in commemoration of the saint's fifteenth centenary; this dealt primarily with St. Augustine as philosopher, sociologist and man of letters. It was followed in 1932 by a translation of Professor Karl Adam's *Saint Augustine, the Odyssey of his Soul*. In 1936 appeared a translation of a *florilegium* from the saint's writings put together by the poet and wayward philosopher, Erich Przywara, called *An Augustine Synthesis*. Now we are given a careful, critical and learned study of St. Augustine's "mysticism", his doctrine of the love of God. With Protestants faith has usually meant *fides salvifica* or 'saving faith'; the love of God, therefore, has been subsumed under trust in God. To Roman Catholics 'faith' means usually a virtue of the intellect; the love of God, therefore, has been, as it were, set free and treated by itself as the first commandment. Many reading this book by Mr. Burnaby will feel that a life-giving stream is beginning to flow once again through the aridities of theologic speculation. This is theology with a difference — the difference being that it is wholly concerned with the love of God. This is the kind of theology that points the way to a revival of passionate religion.

Dr. James Mackinnon, Regius Professor-Emeritus of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh, is an historian of wide fame and great erudition. In this book he sets himself to tell of the various movements, political, social, economic, intellectual as

well as religious and moral, that led up to the Reformation. In these days when common persecution and the pressure of a widespread secularism is driving closer together the long sundered Christian forces, we may the more eagerly welcome the retelling of the story of the events and thoughts which led to the great schism in the sixteenth century.

We turn to two welcome American contributions to Church History. Professor Haller's book, as becomes a work on the Puritan tradition, enjoys the sub-title *The Way to the New Jerusalem as set forth in Pulpit and Press from Thomas Cartwright to John Lilburne and John Milton, 1570-1643*. The author has steeped himself in the smaller literature of Puritanism. Setting on one side, for the most part, the immense prolixities of the great divines in their more formal tomes, he has "turned to the sermons, popular expositions of doctrine, spiritual biographies and manuals of godly behaviour in which Puritan preachers ever since the early days of Elizabeth had been telling the people what they must do to be saved". The bibliographical notes alone cover some thirty pages and would in themselves provide matter for a superb essay from an Augustine Birrell. Here is a rich and largely unworked mine in a field the importance of which is better recognized to-day than in recent years.

Professor Billington likewise bases himself for the most part on the popular literature of his times. He has told vividly and learnedly the amazing story of the treatment of the Roman Catholics by the Protestants in the United States from 1800 to 1860. No Protestant, I suppose, would admit that it is a tale of shocking and dishonourable "persecution", but this in any other context would be the inevitable word. The mob violence, the "immorality trials", the pornographical literature, the fanaticism remind the reader of the treatment of the Roman Church in Germany under Adolf Hitler—with this great difference that in America the State, as represented by the magistracy and the police, did not connive at, or participate in, the "persecution". The main contentions of the Protestants were "that Catholicism was not Christianity but an idolatrous religion, the ascendancy of which would plunge the world into infidelity; secondly, that Popery was by nature irreconcilable with the democratic institutions of the United States . . . and, thirdly, that the accepted moral standards of the Catholic church would be suicidal to the best interests both of Protestantism and the nation". Protestants have mended their manners if not their opinions in recent decades. The bibliography covers nearly sixty pages.

N. M.

FICTION

THIS NETTLE, DANGER. By Philip Gibbs. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. Pp. 410. \$2.50.

Even though this book takes the form of a novel, it is really a discussion of European events and British foreign policy in the last few years. Sir Philip Gibbs has done this sort of thing several times before, and knows how to write the kind of fiction in which real and vital events and policies are illustrated by types of characters among the Nationals of the countries concerned. The plot is unimportant, and the characters, though well drawn, are not the main concern. There is a correspondent of a New York paper, who goes to London, and finds his original liberal and League of Nations ideas, with his tendency to a theoretical criticism of England, somewhat modified by European affairs, as he actually sees them to be. His opposite in the book is the daughter of an English peer, whose conservative and unduly pro-German attitude is also changed by the logic of events in Germany, especially after Munich. Subsidiary characters, by their conversations and recorded thoughts, give a detailed picture of the complicated issues, fears and feelings leading to the Munich crisis.

The title refers to Mr. Chamberlain's quotation from *Henry IV*, spoken in the plane on the way to Munich, and is used with sympathy. The author shows, as he always has done, a desire to be impartial, but his own mind is in no doubt as to where the people of Great Britain stand. As a whole the book is an able and absorbingly interesting summary of the past two years from the average English point of view.

E. H. W.

GOODBYE TO BERLIN. By Christopher Isherwood. (The Hogarth Press). Toronto: Longman's, Green & Co. 1939. Pp. 317. \$2.00.

In *Goodbye to Berlin* Christopher Isherwood continues his account of the Berlin of pre-Hitler days, begun in *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*. One section of the book, 'Sally 'Bowles', has already been published as a separate volume. *Goodbye to Berlin* deals with that period of the author's life when he was earning his livelihood as a tutor in the German capital. Poverty and inclination led him to live in the cheapest boarding houses and mingle almost exclusively with the poorer classes. The people whom he knew are well described; the author's range is wide and his analyses of character suggestive and often acute. The tone of the book is objective and impersonal throughout. One would wish, perhaps, to know more about the author himself, but he remains in the background. " 'Christopher Isherwood' is a convenient ventriloquist's dummy, nothing more."

Isherwood has, fortunately, avoided the danger of appearing wise after the event; there are occasional descriptions of Jew-baitings and clashes between Nazis and Communists, but little to suggest that either Isherwood or his Berlin friends were aware, in 1932, of the fact that Germany was nearing the cross-roads. The author's sole purpose, admirably achieved, has been to re-create the people and the atmosphere of a period only a few years removed from to-day in time, but centuries, one feels, in spirit.

E. A. M.

WRITING—OLD AND NEW

WRITING AND ACTION: A DOCUMENTARY ANTHOLOGY.

Compiled and edited by Mary Palmer. Toronto: George Allen & Unwin, Limited, 1938. Pp. 349. \$2.75.

NEW WRITING, SERIES ONE. Edited by John Lehmann, with the assistance of Stephen Spender and Christopher Isherwood. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company, 1938. Pp. 240. \$1.85.

NEW WRITING, SERIES TWO. Edited by John Lehmann, with the assistance of Stephen Spender and Christopher Isherwood. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company, 1939. Pp. 248. \$1.85.

Writing and Action contains seventy-six documents and speeches liberal in spirit, reasonable in tone and persuasive in result. They illustrate well the effectiveness of the clear, honest, earnest communication of important ideas, ranging all the way from More's pictures of an ideal society to Hogben's exposition of scientific humanism, freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent. Among the noblest specimens of protest against social, clerical and political oppression to be found here are the two passages from Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*; the two from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*; Parker's discussion of ship money; Milton's plea for a free press; Winstanley's apology for the Diggers; Harrington's view of government and Glanvill's of science; Locke's and Jeremy Taylor's censures of persecution for opinion; Young's, Cobbett's and Owen's defences of the rights of labour; Hall's examination of the causes of war; Macaulay's and Lecky's remarks on the Jewish problem; Huxley's idea of education for the masses; and Laski's interpretation of liberalism. As Bentham reminds us, "A system that is never to be censured, will never be improved." The history of civilization is indeed the history of reform, and the need for reform must always rouse generous minds and eloquent spirits.

Tradition and experiment in any art are necessary complements. Indeed, experiment is a part of tradition, that growth and

vitality may continue. But innovators run these risks: they may not know tradition well enough to experiment 'historically' and may thus mistake blind alleys for beckoning highways; in their desire to be modern and truly contemporary, they may become merely modernistic; and because of their commendable determination to extend the boundaries of artistic expression they may persuade themselves that a 'new' technique represents a permanent revolution. Maintaining this, they may become more conservative than the die-hard traditionalist.

Many of the specimens of the new writing in Mr. Lehmann's anthologies manage themselves too anxiously to suggest artistic sincerity. The style is forced and the writers often hag-ridden—the hag in these cases being fear of life as something sterile and futile. These young men (there are few women represented) are nervously clever in their neat descriptive notations and their staccato code-tappings. Their cramped two-dimensional whimpering film-realism does not make for beauty, wisdom or delight, but ends, as it begins, in a mood of stark frustration. Apart from one or two of W. H. Auden's poems, perhaps the best things included are *The Rescue*, by Anna Seghers; *A Man and a Woman*, by Louis Guilloux; *Story with a Footnote*, by Nikolai Tikhonov; *The Sappers*, by E. Fernandez; *Malaga has Fallen*, by T. C. Worsley; *No Use Blaming Him*, by Leslie Halward; *Tabusse and the Powers*, by André Chamson; *The Informer*, by Bertolt Brecht; and *Seven Frontiers*, by F. C. Weiskopf.

G. H. C.

JOURNALISM

A SECOND HELPING OF NEWSPAPER PIECES. By Thomas B. Robertson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 157. \$1.00.

The late Mr. Robertson, assistant editor of *The Winnipeg Free Press*, was well known to western newspaper readers and to his fellow-pressmen. He wrote lightly and confidently on many topics, was often interesting and sometimes amusing, but his casual writing has hardly earned either the first or this second effort of his admirers to give it more permanent form. It is merely good journalese, having a dash of satire and a companionable vivacity. He himself would have been the last to suggest authority in either his substance or his style.

G. H. C.

PSYCHOLOGY

CIVILIZATION, WAR AND DEATH. Selections from three works by Sigmund Freud. Edited by John Rickman, M.D. London: Hogarth Press and Institute of Psychoanalysis. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. Pp. viii+102. \$1.10.

SUPERSTITION AND SOCIETY. By R. Money-Kyrle. By the same publishers. 1939. Pp. x+163. \$1.35.

These are numbers three and four of the series *Psychoanalytic Epitomes*. The first, consisting of selections from Freud himself, is of great importance, which is, however, somewhat lessened by the author's characteristic exuberance. The second small volume is of no particular importance but may prove interesting to those unacquainted with psychoanalytic speculations on prehistoric society.

The claim is often made, particularly by those who have not read the writings of Freud himself, that Freud's system sets up a single motive as explanatory of all human conduct. This has never been strictly true. In the very early days of psychoanalysis Freud did indeed think of neurosis as caused by the conflict between the sexual motive and the claims of civilization. But the trouble was caused by the fact that there were other motives than the sexual one operating in the human being, and that they were strong enough to effect repression. The sexual side of the conflict was stressed alike by friends and enemies of the movement. The latter seemed to take, may one say, a perverse delight in their denunciations.

That was twenty years ago. Since that time Freud's views on the fundamental motives of human kind have undergone a complete change. The instincts, which operate unconsciously, are now grouped into two main classes. There is a group making for conservation, and including sex and self-preservation. There is an opposing group making for destruction, including urges towards aggressiveness and pugnacity. These are contrasted as life-giving Eros and death-dealing Thanatos. They are, he claims, inductions from clinical observations.

What of War? The whole problem is illuminated if, as Freud claims, there lies, deep down in the unconscious of each of us, a tremendous wish to destroy. For then the task must not be to eliminate human aggression. That cannot be done; one might as well propose to eliminate human arms because they may be used to wield bayonets, or human eyes, because they are necessary in order to lay guns. The task is rather to recognize aggression as an elemental urge and use it for the ends of society. Freud himself sounds rather hopeless about it; but if he is right, at least his is the enormous merit of uncovering the problem.

If Freud is right! Outside of a small band, which does not by any means include all 'orthodox' psychoanalysts, few people believe that he is. No professional psychologist of the academic type, whom the reviewer has met, believes that he is. Nor does the reviewer himself. Yet Freud has in the past often been right when we have all been wrong!

The book is well worth reading by those who are interested in the most fearful question that mankind has ever put to itself: Must man slaughter man?

It is not surprising to find that, as a follower of Freud, Mr. Money-Kyrle talks more about sex than does his master. The book is an enlargement and an account of Freud's theme that taboo, in both prehistoric and modern times, is akin to compulsion neurosis. Both have their roots in motives that are fundamentally unconscious, and which spring from the child's early emotional experiences. The compulsive neurotic finds himself forced to go through an elaborate ritual in order to protect himself from the guilty feelings which he has inherited from his childhood. So does the primitive. But the ceremonials of the primitive are ready made for him by tradition. Thus an elaborate washing ritual is often found in neurotics and also in primitive taboo-rituals. The idea is interesting, but the anthropology on which it is founded is not always above suspicion.

The two little books well illustrate the strength and weakness of the psychoanalytic approach. Perhaps because it lacks the magic of Freud, the second hardly convinces. The first almost convinces. Is this *because* of the magic of Freud?

G. H.

CLINICAL ASPECTS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Dr. René Laforgue. Translated from the French by Joan Hall. London: The Hogarth Press. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. Pp. 300. \$5.00.

Here are fourteen lectures on the technique of psychoanalytic treatment by the most eminent of French psychoanalysts. The expert will find little that is new, but much that is new in application. Perhaps the most interesting chapter concerns what Laforgue calls the Family Neurosis. Nervous trouble is highly contagious. Sometimes contagion goes so far as to compel hospitalization of both members of a married couple. This is the well-known *folie à deux*. More often, while things do not go as far as this, lesser types of mental disorder spread from one member of a family to others who would otherwise have remained perfectly healthy. Laforgue finds that when he cures one parent, the children may be cured without any contact with the physician. Thus the existence of nervous trouble in parents and children is not necessarily evidence of the hereditary nature of this scourge. Then

there is the interesting question as to why neurotic people often choose each other in marriage. It is because—but I will not spoil Dr. Laforgue's point by giving it away. The reason is not one that I personally expected!

Psychoanalysis has passed the stage where it attempted to lay down simple and dogmatic rules to cover all cases. The book under review is an admirable example of scientific caution. "All we are doing here is exposing the problem and showing its complexity, which again to-day forbids us to recommend simplistic remedies."

One can understand, when reading *Clinical Aspects of Psychoanalysis*, why this very suave, very sharp-eyed Frenchman has acquired his great reputation.

G. H.

BIOGRAPHY

THE HEART OF HOWE. Selections from the Letters and Speeches of Joseph Howe. Edited by D. C. Harvey, with a Foreword by the Honourable Angus L. Macdonald, Premier of Nova Scotia. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1939. Pp. xxix+197. Price \$1.50.

Professor Harvey has done a highly commendable piece of work in making his selection from the more famous speeches and letters of Joseph Howe. Every Canadian schoolboy is familiar with the name of the great Nova Scotia tribune, but not every schoolboy and not even every student of Canadian history has a first-hand knowledge of the work that made the tribune great. Sir Joseph Chisholm, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, published a comprehensive edition of *The Speeches and Public Letters of Joseph Howe* in 1909, but these volumes are not accessible to everybody, and the vast amount of matter contained in them would discourage all but the zealous historical student from making a searching study of Howe's utterances. This has always been a matter for regret. The tradition and style of oratory in which Howe excelled may be said to be dead now on the North American Continent. In England it lingered on with Lord Rosebery, and in our own day perhaps Mr. Winston Churchill alone maintains the tradition. To-day the young Canadian, and in fact the whole world is accustomed to hear the denunciations of dictators and the persuasions of premiers, but the voice of the orator is rarely heard in the land. Howe's more celebrated speeches were not merely great oratorical *tours de force* at the time of their delivery, but, like the Gettysburg speech, or Lord Rosebery's famous "Struldbrug" oration at the University of St. Andrew's in 1911, they have passed into literature. Take the famous passage from the Oration delivered on August 31, 1871, at the Howe Festival in Framlingham, Massachusetts:

A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country, by perpetual reference to the sacrifices and glories of the past.

Professor Harvey has made access to Howe easy and has given us in Howe's own words a clear and accurate picture of the man. He has shown us Howe's many-sidedness, the charm of his personality, the breadth of his intellect, the vigour and sweep of his imagination, his local patriotism and his wide imperial vision. Professor Harvey's little book is a valuable introduction to the life, work, and character of one who perhaps even yet has not been fully recognized for the constructive imperial statesman that he undoubtedly was.

The volume contains a short biography of Howe, and an Introduction. Not the least useful portion of the book are the introductory notes to the separate selections.

J. A. R.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH LETTERS. By William Lyon Phelps. Toronto: The Oxford University Press. 1939. Pp. 986. \$3.75.

Professor Phelps knew how to kindle the spark in Yale undergraduates—the spark of enthusiasm for literature. He has often been accused of unduly popularizing the subject, and it is true that his books and lectures have shown more breadth than depth, but even though the platform man in him may have prevented the scholar, many of his young disciples have learned to become disciples also of the great writers to whom he introduced them with facile and persuasive charm. In the present portly volume he chats pleasantly with the reader about his varied life-experiences, which he has found “prodigiously entertaining” and includes from time to time interesting letters from authors and other men and women of distinction. It is all very human, fluent, engaging, but, on the critical side, rather unimportant and disappointing.

G. H. C.

TRAVEL

OVER ON THE ISLAND. By Helen Jean Champion. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. Pp. 259. \$2.50.

The feelings with which many people regard Prince Edward Island could be expressed adequately only by good poetry or very distinguished prose. Miss Champion attempts neither, but has succeeded in writing a bright and breezy account of a cycle tour around the Island, in the course of which she visited all the main towns and districts. She kept her eyes open and noted the main interests and activities of each place; and she has much delight

in legends and the romance of Abegweit's varied past under different régimes. One does not feel, however, that she has told the whole story of "The Island" as it is to-day. More space devoted, for instance, to agriculture, handicrafts, flowers, both wild and cultivated, might have suited some tastes better than so much popular history. As for the extraordinary beauty of the place, compounded marvellously of colour in sky, land and sea, it borders the inexpressible anyhow. But the book is written with appreciation and sympathy, with a very commendable freedom from the modern treachery of personalities publicized against their wish, and it combines, with its many details of past and present, its photographs and its end-paper maps, a pleasing description likely to interest the general reader as well as the traveller.

E. H. W.

A SHEAF OF POEMS AND PLAYS

MIRAGE WATER. By Lord Dunsany. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company. 1939. Pp. 78. \$1.75.

CHORIC PLAYS AND A COMEDY. By Gordon Bottomley. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. 1939. Pp. 141. \$2.00.

SOLITUDE. By V. Sackville-West. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 1939. Pp. 56. \$1.50.

POEMS. By Kenneth Allott. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 1939. Pp. 64. \$1.50.

POEMS FOR SPAIN. Edited by Stephen Spender and John Lehmann. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 1939. Pp. 108. \$1.50.

THE HOTEL. By Leonard Woolf. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 1939. Pp. 104. \$1.50.

The title-poem of Lord Dunsany's collection is a moving expression of nostalgia for a well remembered place, and a symbol of all such longings. It suggests something of the magical quality of Francis Ledwidge, whom Dunsany discovered, and who was a victim of the Great War, but it is not at all derivative. Several companion poems picture and interpret Arabia, India and other lands with this poet's romantic feeling and fantasy. Among the other pieces should be especially mentioned *To a Dog Dreaming*, *Spring*, *The Lament of the Wind*, *To a Friend in the Hebrides*, and *To a Sister Poet*. Some of the poems do not quite maintain the mood and manner intended. Lord Dunsany is a better poet in his plays and stories than in his verse, for the former have a finer technique, a richer allegory and a truer unity with themselves.

Gordon Bottomley is a poets' poet. His finely finished work of twenty years ago in *King Lear's Wife and Other Plays* and in *Gruach and Britain's Daughter* reveal his grain as a student of Shakespeare and of humanity and as a master of language. Later

came *Chambers of Imagery* (first and second series) and *Poems of Thirty Years*, poems of strange power and of peculiar charm. In the present volume *Fire at Callart*, based on a sixteenth century legend, both troubles and heals the reader's imagination, as successful tragedy must always do. Its plot is simple and stern, its characterization true, its atmosphere sullen and sinister, its style and organization extraordinarily effective. The other plays are equally successful in their kind, and all three quicken and widen Scottish folk-history.

Victoria Sackville-West has contributed to fiction, poetry and biography. In fiction she is best known by *The Edwardians*, in biography by *Pepita* (reviewed in our latest winter number), and in poetry by *King's Daughter*, *The Land*, and a first volume of *Collected Poems*. *Solitude* is an honest searching of the soul as it contemplates nebulous, manifold night; the vagaries of love; the ministry of poetry; the vacancy of death; the loveliness of youth and nature; the unknowableness of God. There is, perhaps, too much phrasal repetition, and an occasional forcing of mood and note, but the poem has sincerity and courage, and, at its best moments, thoughtful and heartening beauty, as in the passages beginning "Such lovely hours", "A toy, a hazard", "Under the tightened finger", "God, integrator", and "But silence meets me".

The verse of Mr. Allott is petulant yet tired, exasperated yet remediless, born out of a modernistic version of "the English sickness"—melancholy. But the melancholy in this case is too bitter and cynical to have enduring value. This poet is represented in *New Writing* (reviewed elsewhere in the present number) and is a member of the editorial board of *New Verse*. His work is deft, nervous, incisive, but strains too anxiously for the contemporary word and happening, and pronounces with little confidence. Although he lacks "the years that bring the philosophic mind", that is not his fault, and some of his poems, especially *Men Walk Upright*, seem to suggest that, if he can subdue his mordancy and catch a subtler music, he may in time compel a general hearing.

Poems for Spain presents fifty or more poems written by Englishmen who fought for or otherwise showed sympathy with the Government cause, and also several Spanish poems in translation. Verses by Margot Heinemann and Sylvia Warner are included. Of the native poems, *The Winds of the People*, by Miguel Hernandez, is the most impressive. Among the English poems may be named *Poem*, by John Cornford, who was slain just after his twenty-first birthday; *The Heart Conscripted*, by Herbert Read; *Spain*, by W. H. Auden; *Bombers*, by C. Day Lewis; and *Lorca*, by Geoffrey Parsons. Mr. Spender's introduction largely fails in its function, both poetically and politically, because its temper is propagandist rather than universal; but it does provide some useful information.

With the exception of the men named above, these poets have not risen to their themes as did the best poets of the Great War. Mr. Spender and Mr. Auden seem to realize this and suggest that the participation of the soldier-poets in the Spanish struggle was itself a kind of poetry. This is true, but it does not alter the case, and the comparison has important critical implications.

Mr. Woolf's play, *The Hotel*, in three acts, is written in fairly colloquial prose. The scene is the hotel of Peter Vajoff, a dealer in contraband arms, and the story follows the efforts of German and Russian secret agents to secure Vajoff's available supply for use in Spain. The play is mediocre in action, diction and characterization, and may be classed with Hagedorn's *Makers of Madness* and with the somewhat more successful pacifistic plays of Katrina Trask (*In the Vanguard*) and Israel Zangwill (*The War God*).

G. H. C.

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS

THE CANADIAN RAILWAY PROBLEM. By Lesslie R. Thomson. Toronto: The Macmillan Co., 1938. Pp. xiii, 1080. \$12.50.

This country is now engaged in making up its mind about the railways. It is a slow, fumbling, intensely uncomfortable business, fully confirming many of the criticisms of the democratic process. Although it has been under public discussion intermittently since the appointment of the Duff Commission in 1931 it is not yet possible to say that the question is clearly on the way to solution because it has at last been clearly stated to the public. It is, as yet, in a sorry state of intellectual muddle. It is for this reason that this book may well prove to be crucially important in the final decision because it is not only a digest of all the discussion to the beginning of 1938, but it brings the problem to a focus as no other book upon the topic has done. It is too big a book to have an immediate effect, but if the discussion stays open for another three years as seems, presently, to be not only possible but probable, the final solution will certainly show its influence.

While the book is of a length to dismay the casual reader it is so organised as to make it easier to read than its size might at first suggest. The first two chapters, totalling 80 pages, are in effect a summary of the whole book, the second being devoted wholly to the recommendations which are made. Furthermore each chapter is preceded by a detailed table of contents so that it is relatively easy to appreciate the logical structure and to follow the argument through the wealth of statistical material provided. The third chapter of some 75 pages is given over to a sketch of the historical background, the greater part of it cover-

ing the period from 1917 to date. The fourth chapter discusses the capital equipment devoted to transportation as it presently stands, its amount and its financial and operating characteristics. The next four chapters are given over to an intensive study of the two chief railway systems. Chapter V enters a general caveat against a too uncritical acceptance of the available statistics. Chapter VI, of 110 pages, is devoted to an analysis of those data on the Canadian National Railways, while Chapter VII, of 154 pages, performs the same task for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Chapter VIII, of 84 pages, brings the results of those two chapters together in an extended comparison of the two systems. Chapter IX, states the immediate railway problem, followed by Chapters X and XI which in 145 pages state and then discuss all the solutions proposed by other writers. Chapter XII states 12 basic points which the author feels are fundamental to any correct solution. Chapter XIII gives, in 83 pages, the author's recommended plan.

For those who are interested in the field the book is a mine of information. It does what the Duff Commission Report failed to do, it spreads out the facts in full where the Commission was content to give its conclusions only. The data collected by that Commission's accounting expert has been used and extended to make information available which is of the first importance. And the range of interest is not limited to technical details. The author has seen his problem in the round and has covered aspects of it which are of a much wider significance. The difficulty of administering the Canadian National, a government property nominally independent but actually calling each year for additional capital, the position of Sir Henry Thornton as an operating head, part of whose real job was to protect his organization against a Board of Directors which should have controlled him, are here dealt with most capably. The crucial decision of the Canadian Pacific to compete with the Canadian National in capital expenditures in the 1920's and its willingness to raise most of the money by borrowing are both given the prominence which they deserve. There is no railway development of any importance in this period which is not covered in this book.

The recommendations fall into four main groups. The first is for an enlarged and strengthened Board of Transport Commissioners with authority over all transportation. The author is not willing to challenge the provincial control over highway traffic but hopes that the logic of the situation will bring the provinces into line rather speedily. It is a hope for which it is hard to find much justification in recent history. The second is for the appointment of successive Royal Commissions on Transportation at ten year intervals to make a general survey of the whole field. It is hoped that the light of intelligence might then be thrown upon

the major problems as they are developing so that they may be controlled, rather than using it to illumine problems which have already grown to horrifying dimensions. Banking is now subjected to period review, why should not the railways be also? The third recommendation, is that the question of using the machinery of bankruptcy to scale down the existing debt of the constituent parts of the Canadian National and to retire the existing long-term guaranteed non-callable bonds of that company should be submitted to a Royal Commission. It is an idea which is indeed intriguing.

The fourth recommendation is that the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific be brought under a common management for operating purposes. Basically the argument is that most of the virtue is gone from competition when there are only two competitors left. And in any case internal rail competition is not necessary in order to guarantee technical efficiency. The competition of American railroads on the long hauls and of highways on the short, will make certain of that. The effort to maintain the separate existence of the Canadian National involves costs out of all proportion to the benefits to be derived from it. There is also an inherent injustice in the Dominion pouring money into the Canadian National so that it may compete with the Canadian Pacific. The end-product, if it is continued long enough, must be the bankruptcy of the private company and a gross overinvestment in railways as a whole. What is envisaged is a trial marriage of ten years which, if successful, would be made permanent.

The book is not without its blemishes. There are times when the style obtrudes upon the reader's attention. Any book is an expression of its author's opinions and there is no need to say so. Some of the contractions in the statistical discussions may call for rather severe effort on the part of the uninitiated. There is a certain amount of duplication which is annoying. But all of these are minor. In its positive merits this book stands out in its full stature as the first major contribution to the problem.

J. L. McD.

CANADA'S UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM. L. Richter, Editor.

Toronto: The Macmillan Co. 1939. Pp. xiv, 414. \$2.50.

STUDIES IN THE ECONOMY OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES. By S. A. Saunders. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. 1939. Pp. xii, 266. \$2.00.

CANADIAN MARKETING PROBLEMS. H. R. Kemp, Editor.

Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. 1939. Pp. viii, 152. \$2.50.

THE WHEAT ECONOMY. By G. E. Britnell. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. 1939. Pp. xvii, 259. \$2.50.

The first two of these volumes are from the Institute of Public Affairs of Dalhousie University. The first of them is a collection

of essays on various phases of unemployment problems in Canada. The outline of the whole book was worked out before writing began and the separate topics are treated by experts within their respective fields. The result is that the book stands as an integrated whole, for which its joint authors and especially their editor, Dr. Richter, deserve the greatest credit. The introductory chapter analyses the statistical data on unemployment and the following ones cover direct relief, unemployed youth, relief and other social services for transients, Prairie relief and rehabilitation, relief land settlement, public works as a relief measure, and a comparison of Canada's actions with the policies of other lands. The concluding chapter makes recommendations for the revision of our administrative machinery so that this problem of partial or total dependency may be met more intelligently in the future. We have gone past the time when it can be treated as a temporary or emergency matter only.

The second volume is a full length study of the Maritimes from Dr. S. A. Saunders who has made that area his special interest. The first part of the book gives the basic geology and topography of the area. The second covers the economic history down to 1783. The third covers the chief features of the nineteenth century while the fourth covers the present position, with special reference to agriculture. It is a book which ought to be widely circulated in the Maritimes as a necessary corrective to the excessive claims of "Maritime rights".

The third and fourth volumes above are issued in the new political economy series of the University of Toronto. The first of them is made up of a series of ten essays in marketing problems under the editorship of Professor H. R. Kemp. Each one comes within a field in which the author has special knowledge. Each stands by itself and the point of view is not uniform throughout but each is a respectable contribution to its field. One writer made use of the highly ambiguous statistics of the value of agricultural production in a manner more confident than critical, but otherwise the book is free from obvious blemishes. In many ways, the highlight of the book is Professor K. W. Taylor's essay on Canadian commercial policy. It is a study which would repay scrutiny by many in this country. Indeed, after reading the editor's own concluding essay, one wished that he also had done so.

The final volume by Professor Britnell is published jointly by the University of Toronto Press and the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. It represents an intensive study of the impact of the drastic fall in prices and of the natural calamity of drought upon the new and essentially unstable economy of Saskatchewan. It is an economy which relies wholly upon agriculture, and its agriculture depends almost entirely upon wheat.

It is therefore easier to interpret than more complex societies and Professor Britnell takes it apart before our eyes. It is difficult to praise this study too highly. It is to be hoped that it will be widely read for it thoroughly deserves it.

J. L. McD.

CANADA TO-DAY. By F. R. Scott. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1939. Pp. xiv+184. \$1.25.

This brilliant compact survey of Canadian political, social and economic conditions and their relation to foreign policy (reviewed in the *QUEEN'S QUARTERLY*, Vol. XLV, No. 4, p. 555) has now deservedly passed into a second edition which incorporates new material bearing on the changed international situation since June 1938, the date of the publication of the first edition. It evaluates, for example, the effects upon public opinion of the Munich settlement. Published early this year, it does not treat of the radical reorientation of sentiment produced in Canada by Hitler's fateful seizure of Prague on the Ides of March.

Professor Scott's C.C.F. bias of anti-Imperialism is still apparent, although the text of the new edition has decorously been freed from one or two objectionable blemishes, e.g. the gibe at ex-soldier militia regiments (first ed. p. 95, n. 2). He is still unregenerately prone to suspect and detect the British Imperialist cloven hoof behind every Militia Department bush and push. Thus he looks askance at "mobile and mechanized units", "machine guns, tanks, bombing-planes, and all the paraphernalia of modern warfare, much of which is undoubtedly superfluous, either in kind and quantity, for the defence of Canada alone". Does Professor Scott inwardly prefer that Canada should revert militarily to the 1867 horse and buggy type of armament, or even farther back to coastal defence by bow and arrow? That would indeed serve the purpose of preventing the despatch of an expeditionary force in a crisis to the aid of the Old Country. Assuredly such a possibility of overseas service is, and should be, in the minds of responsible military authorities. But these types of weapons are necessary if only for the defence of Canada itself. In this second edition a new sentence is added: "Since 1936, for example, six tank battalions have appeared for the first time in Canada, which can scarcely be intended for use on the Canadian coasts", (Professor Scott can almost see the tags and labels inscribed "To Britain and Flanders" attached to this equipment). Yet he does admit the possibility of *minor* attacks by combined sea, land and air forces on the coast of Canada. Surely in the coastal sections where there are fairly good roads, tanks would be of inestimable value in helping to repel such an attack.

In the second edition (p. 140) there has been introduced a new section, which notes, and implicitly bewails, the fact that "The

folklore of imperialism still has power to bind men's minds, and a sacred aura surrounds the Crown and the symbols of Empire. Canada has as yet few alternative symbols of her own (no flag, for example) around which a national loyalty can centre. Canadians have two 'national' anthems. . . . When George VI visits Canada, Canadians do not know whether they are paying respect to England's king, or their own king, or a mystical blend of both." The reviewer read these words of Professor F. R. Scott an hour before he listened to the broadcast address of "Padre" Archdeacon F. G. Scott of Quebec following the visit of His Majesty that day to the French Canadian city; the piquant differences of attitude in one family illuminate Canadian trends. Writing after the Munich affair, Professor Scott stresses the disillusionment of many Canadians with British foreign policy since 1931 on three counts. They "believe it prefers power politics of the pre-League type to the principles established by the Covenant. . . . The crisis over Czechoslovakia removed the last shred of doubt in their minds as to the attitude of the British government"; secondly, they deplore the British toleration of fascist expansion, and thirdly, in Europe's state of armed anarchy they see little use and profit in Canadian intervention. Perhaps events since last March in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere have gone far to check this disillusionment of feeling and criticism of present trends of Imperialist policy. Incidentally Mr. Scott in the new edition has made mention of the now fashionable but questionable imputation that "avoidance of social revolution in European countries" is one of the objectives of British foreign policy.

The book has been usefully brought up to date by the inclusion of more recent statistics and data on the financial and military condition of Canada. Critics may differ as to certain points of emphasis, choice of material and interpretation, etc., but they will be unanimous in the conclusion that *Canada To-day* is a most valuable brief survey that should be widely perused and studied.

A. E. P.

ART

TOMB TILE PICTURES OF ANCIENT CHINA. By William Charles White. The University of Toronto Press. \$3.50.

THE MOSAICS OF ANTIOCH. By C. R. Morey. Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. vi+48+24 plates. \$4.00.

These two books show remarkably well how the decorators of two thousand years ago understood that the decoration of a surface is determined by the material employed and its architectural function.

The clay tiles of the Chinese tombs, generally oblong, three to five feet long by one to two feet wide, presented an admirable

surface for decoration. Nothing could be simpler than scratching a design on the wet surface of the clay, but some inventive soul, probably having noticed the repeat design made by his feet on the ground, thought it would be easier and surely quicker to make a mould by carving the design in a piece of wood, something like the wooden type used in the early printing presses. By pressing the mould on the wet clay, the drawing would be impressed and the operation repeated as often as space permitted.

One of the largest tiles, beautifully illustrated in a half tone plate, is decorated with the liveliest arrangement of flying geese, dogs and bounding deer. The geese, in three long lines are printed with two different moulds; slight irregularities adding greatly to the life of the pattern; the three deer running along the border are of the same mould but for the sake of variety, one of them has been made into a doe by the simple process of rubbing out the horns with the thumb.

Nearly all the tiles are decorated with animals in motion: the horse being especially well represented and accurately rendered. The Chinese of the third century B.C., the probable date of the tiles, must have had a far keener eye-sight than our own and in no way inferior to that of the Paleolithic Man who is instantly brought to mind when animals in motion are pictured. It is amusing to note that, just as the Byzantine or Early Siennese had difficulty in representing a child, the Chinese artist seems to lose his sense of proportion when trying to draw a colt: the child, in a Christian painting, was a man drawn smaller; with the Chinese, a colt is merely a diminutive horse.

Over a hundred Black and White plates, arranged according to subjects, clearly show the designs of the tiles. One could say almost too clearly; something of the soft grey quality of the tile would have been less harsh than the black, as a background in the plates.

Owing to its position as Eastern capital of the Roman Empire, Antioch has yielded mosaics of more than usual interest. These are admirably described and illustrated in *The Mosaics of Antioch*.

Antioch, in the fourth and fifth centuries, was a very important city; indeed, one of its governors is greatly pleased with his appointment to this sunny, beautiful and highly cultured metropolis, after the dullness of that small town on the Seine in the Province of Gaul, Lutecia. — "The waning Greco-Roman culture of the West," says Mr. Morey, "weakened anew by the impact of invading barbarians, was readily receptive to manners and modes that were current in the more prosperous East. In the orientalizing of the Western Mediterranean that was accomplished in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era, historians of art have long suspected that Syria and Antioch played a major role. The evi-

dence was lacking, so long as no authentic monuments of Antiochese art were available for comparison; the hundreds of paintings which the mosaic pavements have provided have filled this lacuna, and produced the material for a new chapter in the history of Mediterranean Art."

The central subjects of these mosaics, beautifully surrounded by intricate borders, were in many cases second-hand copies of famous paintings by Greek artists, and, as such, are interesting because they tell us much of what Greek painting must have been. Some of the subjects, the Judgment of Paris, Venus and Adonis, etc., are like some of the frescoes in Pompeii, suggesting a similar source of inspiration.

Of the twenty-four pavements illustrated in the book, one of the finest represents a symmetrical design of hunters on horseback and on foot, chasing or being chased by wild beasts. The principal figure on each side shows a horse at the gallop; the rider, with flying mantle aiming his spear at the body of a beast. The attitudes on this group are very similar to those seen on sarcophagi of the same period. But, and here we see one aspect of the oriental influence on this Hellenistic art; one of the hunters has killed his lion with bow and arrow, a weapon proper for Persian cavalry and with which no Greek horseman would have hunted. Another curious influence of the oriental on this art is the growing use of the profile instead of full or three-quarter view, thereby returning to the primitive manner of the East; this fractional representation which makes Egyptian figures, for instance, so beautifully clear in their parts, and so impossible as wholes.

In many cases, for purists in matters of decoration, more interest will be found in the borders and motifs than in the principal subjects which, to our modern minds, are too much like paintings to be agreeably walked upon. The borders show an ingenuity and variety which could be studied with benefit and interest by some of our floor-covering manufacturers.

A. B.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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HIGHER EDUCATION ON THE STAND

BY R. C. WALLACE

IT would be foolish to shut one's eyes to the fact that higher education is no longer taken for granted. It has come perilously near to finding itself on the defensive. There is need of a new confidence, based not on hopes and golden dreams, but on realities. This is a time when all who are sincerely concerned with the place of higher education in our system of things should examine the case dispassionately, in order to find the foundations that are solid for the faith that is in them. This article has been provoked by that consideration.

The grounds of criticism have had to do partly with the system in itself, but mainly with its application. With the system, in that it has become too superficial and utilitarian, or, per contra, too academic for present-day needs; with its application, in that too many who are unfitted to benefit from higher education, whether through lack of intellectual quality or moral fibre, are being forced through the process. Such criticisms gain impetus when the way is difficult, as it has been in recent years and still is, for young people to obtain an opening into profitable vocations to which their education would have fitted them. It is to be expected that under such conditions discontent should express itself in questionings as to the

validity of the whole process. What has impressed one has not been the questionings in themselves, but on the whole the fair temper with which they have been put. They have in their very manner invited reasonable consideration. Men and women who have to do with programmes and policies in education have been through a period of heartsearching which cannot fail to be productive of better things.

The conflict between those who believe that education should be all things to all men, and those who feel that it should concern itself only with the fundamentals of thought, and leave the applications for the experiences of life, does not resolve itself easily. Both parties have so much of value to urge that nothing better than a reasonable mean between the two extremes can be hoped for. On the one hand, the amazing progress which has been made in providing the amenities of civilized life is an outcome of a practical education which has made possible the interpretation and utilization of science for the purposes of the human race. Notwithstanding a shallow criticism which has become fashionable, few would desire to go back to the conditions which prevailed a century ago. Life is easier and happier for the vast majority of men and women. The utilitarian flair which has possessed us and has given its own atmosphere to educational thought has produced results which have justified themselves. The self-satisfied feeling of superiority in which the philosopher or the pure scientist at one time indulged, when they contemplated the man of action or the applied scientist, has almost completely disappeared. There is no longer an antithesis: there is not even a clear cut division of field. The one involves the other, naturally and automatically. The mind refuses to be restricted to the theoretical and the imaginative: it seeks for concreteness, for ways to make the principles show themselves in action for material ends. Much of the criticism to which higher education has been subjected in recent years is valid not as to content, for it

has been eminently practical, but as to the place of some parts of it in the scheme of university education. If there is not an adequately weighty body of theoretical principles on which the applications to daily life are based, then the work is more at home in the trade school than in the university.

But when we have made due allowance for the needs of our times, and for the importance of knowledge directed to the solution of the immediate problems which face us, we still feel unsatisfied. What should have occupied the foreground of the picture only, has taken up the background as well. Our age has become somewhat impatient of those exercises of the mind which have no immediate usefulness. When their claim is presented, we are accused of academic aloofness to the things that matter. It is fatal to be labelled doctrinaire, unpractical, academic. And so the pragmatic approach, the testing of everything by immediate results, is in form in education as in everything else. The horizons have narrowed, and the vision has become constricted. There is little desire to look at things *sub specie aeternitatis*: it is enough to see to the end of the day. This is the other side of the picture which in itself has much that is good, but is far from being wholly good. If we have become myopic, our education has done much to make us so. There is need—great need—to lift our eyes again to the distant hills, from whence alone can come our aid. We must return to the study of philosophy, to a knowledge of the classics of ancient and modern times, to the fundamental processes of science in its search for the inner heart of nature, if we are to regain the poise which our fathers had and which the world has almost lost. Academic, yes; but of the very essence of man's spiritual equipment to meet the demand of living in our time.

In this process of making the best of two worlds—the world of thought that has come to us through the ages and the world of the opportunities and the possibilities of our present

time—there are many ways of attempting a reasonable balance in educational equipment. It is in this matter of balance between the theoretical and the practical, the academic and the utilitarian, that discussion has become heated in recent times. It would serve little purpose to deal with the details of this discussion here. It is, and will always be, a matter of personal judgment whether the two distinct contributions to education should be closely integrated, or whether the academic should serve as a foundation on which the material edifice is later built. If an individual opinion may be permitted, my own judgment is for the former method, even in education for strictly professional purposes. For so many students it seems to be the more natural method. It must however be admitted, and very frankly, that in practice a successful integration has not yet been achieved.

The question is complicated by the fact that people differ so greatly in their individual abilities. Education can only, after all, lead out into usefulness qualities with which nature has endowed us. We are confronted therefore with the second major question under discussion in relation to higher education: are we dealing with the right people in the right way, or are we applying general methods which are suitable only for a special, and a selected few? In particular, do too many young men and women seek higher education?

A few general observations must be made. It is important, and increasingly important, that we be drawn out into the most useful spheres of life to which we are individually fitted by our natural capacities. That is, in part, the responsibility of a well balanced educational system. It is even more important that we make a reasonable and reasoned contribution to the solution of the problems of our age, material, social, spiritual. This can not be done by a few people; it needs the judgment and wisdom of the great multitude of thinking men and women. There is no hope of any such contribution unless

intelligence has been stimulated, reason fortified, inner values clarified. From the practical and the social standpoint, therefore, there is an argument which it would be difficult to combat, for not less, but for more, higher education. There is a qualification. Abilities differ greatly, and the kind of education which is for one is not for another. There will yet be greater freedom than there is to-day to enter unhampered into that kind of educational programme which is best fitted to develop the particular abilities of the individual student. The method of the junior high school, and the newer programmes of the senior high school, are devised to discover these special aptitudes, in order that wise choices be made at the close of the school career. They are theoretically sound; the time has been too short to determine their practical validity in the discrimination of intellectual capacities.

There still remains, however, the plain fact that there are many for whom higher education in any form beyond the stage of high school is wasted energy; and only in specially adapted high schools is their time well used. Universities are highly specialized institutions. They can not function efficiently if students lack intellectual ability, keenness, perseverance; for it is in the atmosphere of intellectual alertness and enthusiasm that universities live. Both in the admission to the university and in the permission to continue with university studies, rigid supervision is the only justifiable course. Habits of slackness in intellectual endeavour are fatal in their aftermath; and it is the responsibility of universities to see to it that they have no part in encouraging tendencies in that direction. There is still needed—there is needed more than ever—an emphasis on the fact that the disciplining of the mind is no easy matter, and that the path to learning is uphill. Intellectual and moral fibre are of the essence of worthwhile life. University men and women in positions of teaching or administrative responsibility who are thinking seriously about the part that they have

to play, know that there is no other way by which confidence will be maintained in the higher institutions of learning than by careful and rigorous selection of students and by the insistence on high standards of achievement both on their part and on that of those with whom they have to do.

There are many indications that universities are being asked to stand and deliver. Governments, representing the people, show no tendency to be generous in their financial support. Private benefactors ask pertinent questions. The demands are high. Explicitly put, they are that universities provide the solid basis of thought and action in all the phases of our modern complex life. Such demands may be more onerous than any human institutions can meet. Be that as it may, no other institutions will undertake that obligation if universities fail to respond. It is not because of any feeling that they have failed in the past that the question has been put here. In my opinion they have achieved greatly. It is rather because the obligations become more insistent with the passing years. What has been done is not enough to throw light on the perplexities of modern life. There is a fitful gleam which entices us on; but somewhere ahead, if we persist, we shall find the open day.

TÊTE-JAUNE

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

PAUL Laroche returned home in the spring after an absence of nearly three years. He was welcome, but, as it had happened before, no one made a great fuss over him. Heron Bay was very nearly as he had left it. On the north shore of Lake Superior there was a harbour with rocky shores and deep water beyond a small sand beach. Laroche had established himself there when he was a young man and, although he was not an old man on the day of his eventful return, he might be thought patriarchal, for he was the founder of the little settlement, its lawgiver and chief support. Bonhomme Laroche he was affectionately called. On the second day after his advent, when he had noted material changes, which were few, he was confronted by something surprising and diverting. When he came into his house, about noon, he saw a small child balancing himself on sturdy legs, clinging to the bunk against the wall. He was fair and ruddy of face, with a crown of yellow hair and bright blue eyes. Bonhomme looked at him intently for a moment. The shining appearance of the child was foreign to the black-haired, brown-skinned, dark-eyed dwellers in that community of half-breeds and Indians.

"What's this?" asked Bonhomme.

"He's mine, he's my boy", said his wife Marie, snatching the child off the floor and holding him in her arms, his gold head against her black head. She had been waiting anxiously for this disclosure. Laroche looked at the two as if he had seen a vision, incredulous for a moment. Rather slow of thought, and in the circumstances slower than usual, he at length understood. His wife claimed the child with a boldness that was defiant, and he knew that he could not be the father of such a bright creation. He looked upon them com-

prehendingly for another moment, turned on his shoe-packs and walked away. He forgot about his dinner and went down by the lakeshore to think; his thoughts were never confused, but always intense and simple. He had a charitable, forgiving heart and was not called Bonhomme without reason. He had been away on a long journey for the Fur Company and had left the family well provided for; and in his absence his wife had been unfaithful. That word hardly matched his thought. The lines of faith and unfaith were not so sharply drawn in that wild country, in that year of grace. Moreover, a review of his wife's conduct inevitably caused a survey of his own. He had been away for a long time, and travelled far into the North, had worked hard and had suffered much; but he had been consoled in his trials, and we are all subject to times, happenings and faults. After all, then—well!

He ate a good supper that night and was more silent than usual. The family was all about him and the bright enigma was kept out of sight. After supper he ordered a general scavenging and tidying up of the shore-line and of the gardens and cleared lands around the houses. Bonfires were lighted, and night came on before they died down. The delight of the children had ceased and sleep had come to most. Bonhomme sat on a log by the shore; the irritation of issuing so many orders had left him and his heart was tranquil. The spring night was cool; the lake was dark in its blue depth, still as the heart of a sapphire; stars were glistening behind the cedars; there was no sound but the crystalline shrinking of snow left in the north hollows. Suddenly a movement began in the lake. The water broke into a small wave on the sand, a mimic flowing tide, and the sound was like the full cadence of a melody begun far off in the bosom of the lake.

Two months had passed before Bonhomme was confronted again with the problem of the child. The family, one and all, had conspired to keep him out of sight, and it was

not until Père Dugas, the priest from the Mission, arrived on his annual visit that he suddenly came to life again. He had not been baptised, and, after two arrivals, in other families, since the priest's last visit had been blessed and named, the priest remarked, "What about that other one?"

"What one?" asked Bonhomme.

"That fair-haired fellow; I think you'd better let me take him to the Mission."

"Make a priest of him?" Bonhomme smiled.

"I would have taken him last time, but his mother wouldn't let him go."

"Then we'll keep him; let him have a chance before we make a priest of him", said Laroche.

"Well, what name will you give him?"

"Name? Call him Désiré."

"He wasn't *wanted*. Why call him Désiré? That's a girl's name." But Père Dugas was prepared for any whimsicality from Bonhomme; one of his boys was named Hyacinth, one of his girls Robert, and there seemed to be no convention in his naming of the brood. Père Dugas recognized his acceptance of the child as another evidence of the warm heart of the man. He had often known him to be stirred by currents of feeling, leading to action that seemed quixotic even to the very human priest. "Laroche, it's the good old French blood in you", he would say; "there's no Indian in you when that old strain comes out." This time he laughed and said, "Well, you can have your way; although he's none of yours".

"True", said Bonhomme, with an odd smile, "he's none of mine. I didn't get him. I was away for nearly three years, but he was caught in my trap." And so the fair-haired fellow was christened Désiré Laroche.

The years went by and, although Bonhomme remained at home looking after his trap-lines and his fishing, Marie bore

no other children. The family of eight was large enough: Désiré was nine and Olivine ten. She also was of doubtful parentage, a waif gathered into the settlement; but no one questioned her right to be there. The eight were dark and wild; these two were in sharp contrast—Désiré fair-skinned, with bright blue eyes; Olivine with complexion darker than old ivory, eyes mild and full of brown lights. She was four years older than Désiré and almost from the day of his birth she mothered him. Bonhomme did not pay much attention to his children, taking them for granted. He kept them in order and settled their disputes with a genial kick, but lavished no affection upon them. Feeling was present, not easily stirred, but when aroused it wholly possessed him. Père Dugas, who knew his friend well, could usually depend on him for an even level of good-humour, but at times could not account for the strength of his passions except by referring to that ancient blood heritage.

One day, when Désiré was about eight, Bonhomme was watching him and Laus teasing a young bear, when they suddenly left the cub and began to wrestle. Laus was two years older than Désiré and the feud was perpetual. They struggled together and parted, Désiré the victor, and suddenly Laus struck him in the face. Désiré closed with him, threw him and stood over him, his face set with a look of power and contempt. Laus slunk away. "Come here, you fellow", said Bonhomme. Holding him between his knees, he felt the hard young body. He took the mass of yellow hair roughly with one hand and bent back the resolute head. The boy looked him steadily in the eyes, his face still set with strong passion. Bonhomme relaxed his grasp and a happy light came into his face. "Tête-Jaune", he said, "Tête-Jaune." He held the lad close for a moment, stroked his hair, and gently pushed him away. What had he seen in the boy's eyes? He could not have told, but his whole outlook on life was altered. From

that moment he was absorbed in Désiré's life. He was Tête-Jaune, Yellowhead now, a different personality.

In the years that followed he devoted himself to the growing lad. He taught him all his knowledge of the forests and the waters, the ways of wild things and the lures of the trapper and hunter. He saw him develop great strength, courage, and resource; with physical beauty that to a civilized observer would have called up the typical Viking. This concentrated affection did not affect any member of the family except Laus, who hated Tête-Jaune. There had always been rivalry between them, and Désiré's mastery was as constant as the struggle. Physically, Laus had been conquered in boyhood. Désiré could match Laus' dark cunning with bright open-air confidence, his sinister moods with laughter. Everyone accepted Désiré as the leader, and Laus was left to himself and his evil jealousy. He found the life intolerable and when he was twenty-one he left the village and did not return for five years. But no one missed him. For his part, Désiré carelessly accepted what was given him. If he understood this clear preference he gave no sign and even treated his benefactor coldly, with a detachment which provoked Bonhomme. He wanted the youth to treat him as his father and to call him 'père' like the rest of the children. The feeling grew intensely as the years went by and he determined to open the question and put it to the proof.

They were visiting a line of traps one day and had rested for a while about noon. In a sheltered place surrounded by a screen of spruces they were warm in the sunshine. Tête-Jaune threw down two silver foxes and Bonhomme handed him a piece of bannock. Tête-Jaune unclasped his knife, but before he could use it Bonhomme said, "How's this, Tête-Jaune? You never call me 'père', like the others?" Tête-Jaune cut a bit of bannock, put it in his mouth and said nothing. "Back there it's always 'père', or 'grand-père' from everybody; you call me

nothing mostly, sometimes Bonhomme,—and I hear you say to the others, 'What's the old man doing? Where's the old fellow going now?' Why is it never 'père', like the others?" Tête-Jaune bit into his bannock, looked down on the foxes and said nothing. Bonhomme waited and then pressed the question, "Why don't you?" Tête-Jaune said simply, "Because you're not my father".

A look of confusion came into Bonhomme's face. Consternation is the word for his feeling. In his simple devotion, in his own acceptance of the relationship, it had never occurred to him that Désiré might know of his doubtful parentage. He was speechless, and they were both as still as the spruces around them. Slowly the import of those few words came upon Bonhomme's mind and his heart felt weak; their fullest implications did not come to him until some time afterwards; he followed trains of thought with difficulty. At that moment he had nothing but a sense of ruin and trouble. A bird fluttered through the branches and threw down a wisp of bright snow that vanished in sparkles before it reached the level. Tête-Jaune spoke as abruptly as before, "Père Dugas told me, a long time ago". Bonhomme heard that and anger rose from his stricken heart; the blood came so strongly that it choked him. Anger came as a relief, for there was not perplexity mixed with that feeling. Père Dugas' treachery, as he thought it, was firmly established from the moment the words fell upon his ears, and the priest never regained his former standing. But his affection for Désiré remained unshaken, indeed intensified. The false relationship was destroyed, and they were face to face with facts. There arose also a warmer feeling on Désiré's part. He was less careless and arrogant, and something like a filial tone, at times, came into his voice when speaking to Bonhomme; but he did not call him 'père'.

One spring morning life at Heron Bay was disturbed by the reappearance of Laus, whose wife and wife's mother were

with him. They had slipped in under cover of darkness in a single canoe, with no possessions save an old tent, a couple of blankets, a tea-pail and a frying-pan. They seemed a destitute group, but in a few days they were comfortably established. Laus was as furtive, as silent as of old, but experience had written some sinister lines on his face; he looked dissipated and there was a dangerous confidence in his manner. Veronique, his wife, was dark and slender, and needed to be as subtle as she was to fend off Laus' cruelty. Her mother, whom she called Mou-mou, became in a week Mou-mou to the whole village. She was friendly, helpful and garrulous, and liked everyone and everything at Heron Bay. Laus spent the summer in idleness. His hatred for Tête-Jaune, whose standing he found almost equal to Bonhomme's, was as deadly as ever, and, when that hatred infected all his relations with his neighbours, his life in the community again became intolerable. In the following October he disappeared after beating Veronique and Mou-mou. When their bruises were healed they and everyone else seemed much happier.

But Bonhomme, as winter came on, was troubled. A change had come over the place; youth seemed livelier; there was more music and dancing. The change seemed to radiate from Veronique. Mou-mou's friendliness made their home a rendezvous. Veronique, free of Laus, came to her true self; she slipped from shadow into sunlight, and her beauty flashed and smouldered as her whim prompted. Her vitality quickened the pulse of the village; house lights burned longer at night, and often Bonhomme was wakened by singing and laughter, even later than midnight, and saw groups under the white moonshine, black as spruces, moving on the shining snow. He was troubled. In this, as in everything, Tête-Jaune was for him the index; in him was summed up the restless passion that had crept into life. Safety lay in the coming of winter and Bonhomme prepared as usual for the trapping.

But Tête-Jaune took no interest, and one day when Bonhomme mildly found him at fault he said abruptly, "I'm not going to the woods this winter". Argument seemed futile and Bonhomme dallied until after Christmas. Then suddenly Tête-Jaune changed his mind, in moody haste got ready and, without a farewell to anyone, left with Bonhomme for the upper Pic River. But the expedition was a failure. Tête-Jaune seemed distraught; he grew lean and there was a tormented light in his eyes. "Look here, old chap", he said, one morning early in March, "I'm through, I'm going back." There was no arguing with him, "Why go back now? there's no reason; only the women there." "That's reason enough." Then Bonhomme understood fully what he had before only imagined and feared. "You're only heading for trouble, only for trouble." It was useless; all words were useless. One brilliant morning, when tufts of snow, loosened by the sun, were falling from the spruces, he was alone.

When he came back to the village he found Tête-Jaune's spirits much improved; he showed alertness and energy and the old careless arrogance. Beauty was hardly apprehended by Bonhomme, who knew no more of statues than he knew of northern myths, or he might have seen in Tête-Jaune an incarnation of legend. He knew nothing of the fascination of contrast and the world-old witchery of the serpent woman, or he might have seen them combined in Veronique. Love to him was merely taking and giving. While he could not appreciate the contest between these two, he knew the danger. "Why meddle with Laus's wife? That's all she is, another man's wife; nothing but trouble will come of it." He ordered Mou-mou to interfere; but she, who was, in this environment, a woman of the world, merely shrugged her shoulders. If Laus was not there to protect his interests she would not represent the conventions. She was excited by this approach of passion; it brought back her own youth.

"That girl's nothing but a bush fire", said Bonhomme, with an unusual touch of metaphor. "You're a cold fellow and she'll burn you; you'll catch it, my lad; just leave her alone." Tête-Jaune laughed. "Look here, old fellow, don't you bother yourself; I can manage my own business." Later, when Bonhomme was angry and hopeless, he said: "See here, Tête-Jaune, if you want a woman take Olivine; take her now and marry her when the priest comes. Now there's a girl for you, I know what's in that girl's head, always looking after you." "Why, old fellow, Bonhomme, isn't she one of the family?" And that question was all the meed that Olivine received for a lifelong devotion. Even in the wild places there is heartbreak. "She's none of our blood, we just found her one day; settle down with her and stop running after that bitch; anyone could have her, she's a bad one." Tête-Jaune took him roughly by the shoulders. "No more of that; no more of that! She's mine, mine!" There was such light in his eyes, such exaltation in his voice, that Bonhomme felt abashed, almost humbled before him.

Veronique, who had been wary at first, had lost the power of evasion and dalliance and had given herself with passion as intense and consuming as Désiré's. One spring morning they were missing. Bonhomme found one of the sailboats gone. They had taken a tent and blankets, a net, some food and utensils, and had vanished. Very early, when light had just begun to flow, they had rowed, through the mist on the bay, out into the deep lake, and had seen the morning star and the colour of dawn.

Bonhomme sat all day in despair. He knew that he had lost Désiré. His despair was final when they came back in September. Veronique's condition became more evident as month followed month. "Now, you see", he said plaintively to Tête-Jaune, "what are you going to do now?"

"Nothing."

"What about Laus?"

"He won't come here; and if he does, what did you do?"

Bonhomme was taken aback; he disputed: "Things were different then. Everyone did as he pleased; now it's a scandal; the country's full of people; they're building a railway; they come here and take our names, and ask questions; nothing is the same." He was confused by this reference to the past and began, as he reflected, to understand how he had changed. He was arguing against his old self, but he could not imagine Laus in his place. So far as he was concerned Désiré's father had never existed, but Tête-Jaune was visible and lusty in the flesh. "Laus won't do as I did! maybe I was a fool. I should have let Père Dugas make a priest of you as he wanted to; but I was careless, and then my head got full of fancies." That was all Bonhomme could say for himself, but Désiré reassured him, "Well then, don't bother about anything; just keep cool and let me manage my own affairs." Tête-Jaune had grown quieter, and there was gravity in his careless arrogance.

When Veronique's boy was born it seemed to Bonhomme that an end had come to a long struggle. He was no more of any use. Tête-Jaune was as separate from him as any of the others. He asked only one question, "What will you do if Laus comes back?" The answer was fierce, with something of the old high-handed abruptness: "I'll throw him into the lake." But the question was always in Bonhomme's mind; and the reply, to his ear, had not the old ring of command and resolve.

Then when life seemed to be settling into routine, with adjustment to the new relationships, Laus returned. He came overland carrying a pack and a rifle. He bore signs of hardship, he was gaunt and his eyes were fiery. There was an ugly unhealed wound on his forehead, half gash and half bruise. It was late afternoon and no one was in the house

when he slunk in. Finding a flask in his pack, he took a drink of whiskey and threw himself down thoroughly exhausted. Rumours of events at Heron Bay had reached him where he was working on the right-of-way. Hearing voices, he roused himself,—Veronique's voice and Mou-mou's. He rushed out towards them on the path. Veronique was carrying her boy. Laus sprang like a wildcat, but Mou-mou was between them, and screamed and attacked him with her claws. Veronique escaped. In a few moments everyone knew that Laus had come back, everyone but Bonhomme and Tête-Jaune, who were on the lake fishing. Mou-mou, who was not afraid of Laus, wheedled him into the house and tried to quiet him. Although she was cold with fear for Veronique's safety, she endeavoured to keep up a meaningless, one-sided conversation, for Laus never spoke. Always ready to minister she got water and washed the wound on his forehead; he submitted as if dazed or indifferent. She tried to get the rifle away from him; he held it firm under his arm on the table and after a while he went to sleep resting on it and grasping the whiskey bottle. Mou-mou could get neither. He woke after an hour and took another drink. The sound of oars came from the lake, and some loud talking. They were trying to tell Bonhomme before he landed that Laus had come back. They took the news each after his own fashion; Tête-Jaune was indifferent, Bonhomme perplexed by this development which he had foreseen and feared. What was to be done now? Laus sat still listening. Then he sprang up, reeled, steadied himself, and struck Mou-mou a stunning blow. Désiré was coming up the bank with Bonhomme behind him. The rifle flashed and the shot echoed around the shore.

Bonhomme felt the whole of Désiré's weight fall upon him. The great head lay on his shoulder. There was a second or two of intense stillness. Bonhomme heard a voice in his ear, hardly above a whisper, but distinct. Tête-Jaune's voice.

"Mon père,—mon père,—mon . . ." The breath stopped. Then all rushed together to lift and carry him. Bonhomme held his head and shoulders; Olivine caught one arm around her neck; they were thick around the body; even the children tried to touch and carry him. The cortège moved slowly, painfully, from the lake shore up the bank and on to the house.

Later, when dusk had fallen and they had lighted a few candles, Bonhomme, who had hardly spoken, shouted loudly, "Tell Laus to get away; drive him away; no one wants to look at him; let the law get him if it wants him!" But Laus had gone already and no one ever saw him again. Later still, the room was quieter, only a low whispering in the shadow. At last, there were only Olivine and Bonhomme. She sat on the floor with Désiré's head in her lap. She had closed his eyes and folded his hands on his breast. No one knew of the ache at her heart. Suddenly tears rushed down Bonhomme's cheeks. He roused himself, and cried out with a note of piteous inquiry, "Did you hear what he called me; did you . . .?"

But no one had heard.

After that, Bonhomme lost his hold on life. For a few seasons he hunted as usual, but without the old vigour, and each summer he did less and less. No one knew how old he was, he did not know himself. Dates were vague to him and seemed to change with his feelings. When he was well and lively the date of his birth was not so far in the past; when he was worn out or in pain it was long, long ago. His way of life from the early years had been strenuous; men age quickly when exposed to the hazards of the voyageur and trapper. One winter when he was alone, making an old-fashioned bear-trap, a log fell on his head. After two days they found him and brought him home. His hunting was over. He seemed dazed, spoke very little and with difficulty. Olivine cared for him, watched over him, saw that his food was good and led him about.

One evening she had left him at his favourite place on the lake-shore. The boys had lighted a fire and were feeding it with driftwood. Bonhomme watched them dully. Then suddenly something seemed to arouse his attention. A lad had come into the firelight. He was tugging at a log too heavy for him, struggling to get it to the fire; about eight years old, strongly built, with bright, determined face, and with a mass of fair hair falling over his forehead. He was Désiré's son. Bonhomme straightened himself and gazed intently. He had never paid attention to the lad, and seemed to see him now for the first time. But was it *this* lad that he saw? He strove to rise: then pointing with his left hand and making a beckoning, imploring motion with his right, he forced out the words, brokenly: "Tête-Jaune,—Tête-Jaune!—" and again,—Tête-Jaune!" No one heard him. The lad pushed the log on the fire, paused, smiled triumphantly and turned away. Bonhomme's hands fell to his knees; he muttered awhile to himself.

The fire died, the water began to murmur, night was falling, and, as if the lake were breathing, a cold air flooded the shore. When Olivine came for him, they went slowly up the slope towards the house. Once he stopped, put her gently aside, looked at her searchingly and tried to say something. She waited patiently, but no words came. Then she took his arm and they went on together in silence.

LEONARDO

BY E. C. KYTE

“HE sought to establish the essential unity of structure of all living things, the earth an organism with veins and arteries, the body of a man a type of that of the world.” So says one of the greatest of his commentators, Edward MacCurdy, concerning the aims of Leonardo the Florentine. How universal were those aims the latest additions to the vast Leonardan literature bear witness. The *Literary Works* are issued in two quarto volumes, the edition enlarged and revised by Jean Paul Richter and Irma Richter. Two quarto volumes, again, hold the *Notebooks*, arranged, rendered into English and revised by Mr. MacCurdy. Leonardo’s development as an artist is authoritatively treated by Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery, whose earlier “*Catalogue of the drawings . . . at Windsor Castle*” made that splendid series for the first time entirely available. Last year was published, also, a volume by Vallentin (trans. by E. W. Dickes) which considered Leonardo’s career as a tragic pursuit of perfection; a great failure set to noble music.

It may be said at once that none of the recent views diminishes the stature of the artist: he remains in his tremendous range of interest, speculation and achievement almost unique among the men of historical times, to be compared only with Goethe; and, perhaps, in a restricted degree with Antoni Van Leeuwenhöck. There is a coincidental likeness in name; the lion appears in both; and there is the same tremendous pursuit of absolute truth, the same faith in Experience. Leonardo, it may be said, mastered all the learning of his age in the domain of the Arts: he was painter, sculptor, architect and musician, mathematician and professor of the military art, botanist and the finest anatomist of his day. In making comparison of the arts he gives the supreme place to painting; but we have not

more than half a dozen pictures definitely from his brush, and the books now under review cannot increase that total. What they can do is increase our knowledge of Leonardo's mind and enable us to form a truer estimate of his most complex character. So we appreciate the quick imagination which, beginning with advice to a painter upon representation of a night scene, continues with words that build it up into Literature. We understand better the meaning of his famous aphorism that, in painting, the artist has a twofold object—Man and the intention of Man's soul. This is further stressed by his precept "Make figures with such action as may be sufficient to show what the figure has in mind": the life and the intention of the soul. "The painter is not worthy of praise unless he is universal" sums up his attitude to that branch of Art. The treatise on Painting occupies over 150 pages of the *Notebooks* and as it is divided under headings the reader is enabled to appreciate Leonardo's ability to bring all things to the test of Experience. "And since Experience has been the mistress of whoever has written well I take her as my mistress and to her in all points make my appeal." Again and again he appeals to facts; to Experience: but he recognizes that even here there is a greater power. Experience he calls "the interpreter between resourceful Nature and the human species", but he also says "Nature is full of infinite causes which were never set forth in experience". Knowledge is finite: that which may be known is infinite: yet, by constantly bringing knowledge to the test of experience man escapes "the supreme misfortune . . . when theory outstrips performance." "Wisdom is the daughter of experience."

Throughout these books certain notes are frequently struck; we are constantly impressed with repetitions that stress the writer's indefatigable patience, his constant preoccupation with words that will render his thought more nearly. There is a certain likeness to the Proverbial Philosophy of Mr.

Martin Tupper (Heaven forgive the conjunction!) about some of these sentences: yet how striking they are. "While I thought that I was learning how to live I have been learning how to die." "Life well spent is long." "Intellectual passion drives out sensuality." "Every action done by Nature is done the shortest way."

After reading these Pages of Philosophy we begin to build up a conception of Leonardo, and this conception the contradictions of his life need not destroy. He advised the painter to draw in company and to submit himself constantly to the judgment of others; but for himself he was a lonely man, with few ties of affection and constantly saying, "If you are alone you belong entirely to yourself." He was of a pacific disposition but his study of the military art was profound and he invented many engines of destruction. He loved beauty in man and woman but had an even greater liking for abnormal ugliness. He had a profound and just appreciation of that world-condition which he calls Force, and his Hymn to Force is one of the most remarkable parts of his book. He says "Force is nothing else than a spiritual capacity, an invisible Power . . . running with fury to its own destruction." "It lives by violence and dies from liberty." "Great power gives it great desire of death" (which recalls Shakespeare's "These violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumph die . . .") "Always it desires to grow weak and to spend itself." With much more of striking truth and appositeness: yet involving the contradiction that this man who so well understood the Properties of Force was at the same time a champion of Fear. It is not too much to say that his life was governed by fear: at least, the external life that was lived among men. It was a ruffling time, when quarrels, disputation, arguments, strifes, were natural, between men, cities, families, states: but who ever heard of Leonardo becoming involved, when either his personal reputation or his artistic creations were at stake? A notable

insult from Michelangelo, publicly delivered, only brought a change of colour and silence from the greater artist. When the French Archery, in 1500, made a target of the magnificent horse that he had modelled, "the bronze horse of the Duke Francesco", Leonardo was not at Milan, either to defend his work or to fight for his employer. He was not concerned with any one point of achievement, had so pledged his loyalty to any man that neither Art nor Faith should interrupt the working of his intellect. His life was guided by maxims of prudence: thus—

"As courage endangers life even so Fear preserves it."

"Who goes not ever in fear sustains many injuries and often repents."

"He who walks in fear of dangers will not perish in consequence thereof."

"Fear or timidity is the prolongation of Life."

We do not know enough of Leonardo's history to be informed of what perils he did encounter; but we know that with him unusual foresight was employed in looking for trouble and avoiding it. He was a creative artist; he was concerned with the secrets of Nature, with "the supreme certainty of Mathematics", the power of water, the problems of Flight. Less and less could he regard human beings as the centre of creation. Experience has judged them altogether and has passed on. There is a letter in the *Notebooks* (Vol. 2, p. 539), apparently to the Devatdar of Syria, in which the writer recounts his present perils.

"The fact is in these last days I have had so many anxieties, fears, dangers and losses, as have also the wretched country-folk, that we have come to envy the dead." Furious storms had been followed by avalanches: floods then submerged all the lower parts of the city; "and finally a great fire—which did not seem to be borne by the wind but as though carried by thirty thousand devils—has burnt up and destroyed all this

country, and has not yet ceased. And the few of us that remain are left in such a state of dismay and fear that, like those who are half-witted, we scarce dare to hold speech one with another, but giving up even the attempt to work we stay huddled together in the ruins of some of the churches, men and women small and great all mingled together like herds of goats; and but for certain people having helped us with provisions we should all have died of hunger. Now you can understand the state we are in."

This letter, probably written during Leonardo's travels in Armenia, gives us a glimpse of a human being, a man affected by human emotions. Such glimpses are few: litigation with his brothers, the petty thefts of a pupil, the misdealings of "a German rogue" in 1504, are but matter for a testy humour that recognizes them as waste of Precious Time. There was the enemy: with so great a domain to explore, with the powers of water to comprehend, above all with the problem of Flight to solve, he needed a life of patriarchal span. Keep out of quarrels, avoid the little dissensions of little States: he must be alive, to master experience and to widen understanding. He knew his capacity: "Here is one whom the Lord has invited . . . to do this work for him; and he is a capable master but he has so much, oh! so much, to do that he will never finish it."

There follows from this the feeling that Pain and Death are evils. He quotes Celsus: "The highest good is wisdom: the chief evil is suffering in the body." And he says "Every evil leaves a sorrow in the memory except the supreme evil, Death." (Other men have not found it so). He prays "I obey thee, O Lord . . . because thou knowest how to shorten or prolong the lives of men." He cannot bear to finish anything: it means that another hour has struck. ("I have wasted my hours," he wrote on a page otherwise occupied with anatomical and geometrical drawings). And so he must avoid

the evils that shorten life, that prevent, waste, or detract from the powers of work and thought. Particularly he must avoid that prevalent evil—Woman.

I am aware that much has been made of Leonardo's anti-social tendencies: that he was twice arrested by the State and charged with moral turpitude — and acquitted: that it has become usual to deduce much fire from a little smoke. But one cannot study the *Notebooks* without being convinced by sentence after sentence that Leonardo genuinely detested and reproved sensuality of all kinds. The processes of human reproduction disgusted him; as a symbol of lust he names the bat, a creature that cannot bear the light. Such behaviour was not for him, an eagle that could face the sun. Therefore, Woman was to be feared and avoided: and the Unicorn, in his *Bestiary*, becomes a symbol of Intemperance. Poor Anomaly! Others may see in this failing a rather delightful perversity; but not Leonardo.

"The unicorn for its lack of temperance, and because it does not know how to control itself for the delight that it has in young maidens, forgets its ferocity and wildness; and laying aside all fear it goes up to the seated maiden and goes to sleep in her lap, and in this way the hunters take it." If these things are done by young maidens what occurs when the woman is older and more guileful? It is possible to find an answer in the picture called the *Mona Lisa*. Here is no Venus, no woman of beauty and wile such as we may discern through the coloured medium of a passage from Pater. Apart from the painter's miraculous draughtsmanship there is little enough in the face of character, of ability to win and hold men, to become a *femme fatale*. Consider what we know of her: blameless and undistinguished, meek wife of a stupid husband, she took the working hours of four years in Leonardo's later life. That mysterious smile that has given her the name of *La Gioconda* must be maintained by amusements from with-

out; by jugglers. The painter was not likely to tolerate stupidity, and his views on women were formed. He had written in allegory of the wrecks upon the shores of the Island of Cyprus "which was the realm of the goddess Venus". If he lavished his highest art upon a contented housewife the reason may have been that he saw in her a symbol. Look at the background of this picture; no conventional landscape but a scene of wild and remarkable beauty with the power of water manifest and a Bifrost bridge losing its further piers in cloud. Is it too fanciful to see in this the realm of experimental science, with the bridge of testing experience reaching out toward further speculation, further proof? And, in the foreground, with folded arms and a faint smile of amusement, Woman blocks the way.

"Works," wrote Leonardo to his Prince, "by which I could show to those that are to come that I have been." The body of printed matter regarding him is great; but nothing so far advances our appreciation of his attainments as these under review. Let me quote in closing Sir Kenneth Clark's concluding words:

"The further he penetrates the more he becomes aware of man's impotence; . . . his studies of embryology point to a central problem of creation apparently insoluble by science. The intellect is no longer supreme and human beings cease to be the centre of nature; so they gradually fade from his imagination, or when they appear . . . they are human no longer but symbols of force and mystery" . . .

SCHOOLS IN PSYCHOLOGY

BY PETER HAMPTON

MANY people are suspicious of a science which fosters within its fold so called schools of thought. "What good can a science teach us when the teachers themselves are not agreed as to what is right or wrong?" they ask. The only answer to such an objection is to open the eyes of these doubters to a few cold facts.

This would be a very stale world if every one thought as every one else does. Not only is difference of opinion to be encouraged between different sciences, but also between the proponents of conflicting conceptions within a single science. Schools are the best indication that a science is not dormant or dead. Where people disagree there is hope for the discovery of new truth. No science can stand still. It must either go forward or go backward. Forward movement in a science means dabbling in hypotheses, theories, and laws. Backward movement means that some other science is encroaching upon the sleeping science's territory.

Each school is only a different way of looking at the same subject matter. Because of the different angles from which a problem may be regarded, the results of the solved problem are also different. Merely to be different, however, is not to be wrong. A thing is right only within the environs of its modifying circumstances or conditions. Each school makes mistakes. That is to be expected. But each school also adds new truth to the parent body of truth of a science. Few sciences give a better illustration of this than psychology.

Theoretical psychology to-day is principally made up of five schools, namely, structuralism, functionalism, behaviorism, psychoanalysis, and Gestalt psychology. Historically, structuralism comes first. This is the school which, fathered by the eminent German psychologist Wundt, was so highly regarded when our older professors were students. In America

the chief exponent of this school was Titchener. For Titchener, as for all structuralists, the subject matter of psychology was consciousness, that is, sensations, affections and images, and the method by which consciousness was to be investigated was introspection. For a number of years structuralism held sway in the psychological world.

From the beginning, however, this school could not find satisfactory solutions for certain psychological problems. For one thing, this school concerned itself exclusively with isolated bits of consciousness, and not with the whole of our conscious life in its functional relationship. The sum total of all elements of consciousness is not quite the same thing as the whole of consciousness. There is something in a twelve, for instance, which will never be found in five plus seven. It is the property which may be called twelveness which is new, and which is not present in any combination of numbers adding up to twelve. Another reason why structuralism did not maintain its initial popularity was that it did not allow in its psychology for anything that goes on subconsciously in us. And in view of the fact that a great deal of our behaviour never reaches the threshold of consciousness, this was another serious shortcoming.

The first of these inadequacies was gradually remedied by a new school, functionalism. While structuralism originated in Germany, functionalism was ushered into the world in America, at the University of Chicago. The University of Chicago had long been known for its hostile attitude towards structuralism. Structuralism was conservative, Bostonian, thoroughly eastern in outlook. Its main seat was at Princeton. Functionalism, on the other hand, was thoroughly western in spirit and outlook. When the two camps came to blows it proved to be the old battle of east against west, of conservatism against radicalism, interpreted as change, and since America was, and still is, progressive in all its undertakings,

it was not surprising that functionalism obtained a hearing among psychologists.

The subject matter of psychology remained consciousness for the functionalists. They also maintained the old method of introspection. However, the attitude towards consciousness had changed. No longer was consciousness analyzed into bits or single elements and thus microscopically studied. The functionalists, as their name implies, studied consciousness in its functional relationship. The one objection so devastatingly destructive to structuralism was now removed, but the second objection, the failure to take account of men's subconscious behaviour, and a third objection, the emphasis put upon consciousness as the sole subject matter of psychology, still remained. It was these factors, together with some others, which were to spell the eventual doom of functionalism; and, strange to relate, it was again at the University of Chicago that the new school arose. This school was behaviourism.

It has been said, and with some truth, that the history of psychology falls into two great divisions: the study of the soul, and the study of behaviour without the soul. It was behaviourism, under the leadership of J. B. Watson, which formally ushered in the second of these periods. Subjectivism fell prey to objectivism, and until the present day has never really recovered. Structuralism and functionalism studied consciousness—the soul—by means of the introspective method. Behaviourism denied the psychological existence of consciousness altogether and chose for its study the objective stimulus-response behaviour of the individual. And its method was objective observation and scientific experimentation.

Behaviourism, unlike any other school in psychology, reflected the tempo of the age. It was the age of success in America, the 1920's. The standard of living soared higher from day to day. What formerly had been luxuries had become necessities, and every office boy had his eye on the

presidency of the company. It was the age of cold cash, and materialism. And it was in this atmosphere of money making that behaviourism prospered. Beginning thus as a materialistic philosophy it borrowed the theory of conditioning from the Russian physiologist Pavlov and established itself as a school in psychology. Like so many other schools is made its debut with a shower of polemics against all other schools of psychology. This done, it began to experiment, and although it made a great many rash promises which it never fulfilled, it succeeded in discovering many things about human beings which were not known before.

Working and experimenting with animals, the behaviourists reasoned from the results of animal investigation to human beings, and often with surprising results. The great mistake which behaviourism committed, and which all materialists commit, was that they excluded meaning from their subject matter of study. Meaning, however, cannot be discarded with a mere shrug of the shoulders. Certain acts of man are more than the objective elements of behaviour. The enjoyment of a symphony, for instance, can never adequately be explained without taking into consideration the meaning conveyed by the music. Principally because of this shortcoming, behaviourism missed being *the* school of psychology, and as time went on, other schools came into the limelight and behaviourism receded.

While behaviourism is a typical American school in psychology, psychoanalysis, which for a time was a very powerful school, is a typical European school. Psychology in America has been more or less satisfied with skimming the surface. Psychology abroad has gone below the surface to investigate the subconscious. Psychoanalysis, which is so closely associated with the names of Freud, Adler, and Jung, concerns itself with the subconscious behaviour of the individual. As the behaviourists tried to explain normal human behaviour by study-

ing the behaviour of animals, so the psychoanalysts study normal behaviour via the subconscious mind. According to Freud, the great motive behind most human behaviour is the sex urge. Sex drives men and women to do what they are doing. While the conscious personality suppresses things in connection with sex because of social formality and usage, the subconscious gives free reign to these motives. Hence our dream life.

Our dreams, according to the psychoanalysts, are nothing but suppressed desires dressed up so as not to offend, and are thus difficult to recognize. As a result the job of the psychoanalyst becomes the investigation of dreams. The psychoanalyst, in his endeavour to study human nature and minister to human needs, must pry into the subconscious life of the individual for the real causes of the individual's behaviour. He does this by psychoanalyzing the subject. In other words, he removes the conscious barriers to the motives underlying man's actions, and as soon as these barriers are removed everything is revealed very clearly, and all the psychoanalyst has to do is to read as from an open book and report his findings. In accordance with these findings he can then proceed to help humanity.

Psychoanalysts do not all agree with one another in detail. The main points, however, are more or less the same for all. While psychoanalysis has carried its views to an extreme, it has shown the importance of the subconscious in explaining human behaviour. It is in this connection that psychoanalysis has found a lasting place in psychology.

The last school to make a farflung impression in the field of psychology is Gestalt psychology. Gestalt psychology is the extreme antithesis of the structural school. It concerns itself with the "whole" and nothing but the "whole". It does not make any pretence at being simple, and is much too technical to be readily accepted by the layman. And yet the underlying principle of Gestalt psychology is not difficult to

understand. According to Gestalt psychology, we must never study human behaviour in isolation from all other behaviour. Whatever is is a Gestalt, a configuration, a whole, and as such implies a background. While the structuralists were satisfied to study single elements, the Gestalt psychologists are never satisfied with elements only. What a thing is is often, if not always, determined by its surroundings. The way to understand human nature is not to deal with isolated elements like the structuralists, or with these elements in a functional relationship like the functionalists, or with the external stimulus response behaviour like the behaviourists, or again with the internal or subconscious behaviour like the psychoanalysts.

The only way to understand adequately the ways of mankind is to view these ways as ever changing Gestalten or configurations. These configurations are comprehensive enough to include the subject matter of all of the previous schools combined.

The method of the Gestalt psychologists is that of scientific observation and experimentation. But the introspective method is not entirely ruled out of the picture. There are types of behaviour which cannot be studied by any other means than the introspective method. In such cases careful introspection is still valid and helpful.

Beginning with an investigation of the senses, and particularly the sense of sight, Gestalt psychology has branched out until to-day it covers nearly every phase of psychology. It is this spreading out to include more and more subject matter that spells a real and not a fancied danger to the schools. There is an unforgivable tendency in psychology, as elsewhere in science, to stretch principles so that they will apply to nearly everything. But the facts indicate clearly that what is true of one sense, for instance, need not necessarily be true of all the senses. Within certain limits, therefore, schools are very beneficial to a progressing science. But as soon as these

limits are cast aside and a school becomes a dictatorship it begins to go downward. As a result decline follows.

This fact is well evidenced by history. Structuralism taught us much about sensations, affections, and images. Within that sphere it was at home. But when it began to dabble in things that were beyond its scope theoretically as well as methodologically, it lost appeal and began to decline until to-day its significance is only historical. Structuralism also was too rash and far-fetched in its promises. It too went the way of all overbearing schools.

Behaviourism has made more and greater promises than any other school. With its crass materialism it swept America like a forest fire, and like a forest fire it left behind black stumps of despair. People will never be satisfied with materialism. Meaning must not and cannot be ruled out of our lives. While behaviourism has taught us much about the ways of our nervous system and body, it went too far when it tried to apply its findings with animals to man's consciousness.

The excesses committed by psychoanalysis are such that a person who may not know anything about the theory of psychoanalysis has nevertheless a knowledge of the bad reputation of this school. To interpret all our behaviour in terms of sex is to disregard many important factors and motives. In his later books, however, Freud has toned down his sexology. It must not be overlooked that there are features in psychoanalysis which have proven of immense therapeutic value to human kind.

Finally, Gestalt psychology, while it has shown better judgment in interpreting human nature than have the other schools, is itself making the same blunders as its predecessors in the matter of extending a principle over too wide a field.

In order, therefore, to keep a school alive we must show moderation in the use of our principles. Unless we do this, no school is assured any measure of permanency.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

(He is a man—magnanimous broad brow;
The seer's eyes, tragical. These dogs of Jews
Endure no liberal mind: their priests accuse
Christus of aims impossible.) Art thou
A king then, as thine enemies avow?
*Thou sayest. Truth is my kingdom. All men whose
Spirits are of the Truth hear it and choose
Its light, its benediction. He ceased now.*

How may we know the unknown?, Pilate sighed.
None answered. Time stood still. The eternal Deep
Flowed round about the twain that strangely yearned
Each to the other. . . At last, like men asleep
Waking—the thorn-crowned to be crucified,—
Roman and Galilean slow returned.

LITERARY PIRACY

BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

THE name of George Thomas Lanigan means nothing to-day except as the author of a fantastic poem — *The Akhoond of Swat*—found in half-a-dozen American anthologies of humorous verse. And yet this was but one of a hundred or more satirical ballads published in the *New York World* during the eight years he was a member of its staff. And his ballads form but a part of Lanigan's achievements as a journalist and man-of-letters. To the *World* he contributed editorials and special articles on political and social questions of his day, translations into excellent English verse of the work of contemporary French poets, a column made up of his translations of anecdotes and fragments of wit and humour drawn from the Paris newspapers, and a series of fables in the manner of Æsop in which he attacked some of the problems of the late seventies. In the middle of the previous decade, while he was still a student at the Montreal High School, he translated a number of French-Canadian folk-songs into English verse. These and a group of the *Fables* were all of his numerous writings that ever appeared in book form. He took a very modest view of his literary ability, and was content to leave the things he had written buried in the columns of newspapers.

His translations of the folk-songs, the earliest attempt to present an English version of the charming *chansons* of Quebec in book form, were published by John Lovell in Montreal in 1865, under the title *National Ballads of Canada*. It is to-day an exceedingly rare book, the only copies listed in public collections being in the British Museum, the Toronto Public Library and the Boston Public Library. His other book appeared in 1878 in New York as *Fables*, and is now almost as great a rarity as the *National Ballads*, no public library in

Canada, as far as I am aware, possessing a copy, and the only copies outside the Dominion being in the British Museum, the New York Public Library, the Library of Congress, the Boston Public Library and the Library Company of Philadelphia. Lanigan seemed to have an aversion to signing his name to anything he wrote. The *National Ballads* appeared with the pen-name "Allid", and the *Fables* are attributed to "G. Washington Æsop". Many of his contributions to the *World*, *Life*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals were signed with his initials, and many more were unsigned.

The *Fables* proved popular both in North America and in England. Not only did the New York edition sell very well, but it was followed in 1885 and again in 1889 by London editions. But even before these legitimate English editions were put on the market a pirated edition appeared that was to become the subject of a spirited controversy. In 1882 a London publisher named Hamilton brought out *Fables by G. Washington Æsop and Bret Harte*, which is to-day an even rarer book than the New York *Fables* or the *National Ballads*, the only copies of which I have heard being in the Stanford University Libraries and the Henry Huntington Library. Even the British Museum has not a copy, although the book was published in London. Probably the reason for the California libraries' interest in the book is the fact that it includes fables by Bret Harte, who is proudly claimed as a Californian although his birthplace was Albany, New York.

The story of this literary piracy is told in another rare little book, *The Lectures of Bret Harte, compiled from Various Sources, to which is Added 'The Piracy of Bret Harte's Fables'*. It was written and published by Charles Meeker Kozley in New York in 1909. It appears that the 1882 edition was published without the knowledge or consent of either Lanigan or Harte, and the two victims of this piratical venture might never have known anything about it had not a

London book-reviewer found the *Fables* on his desk and, in the casual manner of many book reviewers, seized upon the name of Bret Harte that he knew, rather than that of "G. Washington Æsop" that meant nothing to him, and therefore labelled his article *Bret Harte's New Book*, although it contained only three fables by Harte out of forty-six. To make sure that there should be no misunderstanding as to the authorship—he may in good faith have taken the "G. Washington Æsop" as merely a piece of facetiousness on the part of Bret Harte—the reviewer said: "Mr. Bret Harte has gone to the author, whom that popular lecturer the Reverend Jackson Wray aptly describes as 'Rare Old Æsop', and has produced a new book of *Fables* whose chief fault is that it is too small, but though the volume is thin the fun is not so by any means."

The reviewer went to some pains to quote the fables, but, unfortunately, those that he quoted and praised as Harte's happened to be Lanigan's. The New York *Tribune* copied the review from the London *Echo*, in which it originally appeared. Lanigan read it in the *Tribune*, learned for the first time that his writings had been impudently stolen, and not merely stolen but attributed to another man—and the fat was in the fire! Lanigan wrote with pardonable indignation to the *Tribune*: "I notice in your paper of to-day an article copied from the London *Echo* headed *Bret Harte's New Book—A Collection of Fables*. Of the five mentioned, four have been stolen *verbatim et literatim* from my volume *Out of the World*, published five years ago and favorably noticed in the *Tribune*, if I mistake not, and the fifth has been expanded and spoiled." This was one of the Harte fables which, by an odd coincidence, dealt with the same subject and in somewhat the same way as one of Lanigan's. Lanigan went on: "Mr. Harte seems to have gone to the length of appropriating the illustrations of my friend Mr. F. E. Church. I have heard of wholesale literary piracies, but there is a sweet, luscious largeness

about Mr. Harte's work which reminds one of nothing so much as a mammoth California fruit, ripened in an English hothouse."

Bret Harte replied from Glasgow, where he was at that time stationed as United States Consul. He did not like the tone of Lanigan's letter, and it was a peculiarly obnoxious insult in his case to be charged with literary piracy, because he had himself been a sufferer. "In the early days of Harte's career as an author", says Kozley, "there was no international copyright law, and many English publishers reaped a rich harvest by placing on the market the writings of American authors." I must confess that, having been brought up in the tradition that literary piracy had been the peculiar prerogative of American publishers, it troubled me to learn that English publishers also had practiced brigandage. Kozley, however, admits that "the pirates were not all on the other side of the Atlantic, for not a few American publishers took advantage of opportunities to make money in this manner." But to return to Bret Harte, he wrote to the *Tribune*:

I find in the columns of the *Tribune* a communication from a Mr. Lanigan claiming the authorship of certain fables contained in a book published in London, bearing upon its cover the inscription *Fables by G. Washington Æsop and Bret Harte*. Three of these fables I recognize as my own, but where and when written I cannot now recall.

As Mr. Lanigan has seen fit to abuse me for instigating the publication of the book, and claiming its authorship, it may be necessary for me to state that I neither authorized its publication nor knew of its existence until it was publicly sold. When I read it, I wrote the publisher, who apologized, but at the same time pointed out the obvious fact—which seems to have escaped the attention of Mr. Lanigan—that he had, neither on title page or cover, claimed the work as wholly mine. And it is only just to him to say he admitted a certain wrong was done to me, in so far as to voluntarily offer to 'consider' any pecuniary damage I might have sustained. That damage I am not 'considering' here. But if I have been wantonly or accidentally used as an advertisement for a book, which is amusing, I do not see that it follows that I should suffer my-

self to be made an advertisement for Mr. Lanigan, who is certainly not.

An even more eminent American writer than Bret Harte was, it appears, the victim of literary piracy. In 1872 Mark Twain wrote the following letter to the London *Spectator*:

I only venture to intrude upon you because I come, in some sense, in the interest of public morality, and this makes my mission respectable. Mr. John Camden Hotten, of London, has, of his own individual motion, republished several of my books in England. I do not protest against this, for there is no law that could give effect to the protest; and, besides, publishers are not accountable to the laws of heaven and earth in any country, as I understand it. But my grievance is this: My books are bad enough just as they are written, then what must they be after Mr. John Camden Hotten has composed half-a-dozen chapters and added the same to them?

I feel that all true hearts will bleed for an author whose volumes have fallen under such a dispensation as this. If a friend of yours, or even if you yourself, were to write a book and send it adrift among the people, with the gravest apprehensions that it was not up to what it ought to be intellectually, how would you like to have John Camden Hotten sit down and stimulate his powers, and drool two or three original chapters on to the end of that book? Would not the world seem cold and hollow to you? Would you not feel that you wanted to die and be at rest? Little the world knows of true suffering. And suppose he should entitle those chapters 'Holiday Literature', 'True Stories of Chicago', 'On Children', 'Train up a Child, and Away He Goes', and 'Vengeance', and then, on the strength of having evolved these marvels from his own consciousness, go and 'copyright' the entire book, and put on the title-page a picture of a man with his hand in another man's pocket and the legend 'All Rights Reserved', (I only suppose this picture; still it would be rather a neat thing.)

And, further, suppose that in the kindness of his heart and the exuberance of his untaught fancy, this thoroughly well-meaning innocent should expunge the modest title which you had given your book, and replace it with so foul an invention as this, 'Screamers and Eye-Openers', and went and got *that* copyrighted, too. And suppose that on top of all this, he continually and persistently forgot to offer you a single penny or even send you a copy of your mutilated book to burn. Let us suppose all this. Let him suppose it with strength enough, and then he will know something about woe. Sometimes when I read one of those additional chapters constructed by John

Camden Hotten, I feel as if I wanted to take a broom-straw and go and knock that man's brains out. Not in anger, for I feel none. Oh! not in anger; but only to see, that is all. Mere idle curiosity.

And Mr. Hotten says that one nom de plume of mine is 'Carl Byng'. I hold that there is no affliction in this world that makes a man feel so downtrodden and abused as the giving him a name that does not belong to him. How would this sinful aborigine feel if I were to call him John Camden Hottentot, and come out in the papers and say he was entitled to it by divine right? I do honestly believe it would throw him into a brain fever, if there were not an insuperable obstacle in the way.

Yes—to come to the original subject, which is the sorrow that is slowly but surely undermining my health—Mr. Hotten prints unrevised, uncorrected, and in some respects spurious books, with my name to them as author, and thus embitters his customers against one of the most innocent of men. Messrs. George Routledge and Sons are the only English publishers who pay me any copyright, and therefore if my books are to disseminate either suffering or crime among the readers of our language, I would ever so much rather they did it through that house, and then I could contemplate the spectacle calmly as the dividends came in.

Three of the *Fables* included in the pirated edition will serve to illustrate the character and quality of Lanigan's satires. The first is entitled: *The Rhinoceros and the Dromedary*.

A thirsty Rhinoceros, having to his great joy encountered a Dromedary in the Desert of Sahara, besought the latter animal of his Mercy to give him a Drink, but the Dromedary refused, stating that he was holding the Fluid for an Advance. "Why", said he to the Rhinoceros, "did you not imitate my Forethought and Prudence, and take some heed to the Morrow?" The Rhinoceros acknowledged the justice of the Rebuke. Some time afterwards he met in an Oasis the Dromedary, who had realized at the Turn of the Market and was now trying to cover his shorts. "For Heaven's sake", he gasped to the Rhinoceros, who was wallowing in the midst of a refreshing Pool, "trust me for a Nip." "When I was thirsty", replied the Rhinoceros, "you declined to stand the Drinks, but I will give you a Horn." So saying, he let the grateful sunlight into the Dromedary's innards.

Moral.—Virtue is its own Reward.

The second Fable describes the episode of *The Glow-Worm and the Famished Nightingale*.

A Famished Nightingale, who had been singing to very Thin Houses, chanced to encounter a Glow-worm at Eventide and prepared to make upon him a Light Repast. The unfortunate Lampyris Splendidula besought the Songster, in the sacred name of Art, not to quench his Vital Spark, and appealed to his Magnanimity. "The Nightingale who needlessly sets Claw upon a Glow-worm", he said, "is a Being whom it were gross Flattery to term a Luscinia Philomela." The Bird, however, turned a deaf Beak to these Appeals and was about to douse the Glim, when the Glow-worm cried out, "Beware, lest I give you the Heartburn: remember how Herod and Luther died of a Diet of Glow-worms", and while the Nightingale, (who was by no means a bad Bird at Stomach) was considering these propositions, escaped, hanging out false Lights to baffle his Enemy's Pursuit.

Moral.—Let the Dead Past bury its Dead; Act, act in the Living Present.

The third and last Fable tells the story of *The Fox and the Crow*.

A Crow, having secured a Piece of Cheese, flew with its Prize to a lofty Tree, and was preparing to devour the Luscious Morsel, when a Crafty Fox, halting at the foot of the Tree, began to cast about how he might obtain it. "How tasteful", he cried in well-feigned Ecstasy, "is your Dress; it cannot surely be that your Musical Education has been neglected. Will you not oblige?" "I have a horrid Cold", replied the Crow, "and never sing without my Music, but since you press me—. At the same time, I should add that I have read Æsop, and been there before." So saying, she deposited the Cheese in a safe place on the Limb of the Tree, and favoured him with a Song. "Thank you", exclaimed the Fox, and trotted away, with the Remark, that Welsh Rabbits never agreed with him, and were far inferior in Quality to the animate Variety.

Moral.—The foregoing Fable is supported by a whole Gatling Battery of Morals. We are taught (1) that it Pays to take the Papers; (2) that Invitation is not Always the Sincerest Flattery; (3) that a Stalled Rabbit with Contentment is better than No Bread, and (4) that the Aim of Art is to Conceal Disappointment.

A comparison of Bret Harte's fables with those of Lani-gan leaves one with the conviction that, however successful the

former may have been in other forms of literary expression, he was distinctly inferior to Lanigan as a writer of satirical fables. It happens that both wrote fables on the same subject, *The Wolf and the Lamb*. Harte's version of the story, or so at least it seems to me, is ponderous and dull, while Lanigan's is crisp and pungent. There is nothing to suggest that either knew of or was in any way influenced by the other's fable. Here is Harte's:

A wolf one day, drinking from a running stream, observed a lamb also drinking from the same stream at some distance from him.

"I have yet to learn", said the wolf, addressing the lamb with dignified severity, "what right you have to muddy the stream from which I am drinking."

"Your premises are incorrect", replied the lamb with bland politeness, "for if you will take the trouble to examine the current critically you will observe that it flows from you to me, and that any disturbance of sediment here would be, so far as you are concerned, entirely local."

"Possibly you are right", returned the wolf, "but, if I am not mistaken, you are the person who, two years ago, used some influence against me, at the primaries."

"Impossible", replied the lamb, "two years ago I was not born."

"Ah, well", added the wolf, composedly, "I am wrong again. But it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am altogether insane, and consequently not responsible for my actions."

With this remark, he at once dispatched the lamb, and was triumphantly acquitted.

Moral.—This moral teaches us how erroneous may be the popular impression in regard to the distribution of alluvium and the formation of river deltas.

And here is Lanigan's fable:

A Wolf and a Lamb happened to be slaking their Thirst at the same Rivulet, when the former complained that the latter troubled the Water. "Pray, how can that be", replied the Lamb, "when the Stream flows from you to me? The Turbidity of the Aqueous Element which you allege cannot possibly exist without a Suspension of the Laws of Nature." "Well", growled the Wolf, "three Years ago come next Patrick's Day, as I, in company with several members of the

Queen's County Hunt and their Faithful Hounds, was enjoying the Pleasures of the Chase, you took Advantage of my momentary Preoccupation to inquire with a mocking Smile how were my poor Feet." "Alas! no", said the trembling Lamb, "for I was not then born." "Then it must have been your Mother", snarled the Wolf; "my eyes are not so good as they once were, and I must apologize for my stupid Mistake"; and he trotted away.

Moral.—The Above did not turn out as it should have done to ring in the Moral.

"BUT FOR THESE CONSTANT"

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

I who have yet to die, have died so often
In secret, to no use, that you might say
I should grow callous or the hurt would soften
With each repeat. But when you turn away
And show you have nothing of me in your heart
Death bloods his knife anew, and all is still
Where I lived deepest, and again I part
From that one life which you alone could fill.
Only in heaven, in my guarded mind,
I keep those things which are unalterable:
The words we said, the deeds not meant to bind
And still do bind, the pleasures that befell.
But for these constant, dying had an end,
And Death, not you, would prove the truer friend.

HOW TOTEM POLES ORIGINATED

BY MARIUS BARBEAU

TOTEM poles on the Northwest Coast of Canada and Alaska for many years have been considered an outstanding form of native art, certainly the most remarkable on our continent. Yet until recently they were never the object of a careful study. Most of the current notions about them can be traced back to loose thinking and hasty abstractions. The curio collectors of thirty or forty years ago failed to record information on the totems which they secured for museums and allowed the idea to go abroad that the large carved poles of the Haidas, Tsimshyans and Tlingits were hundreds of years old, in other words, that they went back to pre-history. One of them, standing in Prince Rupert, British Columbia, was said to be four hundred years old. But they were nothing of the kind, as a few typical facts here will show. They were a unique growth of native art, which happened almost under our eyes as it were, after the coming of the white man on the Pacific Coast, within the past hundred years.

A head-chief on the lower Nass River named Sarau'wan — Sharp Teeth — was deeply wounded in his pride by his wife's desertion. The young woman had forsaken native rank for the favours of a Captain McNeil, a Hudson's Bay Company's fur trader, and gone to live with him down the coast to Victoria. To wipe off his shame in a familiar way among his people, Sharp Teeth availed himself of the first opportunity in a tribal feast and, holding up in his hand ten beautiful marten skins, began to sing on an old tune a new challenge which he had composed to cast ridicule on the deserter.

This song of challenge was: "Wait and see what a chief can do! Wait, sweetheart, that you may learn how I have raised my head again! Wait, O flighty one, before you send me word of how you pine once more for my love! Time is

now ripe, woman of the bleached Victoria tribe (the white people), for you to send me a bottle of Old Tom (whiskey). That is why I now dispatch to you this handful of beaver skins."

Actually the skins were even more valuable than beaver, which meant dollars to the natives; they were picked marten which an indignant and wealthy chief could afford to sacrifice to heap ridicule upon a woman unworthy of him and surely unable—after her escapade—to reciprocate in kind. For the only way now for her to redeem her reputation was to return a gift of still greater value. This unexpectedly she did.

The gift which, in her absence and through her brother Niskinwætk, she flung to her former husband's face (with the help of her new husband, Captain McNeil) was a large Haida canoe carved out of a huge cedar tree. Thus she had made the Old Tom demanded by Sharp-Teeth into a trade canoe, decorated inside with the Bear, her own heraldic emblem, and beautifully carved at the prow. As the canoe was given in a feast to the challenger, "she went over big"—so it is still remembered—"and had the best of him". He had wanted to discredit her forever in the eyes of her people, because she had shamed him and he was proud. Now once more she had brought new humiliation upon him. And the tribe was not sure at the time that he would retaliate.

He did. After he had gathered all his wealth in pelts, copper shields, blankets and trade goods, he gave a big feast, invited all the neighbouring tribes and made it known that he was about to cast off his wife in a way that would brand her as worthless. Starting to lavish presents upon his guests, particularly those who had derided him, he sang a song which he had composed for the occasion—a taunting song. And he cut off all ties with her.

Captain McNeil's native mistress now smarted under the insult, far away though she lived from the scene of her perpe-

trated disgrace. She decided to fight it out to the end with her former overlord.

As her brother Niskinwætk, with whom she shared the leadership of a high Wolf clan, had recently died, she decided to erect to his memory a totem pole and thereby assume single-handed the leadership of the clan. Bent on using this opportunity to raise a fine totem and enhance the prestige of her clan, she would thereby wipe off the shame which her dismissal by her husband had brought upon her. And she had the means to do it.

The best carver of the Nass at the time—about seventy-five years ago—was Oyai, of the Canyon tribe on mid-river, who was spending his busy life under the command and the pay of the chiefs of various tribes, carving memorial columns for them. So she made sure of his services for about a year, during which he fashioned a pole for her.

When the carving was ready she came in person to the Nass, bringing much property with her, and had the totem erected to the memory of her brother in the midst of a great celebration. Henceforth, in the esteem of the people, she would assume the rank of a high chief, on a par with her estranged husband, who had lost his power over her. She was a leader among the Wolves, as he was among the Eagles—their respective clans being the Wolf and the Eagle.

Her totem pole, indeed, was a fine memorial, that stood at the head of a splendid row of totems at the old Nass village of Angyadæ. After the lapse of about seventy years, the author discovered it still standing on the former village site, surrounded by a growth of wild crabapple trees. Its heraldic figures carved out of red cedar were weather-beaten, yet most expressive and original. It was evident at first sight that Oyai, its carver, deserved his reputation as the best totem carver of his generation on the Nass or anywhere.

This pole, a medium-sized one, has since been purchased from its owner and removed for conservation to the Trocadéro Museum in Paris. Its figures, admirably disposed on the large shaft, are not those of Indian divinities—as such figures often have been mistaken. They are simple heraldic symbols, somewhat like the coat-of-arms of noble families in Europe. Here the large figures, at the base and the top of the pole, are of Grizzly Bears, not the common grizzlies, but of semi-human Grizzlies of the past about whom a myth or story is told, and of their several children, semi-human like themselves. The carvings represent some of the children with human faces and limbs and others with animal features. The myth itself, if time permitted here to repeat it, would illustrate how some ancestors of this Wolf family chanced one day upon a spiritual experience that led to their adoption of the Grizzly as their leading heraldic symbol.

Mrs. McNeil's promotion to the rank of a high chief on the Nass, after the efforts of her former husband to shame her, was not accepted by him as the final instalment in their quarrel, rather it added fuel to the flames. And there was nothing which the outsiders—they were the majority—enjoyed more completely than a good fight as, being the beneficiaries, they always stood on the side of the winner in any contest.

The quarrel between Mrs. McNeil and Sharp-Teeth happened at the time when the three leading chiefs of the Nass—including Sharp-Teeth—engaged in a feud that caused rivalries, bloodshed, and the erection of the finest and tallest totem poles on the Northwest Coast. But the story of these remarkable memorials, for lack of space, cannot be told here. Only a brief description can be given of the main features and brief history of the totem poles among the three or four northernmost nations of the Pacific Coast, the Tsimshian, the Haida, and the Tlingit.

The three totem poles of the Grizzly-Bear, the Fin-of-Killer-Whale, and the Northern Eagle, carved in the course of the ensuing contest, by the totem pole carver Oyai of the Nass River Canyon, are typical of the best and tallest on the Pacific Coast. They belong to the short period — after the middle of the past century — when totems were erected among the Tsimshyans on the Nass and Skeena Rivers, the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Tlingit of southern Alaska.

The carvers were not artists in our present acceptance of the term; they were not permitted to give free rein to their imagination or fancy. They had little or nothing to do with the choice of the cedar tree they were to carve, nor the spot in the village where it was to be erected after it was carved, nor even the selection or the number of the figures they were hired to execute. They did not consider their art æsthetic but useful. Regulated by custom, it fulfilled a social purpose and was an important vehicle of a system of heraldry which in a short time grew to abnormal proportions.

A totem or badge on the Pacific Coast as a rule was inherited. Sometimes it had been conquered in warfare or received from the owners in compensation for a debt or in atonement for a crime.

The figures or totems most commonly used were those of familiar animals; the Frog, the Killer-Whale, the Bear, the Owl, the Halibut and the Starfish. A number of other themes, localized, were derived from the fauna, the flora and the traditions of the country.

There were carved house poles and totem poles proper, detached, that stood in front of the houses. Smaller poles with grave-boxes were also found among some of the tribes, mostly in the southern districts. Housefront paintings, carved house-posts and graveyard structure were more ancient than detached

poles. The detached totem poles as a fashion were fairly recent, the ancient sea captains, from Martinez and Cook (*circa* 1779 to 1800), failed to see any of them, although they called at several Indian villages, in particular among the Haidas. The only known record of detached carved pillars (communicated to the author by Mr. Diamond Jenness, who found it in Ingraham's MS. *Journal of the Brig Hope*, 1790-92, in a copy at the Provincial Archives at Victoria, B.C.) is included in the following statement: "I went to view two detached pillars which were situated in the front of a village about a quarter of a mile distant from our vessell on the north shore; they were about 40 feet in height, carved in a very curious manner indeed, representing Men, Toads, etc., the whole of which I tho't did great credit to the natural genius of these people. In one of the houses of this village the door was through the mouth of one of the before mentioned images. . ."

A pole stood as many years as nature unaided would permit. Sometimes two or three poles belonged to the same family, but had been erected at different times as memorials to chiefs after their death, one generation apart from each other. They stood side by side, and were part of the village cluster. Some of the poles leaned to one side, ready to fall, sometimes supported by props. It was not the custom to mend or transplant a pole, however precarious its condition. Once fallen, it was pushed aside, if it were in the way; it decayed gradually or was cut up and burnt as firewood.

The art of totem pole carving now belongs to the past. Not really ancient, it has covered altogether less than a hundred years, mostly from 1840 to 1880, with its apogee in the last phase, from 1860 to 1880. For the Haidas and Niskæ it came to an end about 1880. Elsewhere it actively survived until after 1900.

Therefore it is a mistake to say that totem poles are hundreds of years old. They could not be. A green tree, cut

down, carved and planted without preservatives cannot stand very long, as it is highly perishable. A minute examination of each one of the totems on the upper Skeena has made it clear that the art of pole carving evolved out of humble beginnings mostly after 1840. In a short period of intensive development it passed through two or three phases or styles. Practically all the poles of the Haidas and the Tlingit as we know them were carved between 1860 and 1880, at the time when the fur trade on the Northwest Coast and at Victoria was at its height and native ambition had not yet given way to missionary work, mostly after 1880.

The generation of wood-carvers that worked from 1860 to 1880 is acknowledged by the natives as the best. The names of the craftsmen have been partly compiled; their work can often be identified. They belonged almost exclusively to the Niskæ, the Haida and the southern Tlingit tribes.

The early mariners and discoverers, from 1779 to 1800, failed to observe any real detached totem poles on the coast. Only a very few house posts and portals, roughly carved, crude masks and carved objects, were observed in various places and, in one village, house-front painting. Some drawings of these were made by the visitors at the time. They are the only evidence that is left of native art at the end of the eighteenth century.

It is possible that the custom of erecting detached poles as memorial columns to the dead originated among the Tsimshyan of the lower Nass River, close to the present Alaskan frontier on the coast. But if it is more ancient there than elsewhere, it does not date back very far. The old people have heard of the time when two out of three of the Tsimshyan nations had no totem poles. One of these nations along the coast in fact never quite adopted that custom, as it passed under the banner of Christianity about 1850, a decade or so before totem poles became the fashion in the north.

Thus we find in totem pole carving a form of Indian handicrafts, partly based upon ancient traditions, intensely stimulated by the occasional contacts with white traders and seamen and the improved tools they introduced in the course of the barter for furs. The art rapidly developed to its highest point, spread to a few neighbouring natives, then died out as soon as the missionaries succeeded in their efforts to introduce Christianity on the Pacific Coast, and to cast discredit upon the arts and customs of the Indians.

NEW THEORIES AT WORK IN CANADIAN SCHOOLS

BY W. STEWART LAVELL

INFLUENCED by a marked trend throughout most of the democratic world, the schools of many of the Provinces of Canada have, in recent years, introduced some rather sweeping changes in teaching methods. Breaking away from mere academic procedure, the new curricula have become more flexible to enable each pupil, as a distinct personality, to develop naturally and to the full, the best that is in him as a member of society.

In the precedence given to personality development over the mere acquisition of knowledge or skills, greater emphasis has been placed on such things as music, art, literature and the drama, while much less has been put on homework, examinations, and other things that used to be more or less arbitrarily assigned by the teacher. There has been, in many cases, such a distinct departure from anything in the schoolday experience of the average man that he has often found it difficult to adjust his conceptions of education to modern standards. To him, even the more attractive features of the new system sound unworkable, at times; and in this practical world the questions have often been raised: "Will they work?" "How do they work?" and "Wherein lies their benefit over what used to be?"

Theory on paper and in practice are frequently two different propositions. Such was the conclusion I reached about these new educational methods after a first-hand study of them in Ontario schools. From talking with teachers, seeing classes in action, and noting other relevant features, I have come to believe that, given a sporting chance, the new theories will work effectively.

Not that I found all teachers in agreement on that point. Some were definitely opposed. But I think their arguments were most forcibly answered by the practical demonstrations of a second group of teachers who, when they were not openly enthusiastic, were at least highly optimistic of the new system's possibilities. By telling what I learned from my study of their work, I hope to translate theory into practice, and give an insight into it—not as it appears on paper, but as it has actually happened in Canadian public schools.

One of the most notable departures in practice is the break with traditional "subject teaching", particularly in the lower grades. Facts are taught now more in relation to life and to their interaction one on another, than as separate "subjects". A Grade VII class which I visited has, as one of its first daily exercises, a news broadcast, when a pre-selected pupil presents his version of the news highlights of the previous day. The "announcer" is judged for oral composition on his presentation, and many items provoke discussion and lead to further study.

Such was the case in the news story about a child brought to Toronto from some distance to have a pin extracted from its stomach by a bronchoscope. The instrument opened up a discussion in science, the operation led to a consideration of health and safety, and the distance travelled by the patient presented a fine opportunity to turn to arithmetic.

When I first met the teacher of this class, he was in the midst of an arithmetic period. By the manner in which he conducted the classwork, he provided a good illustration of "the flexibility of the curriculum." From a profusely illustrated textbook, a young girl was reading aloud a simply written story of the subject at hand, which included a number of discussion questions. As she read, the teacher would indicate a pupil to answer each question. When the subject had been canvassed from many angles, the teacher referred the class to

a series of relevant problems which were to be worked out. Then he came and conversed with his visitor. Had I not been there, his time would have been free to assist some backward pupil or to do some other work.

As each pupil finished the assignment, he turned to something else in which he was particularly interested. For one it was the care of some plants by the window. For another it was searching for information from a book in the classroom library. For a third it was some other task, previously started, and continued whenever a free moment came.

This freedom of mental activity was linked to natural physical movement, and to speech. Perhaps it would take the pupil away from his seat. Perhaps he would remain still but consult with a classmate near by. But speech and action were carried on in an orderly fashion. There was movement, but not confusion. There was sound, but not noise. There was an atmosphere of activity, just as in a busy office clerks move frequently about and speak in fulfilling their duties.

The arithmetic problems mentioned above were handed to the teacher for marking. Under the old system this might have been given as homework, but as such the practice is fast disappearing. The same may be said of examinations. Yet this does not mean that substitutes do not take their place. Frequent tests and reviews often take pleasant forms.

I recall watching a Grade III class in an eastern Ontario school go on an imaginary airplane trip from Canada to England. What things they saw, and what enjoyment they got from it! For girls and boys of this age (nine and ten years) playing in that way was a normal, instinctive experience. Yet there was a definite line between the element of make believe and fact. The cost of the journey had been previously discussed, either by the class or as individuals, and where they were going and what they would see.

When it was over, a young girl was chosen to give her version of the trip. Although she was not aware of the fact, she was about to try a minor oral "examination". The teacher sat and listened with the rest of the class, and said nothing when the child, inadvertently, remarked that they had passed over a lot of lakes on their way from Canada.

After she had finished, the teacher asked the others if they had noticed any errors. They may not have realized that now it was their turn to be "examined", but they *did* realize that they would be called upon to correct their classmate, and were therefore not only alert to detect errors, but had been all the more ready to ascertain the right answers. So practically every one was ready with the correction, and the teacher added a final impression by turning to a large map and pointing to the Atlantic Ocean. It is safe to say that the young girl will never forget the right answer, and it should be noted that the teacher only confirmed what other pupils pointed out as correct.

While this skit was being enacted, the teacher had occasion to discipline a small boy. Once, as the children moved from their seats "to leave the plane", the youngster tried some horseplay, was reproved by the teacher, and sent to the corner. Never have I seen a boy so crestfallen. There he stood, while the rest of the class journeyed on its way, feeling very sorry for himself because he was missing such pleasure. Yet he had to be disciplined.

In speaking of discipline, this teacher was emphatically of the opinion that such was easier to administer under the new system than under the old. Another teacher told me of a boy who began the school year as a rather unruly child. When he had been caught marking the coats of his fellows with chalk, a conference of the class was called, the question was discussed, and the decision was reached, by the tactful handling of the teacher, that it was not only wrong but very foolish. The boy never offended again.

Little duties of responsibility on the part of the pupils go far in the modern schools. Teachers have assistants, known as "monitors", appointed from among the pupils to act in their stead when necessary. One day while a teacher was conversing with me, the dismissal bell rang. Interrupting her remarks for a moment, she called on the monitor, and without any hesitation he gave the orders to stand and file out. These were obeyed readily, while the teacher continued to talk with me.

This feeling that it is *their* school often has far-reaching effects in increasing the interest and efficiency of the pupils. Unasked, pupils frequently do more individual reading and study, going even beyond the school and the school hours to do things formerly done as "homework".

This is illustrated by a story told me by a city librarian. A public school teacher asked for a book containing a crest of the Hudson's Bay Company which the class were studying. The crest was found in a book primarily for mature minds. A few days later, one boy asked his teacher if he might borrow it. He kept it for some time, and after it had been returned to the library, he and about half-a-dozen of his classmates asked for it again, and spent hours poring over its pages.

Written for adults, this book was not on the recommended list of the Department of Education, and more than likely would never have caught the fancy of the pupils had it not been for the presence of that simple illustration. The modern public is very picture-minded, as one may judge from the popularity of the motion picture and certain illustrated publications. This is a principle which has been recognized by present-day educationists, and has greatly influenced the type of texts chosen for use in the schools.

Even a comparatively few years ago, pictures were almost totally absent from such books. To-day they are being used in increasing numbers. Reference has already been made to the profusely illustrated arithmetic used in one Grade VII

class. Before me is a text of little more than 200 pages recommended for use in the Social Studies work of Alberta's seventh grade, and containing no fewer than fifty photographs, maps and line drawings—many of them a full page in size. This is but one of a number of well illustrated texts for all grades with which I have had to deal in my work in connection with educational books across Canada. Those in lower grades nearly always contain coloured pictures, and are used for the same reason that books of Mother Goose rhymes have brightly coloured illustrations. They are attractive to children.

Many of the lower grade books also include short dramatic sketches for the children to enact in the classroom. The use of dramatics is coming into increased favour in the schools, for not only does it develop personality in many ways — poise, good voice, a remarkable spirit of team work, but because the children find it a pleasure, and they acquire the knowledge and the skills associated with it—such as memory work—more willingly and more thoroughly.

On one occasion I walked into a classroom just as a little play was about to start. Again I noted how the children carried on while, for the most part, the teacher stood aside. Scenery of a kind—a cupboard and a stove made by the children themselves from paper-covered boxes — was set in place by pupil stage directors, and the action began.

One boy came out and recited a preamble clearly and distinctly. Then, as the play progressed, he acted intermittently as commentator. Earlier in the year, the teacher explained, this boy could hardly be induced to speak above a whisper. His playettes had produced self-confidence in him. The same was true of a young girl in the cast who came out with a classmate and sang a song. She had been so shy that it had been difficult to get her even to play with others, but she had progressed, even though, as yet, she was not confident enough to sing alone.

One interesting sidelight was thrown on this musical playette by the teacher. The words of the songs were written in the book, but the pupils themselves had set them to music. Although only ten or eleven years of age, they had composed the scores for about four songs, and the result was fully pleasing to the ear.

As pupils progress to higher grades, they even write the words for plays, and combine good English expression with a knowledge of history and disciplined imagination. I wish there was an opportunity here to reproduce a playette about King John and the barons written by a young girl in the high school entrance Grade VIII. It was remarkable for its command of language, its knowledge of history, and its dramatic treatment.

When she passes into high school, this girl doubtless will take part in longer plays. Often whole plays of Shakespeare are put on with alacrity by pupils in the secondary schools. The question has often been raised as to whether the production of such plays interferes with school work. On the contrary, according to modern standards it is school work, linking art and household science to the study of English and history, and helping to bring the students a more comprehensive knowledge of all the subjects. The play must be studied not only by those who, as actors, learn lines, but by others in the class who design costumes, paint scenery, etc.

The paint brush is not dropped when the dismissal bell rings. One teacher, showing with just pride the school stage with a set standing at the rear done entirely by pupils, told how they worked after school and came back on Saturday and on one holiday, sparing no effort that the stage effects would be just right.

"My hardest work was to get them out of here at night," the teacher remarked. "They saw no reason why they should not stay after 5.30, night after night."

A similar story of after-hour work was told me by another teacher in a different city. One boy in the group she mentioned was of the bully type, and had been in trouble with police. The new course afforded him many opportunities to spend his energy in a worth while way, and he did not appear again in juvenile court.

These, and many other things like them, have actually happened in the schools of Ontario, and in other Provinces of Canada, and it is hoped that their telling may help to clear the vagueness from many a baldly-stated theory. The question has been raised, however, as to the comparative amount of information gained under the new and under the old systems of study. Research has been carried on in this field, with rather interesting findings.

Of two groups, taught the same material by different methods, the one studying under the new programme learned *just as much* as the one taught under the old. But when pupils were asked to link the facts learned in the various subjects into a composite story, those who learned under the old system made little headway, while those under the new showed up to remarkably good advantage.

In other words, the new system of studies in the schools assists one to obtain the means and the knowledge to become adjusted to more or less intricate situations with comparative ease. In a rapidly changing and complex world what is needed more?

THE PENAL COMMISSION'S REPORT

By E. J. URWICK

THE Royal Commission to investigate the Penal System of Canada (sometimes called, after its Chairman, the Archambault Commission) presented its report more than a year ago, after two years very strenuous work. The report is, on the whole, a rather startling condemnation—not so much of the penal system as such, but of the spirit in which it is administered; and therefore, also a condemnation of many of the officials responsible for its administration. Consequently by far the most important of the eighty-eight recommendations made is that which calls for the appointment of three Commissioners, removable only for cause, with full authority over the management of penitentiaries, empowered to appoint staff, and to act as a control parole board. The Dominion Government has accepted this recommendation, but has not yet nominated the commissioners.

The question at once arises—How far is it reasonable to expect that these three men, however competent and devoted they may be, will be able to change both the spirit and the personnel of our penal administration, radically enough to correct its gravest defects? The case against the present administration is bluntly stated by the Royal Commission: it has failed to perform its primary function, namely the protection of society against the criminal; and it has failed because it has made little or no attempt to make the criminals in its charge any less criminal than they were before their custody began. Scarcely a single prisoner, we are told, leaves the penitentiary the better for his sojourn there. The penitentiary treatment appears to fit the prisoner for just one thing: a speedy return to the penitentiary with another crime to his discredit. Recidivism is rife: there are prisoners with records of forty and fifty convictions. And the cost is appalling. The Commission

found that 188 of these old offenders had already cost the community \$25,000.00 each. We do not know the actual number of "old lags" in our prison population. In the United States it is said to reach the astonishing figure of 91 per cent. Our figures may be better; but if so it can hardly be because the treatment is more reformatory.

Of this treatment the Commission has some hard things to say. In two matters only is it generally satisfactory: the bodily needs of the prisoners are on the whole well cared for; they certainly get better food and housing than most of them are ever likely to get as free citizens. And they are efficiently guarded; they very seldom escape by force to prey again upon society. They are only allowed to escape by the misguided sentiment of parole boards or the mistaken leniency of some judges. But during their imprisonment little is done to change their spots. The law is not at fault here. Provision is made for education, healthy occupation of body and mind, and religious and moral instruction. But the provision is so sparingly used as to amount to very little. In one penitentiary only four per cent of all the prisoners are actually receiving the education provided; in most the provision of work is very defective; and in some the religious influences are only perfunctorily applied. And, apart from a few heroic efforts, little is done to rehabilitate the prisoner after his discharge. Within the prison the very first step towards reformatory treatment, namely careful classification and segregation of the younger and more hopeful offenders, seems to have been almost purposely avoided. It is difficult otherwise to explain the astonishing story of Collins Bay. This institution was authorized by Parliament and built at great expense for the express purpose of segregating the young inmates of Kingston Penitentiary. Instead of this it has been used to house any prisoners who are not likely to give trouble and will be useful in carrying on necessary work.

For the help of the young offenders the Commission recommends most strongly the adoption with necessary modifications of the Borstal method of treatment—gradually perforce, but as rapidly as possible. Some of us had gathered from the late Superintendent's reports that a definite approach to the Borstal system was already being made at Kingston and elsewhere. Apparently the reports merely described a pious hope in the guise of an accomplished fact. The essence of the Borstal System is that the young offenders (they are very seldom first offenders) are sentenced, not to imprisonment in a jail or penitentiary at all, but to detention in a Borstal institution which is purposely made as unlike a prison as possible. We shall have to wait some time before any such institution can be adequately equipped *and staffed* in Canada.

Has the Royal Commission been too sanguine in its hopes for reform? Have its members been misled by the example of England to which they constantly refer and upon which they base so many of their recommendations? The new Commissioners in Canada will have three very grave difficulties to face, difficulties which are far less formidable in England. There is first the difficulty of ensuring that the appointments of all officials are based solely on merit; there is secondly the very real dearth of the kind of personnel needed; and there is thirdly the subtle antagonism of the public. These three difficulties are interdependent. Because the public thinks of convicts primarily as bad men who ought to be severely punished, it is possible to staff our penitentiaries and prisons with officials whose attitude is militaristic and whose chief thought is discipline and still more discipline. Because there is a dearth of qualified men willing to enter the prison service, and because we are all accustomed to seeing jobs filled by patronage or pull, we are quite content to see a chief inspector of prisons appointed whose qualification is that he is a competent accountant, or a Warden of a Penitentiary reappointed four

years after being retired from the very same office in the interests of efficiency and harmony. It would be too much to say that we are in a bad way because our people love to have it so; but it is probably true that less than five per cent of the people who count take the least interest in the careful, humane, and individualized treatment of prisoners, or are seriously perturbed by the knowledge that officers are appointed to vitally important posts for political or other even less respectable reasons. In England they are more fortunate because they have been learning certain lessons about patronage for many years, have become accustomed to ideas of reformative treatment of prisoners (even the Borstal System is thirty years old), and are fairly well supplied with opportunities for training officers for the prison service and with a suitable personnel willing to make that service its career.

We have a very long way to go. And the first step is to educate the public, and to instruct them in certain simple facts—that, under our present system, we have, in proportion to population, three times as many persons convicted of serious crime in Canada as they have in England; that, also in proportion to population, we have nearly four times as many juvenile convicts (under 20 years of age); that serious crime is steadily increasing—with the help always of the very men who have already been “treated” for grave offences; that our present methods of punishment are enormously costly, and are leading to greater and greater costs; and that the prospects of any diminution of either crime or its cost are at present exactly nil. For this education and instruction the Penal Commission's Report is an admirable base-book.

A MOUNTAIN JOURNEY

BY HOWARD O'HAGAN

DAVE Conroy, whose breath had hung stubby icicles on his moustache, paused upon the very summit of the pass. He tucked his ski-poles under his arms, leaned upon them, sinking their discs into the creaking snow, and while he rested there panting, the cold was an old man's fingers feeling craftily through his clothes.

He was tired. He was so tired that his mouth was dry with the taste of salt. He was more tired than he had any right to be, and Hoodoo cabin on Hoodoo creek, where he could pass the night, was still five miles away. It was downhill now though, downhill all the way. For the first time during the long day he could stand back on his skis and let them carry him where he wished to go. Since daylight he had come twenty miles and climbed four thousand feet from the lower Smoky to the pass. On his shoulders he had lifted upwards with him at every step his pack of food for another five days on the trail, his blankets, axe and fifty pounds of fur for the market—the result of six weeks' trapping on the head of the Jackpine. At every step, too, he had broken trail and his skis had sunk a foot in the new snow, white and soft as flour.

He knew as he stood on the summit that he should have made camp two miles back in the timber and crossed the divide in the morning. Back there he had passed a fine spruce tree, its wide branches sweeping low, so that close against its trunk, cradled in its roots, he had seen the brown mossy ground where no snow had fallen and where he might have made his fire and spread his blankets. That tree, like a strong and lonely woman, called to his weary body to stop. But two hours of daylight remained and he went on.

He thought that if he had waited another two weeks to come out, till March, the snow would have had a crust for travelling, the days would have been longer, the cold less

severe. Anyway, a man was a fool to travel alone in the mountains, especially with a heavy pack, bucking a fresh fall of snow. A man when he was alone would travel too far. He would travel till he could travel no more, for the mere sake of travelling, when a day or two's delay in the time of his arrival made no difference at all.

Still, the worst was over. It was down-grade now to the railroad, eighty miles of trail along the Snake Indian River with cabins to put up at every night. No more siwashing under trees, burrowing four feet down in the snow for a place to sleep, with a snow-covered tree sweating in the heat of his fire, dripping water on his neck and dampening his blankets. Not that under such conditions a man slept very much. It was too cold. If he slept, his fire slept with him. It was better to stay awake, his blankets over his shoulders, and a pile of wood handy at his elbow.

Up there on the pass it was very still. No wind blew and his breath rose white and yellow before him. His heart thumped and hissed in his breast, and the silence about him as he listened became a roar as if it were the roar of the grey earth rolling on through space and time. Behind him his ski-trail stretched a few feet, two black lines with the webbed marks of his ski-poles pacing beside them. Mist, like the shadow of universal darkness on the treeless summit, moved about him, searched every crevice of the mountain land, roamed in great billows, formed in the blindness and suffering of eternal homelessness.

Conroy turned his skis down the slope before him. He was beginning to feel like a ghost on an abandoned planet and he wanted to see the works of man about him once again. He longed for the sight of a cabin, a clearing in the forest, yellow flaming blazes on trees beside the trail. Snow, flung up by the prow of his skis, pattered lightly against his thighs and as he hummed downwards he thought of supper—brown

curled bacon, brown bannock, rice with butter melting on it, tea red and strong as rum.

The rolling alplands, a white sea frozen into weary immobility, became a broken parkland and he made long sweeping turns around clumps of spruce and balsam. Dark green trees came out of the thinning mist towards him, touched him with outflung branches, passed in a flutter and flurry of snow-dust. The cold wind against his face, the loud wind howling in crescendo by his ears, the flow of wind that pressed his trousers tight against his legs, gave him back strength as he exulted in the rush of his descent. Tears smarted in his eyes and through them he saw the landscape opaque and blurred as though it were vibrating to the speed of his passage.

He swung to the right in a wide telmark that threw snow in his face, swept down an open meadowland where the black tips of willows showed between two walls of timber, dropped off a cut-bank to the frozen river, glanced a moment over his shoulder at the curved beauty of his ski trail on the hill above, curved and smooth and thin, like the tracing of a pen upon the snow.

And as he looked back, while still sliding forward with the momentum of his descent, the ice broke beneath him. It broke with a low muffled reverberation, startling as if the river had spoken. The snow rifted about him, the points of his skiis dropped down. He was thrown forward and to save himself from falling on his face plunged down his hands. His pack slipped forward upon the back of his head and held him. The river was shallow and his hands rested on its gravelled bottom. He saw the snow melt around his wrists and flow into the top of his mittens, searing the flesh of his wrists like flame. He saw dark water streaming in furrows by his wrists and before he staggered upright again heard water tinkling over pebbles, murmuring, protesting, running downhill between ice and pebbles to the Arctic Ocean.

Conroy was too weak to rise beneath the pack. He rolled over upon his side, slipped the thongs of the ski-poles from his wrists, dropped his pack on the snow beside him, raised himself and lifted his skis from the water. Water had seeped down his socks into his boots and his feet were cold and clammy.

He had fallen into an air hole. Probably a warm spring entered into the river near by and above it the ice was thin. That was a peril of winter travel. But the rivers, levelled with ice and snow, were the winter highways of the mountains, and a man, when he could, travelled along them in preference to breaking a heavy trail in the timber.

Conroy unclamped his skis, upended them, and stood knee-deep in the snow. Already the water on them had crusted into ice. He took off his sodden mittens, opened his clasp-knife, and tried to scrape the ice from the skis' running surface. He knew what he should do. He should stop, make a fire, dry his hands and feet, change his socks and mittens. But it was late. It would mean siwashing for another night underneath a tree. A biting wind was driving the mist back up the valley and the sun westering behind the ranges threw long feeble shadows across the snow. He was less than three miles from the cabin, and the promise of its warmth and comfort would not let him stop.

He wriggled his toes in his boots. They were cold, but perhaps, he thought, not wet. Only his ankles and heels seemed wet. If he hurried he could make it. He slammed his right foot back into his ski-iron, bent down to clamp it to his ski, but his fingers already were numbed with the cold. He rose again, thrashed his arms about his shoulders, bringing the blood tingling to their tips, opened his pack-sack and found a pair of woollen inner mitts. He would have to get along without the moosehide outers. They were already frozen stiff and he put them into his pack.

His skis clamped to his feet at last, he hoisted his pack, took his poles and started off, hunching his toes to keep the circulation going. Ice on the bottom of the skis dragged heavily in the snow, but he fought against it, pushing on his poles, knowing that speed was his one means of escape from the cold hand of wilderness that pressed against his back.

The long white avenue of the river opened before him, lined on either side by tall spruce trees. The wind was rising with the sundown. It whipped snow against his face, cut through the weave of his woollen mitts, set the forest moaning beside him. He bent his head against it, his eyes on the black tapering points of his skis, ducking and dodging through the snow. It was as though he were engaged in some fantastic pursuit with those ski-points always just beyond him, their tight cheeks pulled back into a cadaverous grin.

His shoulder muscles, as he lunged against the ski-poles, bulged as though they would burst their skin, ached until their pain became a cry within him. His legs moving back and forth beneath him seemed tireless. They could go on forever and he no longer knew whether he could stop them. The pain in his shoulders was the one reality of his existence and his body was no more than the shape of agony and effort crawling through the twilight, across the long shadows of spruce trees laid upon the snow.

He came up from the river through the timber into the cabin clearing. But no log walls rose to greet him. No closed door waited for his touch to open. He stood in the middle of the clearing where the cabin had been, hemmed about by swaying pine-trees, pine-trees that swayed as the wind sighed through them. Snow, as if it had garnered light from the day, cast upwards a shadowless glow and Conroy saw close to him the black butts of congregated logs, a corner of the cabin, draped in white, rising lonely as a monument left by men a hundred years ago.

Since he had passed that way, fire had gutted the cabin. A few log-ends remained above ground. It was as though the cabin had subsided into the snow that rose like a slow inundation to cover it. A beggared moon from behind a grey rack of clouds wandered in the sky above the earth's desolation and in its light he perceived on the slope above him, where the fire had leaped from the cabin, stiff, branchless trees, like a parade of skeletons climbing up the mountainside.

The next cabin was at Blue Creek, eighteen miles down the river. It was farther than he had strength to go. He would camp here in the clearing where the cabin had been burned. He slipped his pack off and reached towards it for the handle of his axe to cut kindling, make shavings for his fire. His fingers refused to bend. Protected only by the woollen mitts, they were stiff with the cold. He beat his hands about his shoulders, flung his arms in circles, took off his mittens and rubbed his hands together in the snow, but felt no blood pulsing in his finger-tips.

He bit his fingers. They were cold and white and unresponsive as a dead man's. His right thumb tingled, when he rubbed his hands across his face his beard bristled on the palms. It was only his fingers that defied him. He had been a fool. He should have made a fire when he fell through the ice, and should have spent the night three miles up the river under a tree. He had always said that mountain travel was not dangerous if a man knew how to take care of himself. Any man who froze his hands or feet had only himself to blame . . .

As he stood there, stamping on his skiis, his arms flapping at his sides, he remembered Duncan Macdonald, who trapped in the Beaver River country and who had walked thirty miles to the railroad on frozen feet to have them amputated by the doctor. Because he could trap no more, Macdonald had opened a cobbler's shop in Jasper to make boots he

could no longer wear himself, and Conroy saw him now at his bench, laughing, not saying anything at all, just laughing, his red face wrinkled as he nodded his heavy bald head and laughed.

Conroy decided that his hands were not frozen; his feet, that he could no longer feel in his boots, not frozen. They were only numb. He needed fire to warm them. Since he could not make kindling, since he could not bend his fingers around the haft of his axe, he would set a tree afire, he would set the forest in a blaze around him and warm himself in its midst. Small dry twigs under a spruce tree would flame like paper. Putting his left wrist over his right, he forced his right hand into the pocket where he carried his match-safe. He pried it out and it fell into the snow at his feet. He spread his skis and leaned down to pick it up. He poked his hands into the snow. They were like two sticks of wood on the ends of his arms and shoved the safe deeper and farther from him. He stooped lower still and finally, pressing it between his wrists, filched it out. He held it there before him, at arm's length, a round tin cylinder that contained the red flame and blustering smoke of fire. His right thumb, still moving to his command, pressed it into his palm but his fingers would not catch it, would not twist it open. They would not bring the match-safe to him. They held it from him. If they would only bend, those fingers. If they would understand when he spoke to them.

He looked about him as if he would find the realities of his situation in the snow at his feet. He was eighty miles from the railroad, a journey of four days. Unable to light a fire, without warmth or food, he would never make it. His fingers were frozen. His feet probably were frozen, too. He had one chance. Across the river from Hoodoo Creek, where he stood, a high pass led over into the Moose River. Frank MacMoran trapped up there and had his cabin on Terrace

Creek. From Hoodoo Creek to Terrace Creek was no more than ten miles. If he left his pack behind, he could probably pull through. He had never finished a day in the mountains yet without another ten miles up his sleeve.

His back was wet with sweat from carrying the pack, and he shivered with the cold. The cold was nibbling at him, at his nose, at his cheeks, crawling like a wet thing across his back. He forced his hands into his mittens, shoved them through the thongs of his ski-poles, and started off. He did not need to grasp the poles tightly. His hands rested upon the thongs which bore the weight he put upon them. His fingers did not pain him. He felt no sensation in them at all and his feet might have been pieces of wood strapped within his ski-boots.

He crossed the river and angled up the slope towards the ridge that lay between him and the Moose. When he came out of the timber the moon threw his shadow on the snow, a shadow faltering and stooped as if at any minute it might leave him, send him on alone to go shadowless through the moonlight. His shadow became a burden, something he pulled beside him in the snow.

He climbed high above the timber. The wind blew before him the long ends of the red neckerchief that he wore tied around the collar of his mackinaw, and near him the moon threw the outlines of a peak black upon the snow, black as ink seeping through the snow. Conroy paused a moment, leaned against a snowbank, sank down into it and rested.

How good to rest! How soft and warm the snow! There was the valley below him, empty in the moonlight—the clearing in the forest, timber that looked small and black as marsh grass. Across from him was a line of peaks thrust up against the sky, notched and jagged as if old bones, half covered with the snow, littered their crests. To his left was the pass, a low saddle in the mountains, where he had crossed in the afternoon.

From below, somewhere in the forest, a wolf howled.

Conroy glanced upwards over his shoulder. He had still six hundred feet to climb to the ridge above the Moose, above the cabin at Terrace Creek where MacMoran waited. MacMoran would take him in, feed him, make a fire for him to sit beside. He gathered his muscles together, summoned his strength that was slipping from him like a loosened garment. Then he lay back for another moment, to rest.

When he opened his eyes again, the moon had gone. The red sun, topping the range across the valley, shone upon him. His neckerchief flapped in the wind on the snow beside his cheek. He had slipped lower, fallen over upon his side, his face turned towards the route he had followed, where his half obliterated ski-trail led down to the timber, the stunted spruce and balsam that seemed to be on their way towards him.

He heard horse-bells. It was winter and no horses were within a hundred miles. He heard streaming river water. He heard a wide brown river running over mossy boulders between low banks of grass and willow. Across the valley he saw a cottage he had never seen before—a white cottage, low-roofed, with green trees beside it and an open door.

Then he remembered that he was on his way to MacMoran's cabin on Terrace Creek. MacMoran would be waiting for him. He tried to rise, but his arms stayed still at his side. Snow had drifted over them. A weight was on them that he could not lift. They were heavy with the burden of their own inertia. Snow like a blanket covered his body and the wind blew snow against his face.

For a moment he thought again of Macdonald, who had brought his frozen feet to the railroad. Macdonald frowned and shook his head, opened his mouth and spoke some words that Conroy could not hear.

They would come and get him, Conroy thought—Macdonald, MacMoran, someone would come and get him. They were camped now down by Hoodoo cabin. They would see his

trail and come and get him. He would lie for a while and wait.

Later the pale cold sun was high in the sky. It shone full upon him. But the light of the sun was dim, as if a brighter light shone from behind it and the sunlight was its shadow. He could not see across the valley now, where the white cottage with the open door and the green trees had been. The world was growing small, dying slowly in the darkness of the sunlight.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN *

By REGINALD G. TROTTER

SIR Robert Borden's career as Prime Minister of Canada was not so long as Macdonald's or Laurier's, nor did he arouse among the rank and file of his followers such high enthusiasm as those more picturesque leaders in their day invoked. But his place in Canadian history is no less striking. Called upon to guide Canadian affairs in the troubled period of the Great War, he rose to the possibilities of his rôle in British Commonwealth relations and in international affairs, and became one of the most significant figures in shaping an enlarged status for Canada and her sister dominions in their external relations.

Unlike his two chief predecessors he was not cut down in harness. After his retirement from public life with broken health in 1920, the native vigour of his constitution asserted itself and gave him in his long period of retirement both time and strength for an active intellectual life. His scholarly inclinations and his strong sense of history had opportunity for fulfilment. In his Marfleet Lectures at the University of Toronto, his inaugural lecture as Chancellor of Queen's University, and his Rhodes Lectures at Oxford, he dealt with central problems of Canadian development from the combined points of view of scholar and practical statesman. He did not merely recount those critical events of which he had been himself a part; the wisdom of experience was reinforced by wider study. For instance, in the summer of 1927, when preparing his Rhodes Lectures, he occupied a private room in the Public Archives at Ottawa where he worked diligently from day to day. In those days, too, he had leisure to be a patron of scholars. The writer can well remember a delightful luncheon,

* *Robert Laird Borden: His Memoirs*. Edited and with a Preface by Henry Borden. With an Introduction by Arthur Meighen. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, 1938. Two volumes. Pp. xvii+vii+1061. Illustrations. \$10.00.

in that same summer, when Sir Robert gathered together at his house a group of visiting scholars who were engaged in research at the Archives, along with the Chief Archivist, the late Sir Arthur Doughty, and several members of the Archives staff. His interests as an historian made it altogether fitting that in 1930 the Canadian Historical Association elected him as its president. His presidential address the following spring, reflecting an interest of many years, was a penetrating analysis of the problems of an efficient civil service. As time went on, he earned the gratitude of more than one student of history by the generosity with which he opened his private papers to their use and discussed with them events of which he had personal knowledge. With secretarial aid he employed an increasing portion of his leisure in arranging and studying his voluminous collection of papers, and further increased the debt of Canadians to his memory by preparing his memoirs. These have now, since his death, been published, as edited by his nephew, Mr. Henry Borden, and with an introduction by his colleague and successor, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen.

When years shall have passed, some historian with access to Sir Robert's papers should be able to write a biography that will reveal more secrets, be more outspoken concerning many persons and incidents, and that will place the whole career of the war-time prime minister in larger and perhaps truer perspective; but no biography that could be published at the present time could be as valuable as these memoirs. Despite the discretion of their silences, which at times is great, and the fact that generally speaking they amplify rather than materially alter our previous knowledge, they do possess a personal flavour and focus, and have on occasion a very specific and outspoken directness of statement on men and issues, that render them important for every reader interested in the development of Canadian government and policy during the quarter-century of Sir Robert's public career. They are an

addition, as well, to the growing number of significant personal records made public by those who took part in shaping the peace settlement in 1918 and 1919. As autobiographical memoirs they possess one notable merit, moreover, as compared with much political biography, in that they do not attempt to present a history of the times but focus on events from the point of view of the writer's personal participation. The narrative deepens in interest as it proceeds. This is partly because the writer passes from private life to Parliament, then to leadership of the Opposition, and finally to the Prime Ministership, holding the latter during the years of ever-widening problems. It is also partly because it was only after he became Prime Minister that Sir Robert regularly kept a diary, upon which in these memoirs he could draw for more intimate record of day by day happenings. The diarist's habit, however, once formed, was maintained, even under the increasingly heavy burdens that eventually broke his health. One cannot help noticing that repeatedly the memoirs have the air of an apologia, an outspoken justification of policy and conduct, a citing of commendation received and a refutation of criticism. Much of this, one feels, is rather superfluous; the narrative might well have been allowed to speak for itself. Nobody, given the facts, is going to question the essential integrity of Sir Robert Borden and his whole-hearted devotion to public duty any more than one would deny the constructive importance of his leadership in shaping Canadian destinies.

It is under the Borden leadership during the first decade of this century that the Liberal-Conservative party recovered from the debacle of the nineties and was moulded again into an effective political organization. Not the least important part of this process was the much needed improvement of the organization of the party's forces in Parliament in order to secure expert and systematic criticism of the whole governmental programme. Only thus could the Opposition ade-

quately fulfil its function as such in debate, and only thus could it prepare itself to take over with competence the responsibilities of office when victory should come at the polls. Its new leader did much to give it the disciplined stability and sense of responsibility that it so much needed. As leader of the Opposition he was not an advocate of spectacular departures from traditional Canadian policy. He accepted the imperial preference that the Liberals had inaugurated, advocating its extension throughout the Empire while stressing the right of each constituent government to independent action in such a matter. As critic of the Government of the day he urged the speedy grant of the demand of the North-West Territories for provincial autonomy, and when it was at length granted he championed the provincial claims with regard to education and control of the public domain — this while deploring the trend of the Privy Council's interpretations of the British North America Act in the direction of larger jurisdiction for the provinces. Public ownership of such utilities as railways and telephones early won his advocacy. A champion of larger dominion autonomy in relation to Downing Street, he nevertheless found in Laurier's policy of Reciprocity with the United States a threat to the growth of Canadian nationality, for he believed that independence of American domination could not be automatically maintained. He coupled the "political and economic independence of Canada" with the maintenance of her "membership of the British Commonwealth", asserting that Canada had reached the dividing of the ways, when it must be decided "whether the spirit of Canadianism or of continentalism shall prevail".

The memoirs deal much more specifically with that Reciprocity issue in the election of 1911 than with the accompanying controversy over the question of a Canadian navy versus a contribution to the imperial navy. The latter issue was confused in the Canadian mind at the time and, so far as its rela-

tion to the election campaign is concerned, it remains confused in the mind of the reader of these memoirs. The author's own views on the matter, however, emerge with reasonable clarity. He held that neutrality would involve separation, a separation which Canada could not afford. He argued that in emergency Canada should make a direct contribution, while holding the view, as early as 1910, that "permanent co-operation can only be accomplished by the use of our own material . . . and above all by impressing upon the people a sense of responsibility in their share in international affairs." He always insisted that contribution to empire defence should carry also a voice in empire councils concerning issues of peace and war. As early as 1909, in connection with the waterways treaty, he advocated ratification of treaties by the Canadian Parliament, an advocacy in which, in principle, Laurier acquiesced. Three years later, in London as Prime Minister, he "was determined to make clear to Mr. Asquith and to the members of his Government my attitude with respect to the direction of foreign policy". And he proceeded, before the war, to press consideration of means to bring this about, possibly by keeping one of the Canadian ministers in London who could sit on the Committee of Imperial Defence and be consulted on foreign policy.

The war brought the necessity as well as the opportunity of working out this dual problem of Canada's relation to imperial defence and to foreign policy. While the memoirs throw interesting light on a number of important internal questions that arose during the war years, some of them matters of acute controversy, it is with regard to external relations that most readers will find most interest and widest significance. The Prime Minister continued to prove himself a thorough-going Canadian. While believing that Canada's vital interests required the largest possible military contribution to the conduct of the war, he insisted upon maintaining

direct Canadian control of the organization and maintenance of the Canadian forces and resisted any efforts to disperse the Canadian soldiers among other forces. He pressed for close and constant touch with the British Government on policy, and after Lloyd George devised the Imperial War Cabinet in 1917 he played an energetic and influential part in its deliberations during the war and later when it assumed the guise of the British Empire Delegation at the Peace Conference. On all of this activity the memoirs are of special interest.

Sir Robert did not feel that the device of the Imperial War Cabinet offered in itself a sufficient or permanent solution of the problem of Commonwealth relations. He sought the development of channels of communication that could function in ordinary times. He believed that the maintenance of regular communications and continuous consultation were necessary in the common interest. This attitude fitted with his view that a Canadian Minister at Washington, for whose appointment he secured the consent of the British Government, should be attached to the British Embassy at Washington, thus preserving the form and nurturing the reality of a Commonwealth policy in international relations. One gathers that in later years he felt with regard to Commonwealth consultation that there had been a deplorable reluctance at Ottawa to take full advantage of the channels for such consultation that were developed during his own régime. Unquestionably such reluctance was the result of a desire to avoid all avoidable responsibilities coupled with a vain hope that in the new world order all external responsibility on the part of Canada would be avoidable. With the eclipse of the League system of collective security such a policy has lost what little plausibility it ever possessed. Canada's fate seems now inevitably to depend so largely upon British policy that to shun any means of influencing the latter, however slightly, seems not the enlargement of Canadian nationhood but its abnegation. Certainly

a good many Canadians, having swung through a wide circle of ultra-nationalism, would now be inclined to agree with Sir Robert as to Canada's need for a continuously functioning participation in the shaping of Commonwealth policy. Whether the ground that has been lost under the influence of a utopian isolationism can still be regained remains yet to be seen.

In connection with the Peace Conference, where Sir Robert did much to secure international recognition of the Dominions as members of the League of Nations and of the International Labour Organization, it is interesting to notice that on more than one occasion Canadians were called upon to play the part of interpreters between British and American points of view. It is interesting also to observe how necessary British support of the Dominions' ambitions proved to be in order to overcome the reluctance of the American delegates to commit their country to acceptance of the new international status of the British Dominions. Their eventual acquiescence in including such recognition in the peace treaties gave to opponents of the latter in the United States one of their most telling arguments. It is impossible to say whether or not the United States would have ratified the treaties if their delegates had refused to yield ground on this matter. At any rate it is one of the ironies of history that the new League of Nations, upon whose organization the Dominions counted for enlargement of their own status, should have been rendered futile as an instrument of security by its repudiation on the part of the United States, when that repudiation took place partly because Americans shied at according national status to British Dominions. The circumstances of the war may have made inevitable the prompt recognition of full dominion status by Great Britain and the Peace Conference, but history has still to tell whether the Dominions in the long run were either to prove worthy of their new status or, on balance, were to profit from its acquisition.

FIFTY YEARS OF BRUSH AND PEN

A Historical Sketch of the Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal

BY LEO COX

IN a recent issue of the *QUEEN'S QUARTERLY*, Stephen Leacock paid tribute to the memory of his old friend Sir Andrew Macphail. In this essay Leacock describes how he first came to know Macphail, in the curious intimacy of the old Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal. His whimsical, affectionate references to the early meetings of the Club give a good idea of the peculiar bond which has always existed between the painter and the writer: a relationship at once tenuous and precious because each imperfectly understands the other's work, yet responds to and sympathizes with it æsthetically.

Besides illustrating this thought, Leacock's account of their experience in the Club also suggests that its carefully selected membership has produced many lifetime friendships whose intensity must have influenced the creative work of many a painter and writer destined, in a few cases at least, to become famous. If the Club engendered such an important artistic intimacy between men like Leacock and Macphail, it was the cradle also of many another friendship pregnant with creative possibilities.

The Club has always nurtured an odd genius or so and plenty of talent. One has but to look over the membership roll since its foundation in 1890 to realize how it has fostered greatness and near-greatness to an extent perhaps unmatched by any other social and artistic group in Montreal during the past half-century.

To review the names only of those now deceased who made their mark on the artistic life of Canada, there were Robert Harris, William Brymner, Maurice Cullen, Percy Woodcock, William (afterwards Sir William) Van Horne, G. Horne

Russell, A. W. Hill—all noted painters of their day whose efforts on behalf of Canadian art became celebrated here and abroad. And among the literary members, now lost to life, were such brilliant men as Dr. William H. Drummond, the poet who interpreted the French-Canadian 'habitant' to English Canada; Dr. (afterwards Sir Andrew) Macphail, celebrated author, critic, medical man, whose formative years before the Great War were closely associated with the Club; Dr. John (afterwards Colonel) McCrae, whose gentle poetry lingers among the Club's literary albums like old lavender, whose talent afterwards culminated in the famous poem *In Flanders Fields*, and whose courage ended in final sacrifice; and Professor W. T. Waugh, whose biographies brought him fame before he died. As for the living members, it would be a captious critic who would deny green laurels to many painters, writers and musicians on the Club's membership roll. It is interesting to reflect that many a painting long since famous, many a novel, book of poems, treatise, or piece of music, was first thoroughly discussed, possibly satirized, criticized, poked fun at, torn to pieces, and rebuilt from lively discussion, at stimulating meetings of the Club on Saturday nights.

To-day, as for many years past, the Pen and Pencil Club centres upon one of its most distinguished members, Edmond Dyonnet, a painter whose personality is as remarkable as his work which years ago earned him a place in the front rank of Canadian artists. So closely associated with him are the activities of the Club which has held its meetings in his studio for the major part of its existence, that it is indeed impossible to discuss much of its past, certainly its present, and what future it may have, without reference to him. The history of the Club is in one sense a history of Dyonnet's artistic work and contacts. Although he was not one of the original founders (none of whom survives), he was admitted to membership in its first year and is often regarded by the present members as one of

its actual founders, for he has shaped its character. In a very real sense, it is Dyonnet's club.

Just what prompted the original formation of the Club is not clear: it was probably a product of the social and artistic needs of the time in Montreal. There were few distractions in those days. In more leisurely years than ours, it very likely provided deeper spiritual satisfactions than it can do to-day.

The minute books of the Club are rarely loquacious. Its birth is treated almost laconically. It would seem that a group of six artists and writers met on the evening of the fifth of March in the year 1890, at the residence of William Hope, one of their number. The other five were: R. W. Boodle, William Brymner, J. Try-Davies, Robert Harris, and John E. Logan. They founded an organized group to be known as the Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal whose purpose they declared to be "social enjoyment and promotion of the Arts and Letters". This purpose has never changed.

Try-Davies was the first Honorary Secretary, and the office of Chairman was at first filled by members in alphabetical rotation, later by election. Meetings were to be fortnightly, but later varied in frequency. Further members were invited to join at the second meeting, without ballot. They were: E. B. Brownlow, E. Colonna, S. E. Dawson, O. R. Jacobi, Percy Woodcock, Paul Lafleur, Wm. McLennan, C. E. Moyse, J. C. Pinhey, W. Raphael, Norman T. Rielle, Forbes Torrance, Louis Fréchette. Other members who joined that first year at later meetings were William C. Van Horne and Ivan Wotherspoon. These may all be fairly considered as original members since they all joined in 1890. The Club was duly incorporated under the law of the Province of Quebec, in that year.

Since then membership additions have been very few annually. Except for the year 1892, when eleven new mem-

bers were admitted, only two or three members have been asked to join in any one year. There have never been more than thirty active members at one time.

The custom was established for members to bring a brush or pen contribution on a subject set at the previous meeting, for appraisal and criticism. After many years the set subject was abandoned and the choice left to the discretion of each individual contributor.

In the early years members were diligent and the Club's albums were crowded with all manner of creations, some of first-class importance. At first every member was expected to contribute an original composition at not less than every alternate meeting. In later years, this standard of practice declined somewhat, rising and falling with the varying fortunes of the Club; it probably reached its best around the turn of the century and just before the Great War. Industry and talent alternated between the painters and writers, with the musicians always ready with harmony at difficult times, or the physicians and physicists with their philosophies.

The locale of the meetings has nearly always been found in a member's studio. The second meeting was, however, held in the Racquet Club, which sheltered the group until 1892. On October 8th of that year, the Club moved to new quarters at 58 University Street, in a studio belonging to Professor Couture. This was in a building on a spot now occupied by Eaton's store. Meetings took place here for two years. On October 27th, 1894, a meeting was held in Dyonnet's studio in the Fraser Institute, where, except for an odd occasion at Ingres' studio, they were continued until 1910.

In 1910, the Club moved again, this time to a studio owned by a Miss Cleland, a teacher of drawing: each member contributed something to its furnishings. In 1911, meetings were held in Macpherson's studio at 255 Bleury Street. The

last meeting, with Macpherson as host, was held April 26th, 1916; that autumn, Dyonnet took over his studio and meetings were continued there until the autumn of 1937. Thus for twenty-six years the Club met regularly in the fine old studio on Bleury Street still occupied by Dyonnet. Meetings were next held in Coburn's studio on St. Catherine Street until April 16th, 1938, when this beautiful old property was demolished. Subsequent meetings have taken place in the Hotel d'Italie, on St. Lawrence Boulevard, in the form of monthly dinners.

The highlight of the Club year is the Annual Festival at which, over a flowing board, talent and wit are supposed to run riot. The first Festival seems to have been held on January 15th, 1893, and the principle established that a toast should be proposed "in memory of unrecognized genius", to be answered, though rarely seriously, by the newest member. Restaurants all over Montreal have echoed to the merriment of these Festivals, for some forty-six years. A full attendance is sought and the traditions of Arts and Letters, in close proximity to good food and wine, are stoutly upheld every year.

The Club has had its ambitions. In 1895 it sponsored publication of E. B. Brownlow's sonnets; 300 copies were printed of *Orpheus and Other Poems*. In 1899, Duncan Campbell Scott, a notable member, received the Club's co-operation in the publication of a new edition of Lampman's poems. In 1905, the Club subscribed to a fund for the erection of a bronze bust to a deceased member, William McLennan, for the Fraser Institute and for the McGill University Library. In 1917, after John Logan died, the Club sponsored the publication of his verses in book form—now a collector's item.

In common with all other institutions, the Club felt the effects of the World War. A. Campbell Geddes was its first

member to go overseas. By 1915 the Club numbered among its overseas members two majors, one captain, one lieutenant, and one private. By 1916, its members at the front included Geddes, who had become brigadier-general; Colonel Jack McCrae, Captain Macphail, Lieutenant Hoare, and Captain Rene du Roure of the French Army. To brighten those melancholy days, Sandwell and Brewer used to perform on the Club's piano; J. M. Gibbon sang songs, Stephen Leacock made personal remarks, Warwick Chipman told stories, and so on. Herbert Raine made etchings from one of his best plates, which were sent to overseas members as a Christmas token from the Club. And then, as quietly as it had found its way into the minute books in 1914, the War spent itself; there is no mention of the end of the War until well on in 1919, when the warrior members, including Nobbs, Cullen, Simpson and Hoare, came home again and appeared at the meetings much as though nothing had intervened. All returned except McCrae, whose death while on active service is recorded reverently in the minutes in February 1918, with eulogies from the press of the day. For the collected poems of McCrae which were afterwards published, Sir Andrew Macphail wrote a fine preface, and mentioned the Pen and Pencil Club in which many of the poems had been read and discussed.

The order of procedure at the meetings has always been the same. The Chairman solemnly declares the bar open, when access may be had to such cellar as the Club currently affords, and conversation begins to flow. The painters are first called on to exhibit their wares, which are admired or excoriated, satirized or damned with faint praise, as the case may be. The writers get the next innings, forcing the painters to listen to poems, essays or literary sketches, or grant previews of projected books. The musicians are usually beyond criticism—for few pretend to be able to give it—and supply alleged harmony at critical junctures.

Only guests from out-of-town have been permitted at meetings. These have often included such distinguished men as Bliss Carman, who read one of his poems; Homer Watson; and John Goss, who sang a song.

What of the future of the Club? The present dinner meetings seem to discourage art contributions particularly. The Club albums and folios, rich with the art and literary treasures of fifty years, are now safe, but almost inaccessible, in the Redpath Library—through the courtesy of Dr. Lomer, McGill Librarian. To-day the Club has some misgivings as to its future. Product of a more leisurely day, it must change to conform to new conditions if it would survive. But how, and toward what end? These questions must be faced. Perhaps a permanent Exhibition of the Club's contributions might help to preserve it and inspire its present members to hold it together. Art is more than ever needed in the world, to play its part in achieving some measure of universal understanding among men. A live Club might do much to serve such an ideal; where in the past it has been a product of leisure and whimsy, it might in the future take on a more serious purpose.

However this may be, it is certain that if the Pen and Pencil Club should vanish, there would pass from the life of Montreal an influence that has aided the creation of many a masterpiece or competent work of art for the past fifty years. For the sensitive Montrealer, there would remain only a fragrant memory of bygone, perhaps happier, days that would persist like perfume to stir the mind and to refresh the soul for long to come.

It is to be hoped that this golden jubilee of the Pen and Pencil Club is to be more than the celebration of a half century of the happy mingling of arts and letters in the city of Montreal: may it be a milestone on the highway and not the end of the road!

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE CRISIS IN WHEAT

By W. A. MACKINTOSH

A GENERATION inured to crises necessarily develops a protection of insensitiveness to pressing problems. It should, however, require nothing more than the statement that in a Canadian region highly specialized in the production of wheat for the world market, about 25 million acres are devoted annually to wheat production, and at present No. 1 Northern wheat for October delivery is quoted at little more than 50 cents. This price is, however, for wheat of the best quality, ready for shipment at the head of the lakes. Such a Winnipeg price means a price of not far from 30 cents for wheat of an average grade in the centre of the producing area. If this year's yield, as estimated, should be about 15 bushels to the acre, the average grower would receive about \$4.50 gross income for each acre of wheat harvested. The operator of a fairly large farm having 200 acres sown to wheat would receive a gross income of only \$900.00 out of which all expenses must be paid before arriving at the net income out of which he and his family must live.

Back in 1932, in an earlier phase of the wheat crisis, farmers also received about 30 cents per bushel on the average for wheat. It was reckoned at that time that out of 15 bushels harvested for each acre, $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels were required for seed, $4\frac{1}{2}$ bushels for the payment of taxes, 7 bushels were required for interest payments on debt, and the remaining 2 bushels were available for all expenses of operating the farm and for maintaining the family. The answer to the problem of how the farm family lived in such circumstances is, of course, relatively easy. They did not pay their taxes; they did not pay their interest; large numbers of them received relief payments from the government, and they lived miserably. Since 1932

many circumstances have changed. Operating costs have been reduced substantially; there have been sweeping reductions in debt and in taxes; many prices of things purchased have declined, and the Dominion government has undertaken to purchase at Fort William up to 5,000 bushels of wheat from any farmer at a price of 70 cents for No. 1 Northern grade. This will mean that the farmer with an average crop will receive about 50 cents a bushel at his nearest elevator rather than 30 which he could obtain in the open market. Such a provision may be justified on grounds of expediency, justice, and economy, but it is apparent on the face of it that it represents no solution to the obstinate problem of wheat.

The elements of the crisis in wheat go back at least twenty-five years. In that quarter of a century there took place great geographical shifts in world wheat production and great changes in the methods of producing wheat.

The most obvious influence in bringing about these shifts was the disturbing influence of the war on production and trade. The cutting off of the wheat-producing areas of Central and Eastern Europe, the high costs and great risks of transporting wheat from Australia and the Argentine, and the decline in production in such great importing countries as France and Italy threw the task of meeting the demand for wheat primarily on Canada and the United States. The magnitude of the shift can be shown quite clearly in a few figures. Making a comparison between the five-year period 1909-13 and the crop year of 1922-23, the four great overseas exporters, Canada, United States, Argentina, and Australia, increased their wheat acreage from 86 million to 116 million. Of the 30 million acres of increase, the United States supplied 15 and Canada 12½. European exporters, namely the countries of the Danube basin and Russia reduced their wheat acreage from 97 millions to 55 millions. The European importing countries reduced theirs from 51 millions to 46 millions. These

importing countries had in the pre-war period obtained 37 per cent of the wheat consumed from imports. After the war they obtained 40 per cent. Of this larger amount of wheat entering into world trade (as contrasted with that consumed within the country of production) overseas exporters had supplied 50 per cent before the war while after the war they were supplying 98 per cent.

In the main it was the interruption which the war enforced in the normal course of production and trade which brought about this shift, but that influence was reinforced by technical changes in the production of wheat in sub-humid and semi-arid regions. This technical change exerted its full influence only in the decade of the '20s.

In 1922 the world market for wheat was less subject to restriction than it had ever been before. Fewer European countries levied substantial duties against the import of wheat than they had even in the pre-war period. European agriculture was, however, struggling to recover lost markets, and after 1925 governments increasingly came to the assistance of their agrarian populations in their attempt to increase the production of grain. By 1929 only the United Kingdom, the Irish Free State, the Netherlands, and Belgium admitted wheat without the imposition of very substantial duties.

This rapid movement toward the protection of European grain growers had very wide political and social ramifications. In the period immediately after the war Europe experienced a most violent economic and social disorganization. Bolshevism surging westward from Russia threatened existing institutions throughout the whole of Western Europe. More conservative elements gradually gained the upper hand, but they did so with the support of the agrarian and peasant populations as a balance against the more radical urban populations of those countries. Agrarian protection was not merely a matter of improving the position of one group at the expense

of another, it was in the eyes of governments, a major bulwark of order against chaos.

A number of more or less fortuitous circumstances, such as the variation in crop yields, the progress of the speculative boom, and the fact that Russia did not re-emerge as an exporter until 1929-30, prevented these European changes from making themselves fully effective in the world wheat market. While prices sagged, they remained at high levels until 1929.

Prices were sufficiently high not merely to maintain but to increase production in the overseas exporting countries. The full fruits of changing techniques now began to be reaped. The combine made less important the limitation of high labour costs which had held down wheat production in these exporting countries. The tractor, which drew farm power from the oil well rather than the oat field, released great acreages of land for the production of crops for sale. The wheat crisis came as a catastrophe when high yields in Europe and America synchronized with the re-entry of Russia into world trade in wheat.

The great depression of the 1930's was distinguished by the coincidence of a great and peculiarly stubborn agricultural crisis with a period of industrial depression. In the face of the catastrophe, countries seized whatever weapon lay at hand for the protection of their agrarian populations. Canada and the United States held back wheat from export; the importing countries of Europe imposed higher duties and restrictive quotas on imports. They fixed in many cases the percentage of imported wheat which could be used in the milling of flour. From the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws the United Kingdom had been the great free market for wheat. In 1932, however, having reversed her historic policy, she adopted the Wheat Marketing Act for the protection of her own producers. She imposed a tax on flour, the proceeds of which were to be used to bonus the production of wheat. By this means

she gives to her wheat producers a price of about \$1.30 per bushel when wheat is selling in Liverpool at about 50 cents. On the average her production seems to have increased by about a third, but she still remains the world's greatest importer of wheat.

Previously, Italy had been the largest continental importer of wheat, but in the latter half of the last decade Mussolini initiated his "battle of the grain" with the object of raising Italian wheat production. The measures then adopted were greatly extended with the onset of the crisis, and Italian imports of wheat have been reduced by about 78 per cent. By these measures the Italian farmer receives about \$2.00 per bushel for the wheat grown. Production in an average year seems to have increased by about 25 per cent, while consumption has been reduced about 10 per cent by substituting other grains for wheat in the making of flour.

After Italy, Germany had been one of the greatest import markets for wheat. A multiplicity of protective measures now give to the German wheat producer a price of rather more than \$2.00 a bushel. Wheat production has risen spectacularly by as much as 75 per cent, while the mixing of rye, cornmeal, and potato flour in the making of flour and bread has reduced the consumption of wheat. Increasingly, such wheat as Germany imports is drawn from the Danube countries, with which she has her most successful trade agreements.

France has never been so great nor so dependable a market for imported wheat as have Italy and Germany. She was, however, normally an importer to a small amount, and in years of less than average yields she was an important buyer. Imports of about 50 million bushels have in her case sunk to negligible amounts, and in some recent years she has been a formidable exporter.

The four overseas exporting countries have also adopted varied measures to assist their wheat producers in the face of

the disastrously low prices for wheat. The United States under the Agricultural Adjustment Act and succeeding measures, undertook to reduce its wheat acreage and to bonus the income of farmers who shifted from the production of wheat. The forced modification of this legislation resulted last year in a very great increase in wheat acreage, contributing to the decline in wheat prices. At present under new legislation a reduction in wheat acreage is called for and government funds are being used to bonus the export of wheat so as to maintain the price in the domestic market. In Canada during the past year the government has paid a guaranteed price of 80 cents for No. 1 Northern while the market price was, through most of the year, about 60 cents. In the Argentine, through government control of foreign exchange, funds have been obtained with which to bonus the price of wheat to the grower while selling actively abroad at world prices. Australia, too, has operated under systems of guaranteed prices much in excess of the world price for wheat.

Set down in its briefest form, the extent of the maladjustment on which the wheat crisis rests, is an excess production for export of about 250 million bushels annually. The decline in wheat consumption and the insistence of the importing countries on using their own rather than imported wheat, have brought it about that the world trade in wheat has shrunk by about this amount in comparison with the situation before the depression. From year to year, of course, this condition is modified by varying grain yields, and the widespread drought in the United States and Canada for a time wiped out all surpluses. It is indeed a measure of the seriousness of the crisis and the ineffectiveness of measures adopted in the face of it, that so far drought has been the only effective answer.

If the world were a rational world, if people under threat of insecurity did not fly to irrational policies, if disorganization and chaos did not prevent the taking of longer views, the eco-

nomie solution of the wheat crisis would be comparatively simple. The overseas exporting countries during the 1920's greatly increased their competitive strength. It is quite obvious that Europe can obtain its wheat much more cheaply, and feed its populations better by obtaining more of its wheat from overseas and less from its own growers. Under such circumstances Europe would consume somewhat more wheat, but the important gain to her population would not be in additional wheat consumed, though the bread in Italy, Germany, and elsewhere has deteriorated greatly both in nutritional value and in palatableness in the last decade. The great gain which these populations would achieve would be in the release of land for the production of the highly important protective foods—meats, dairy products, and green vegetables. It is here that the great decline in the standard of European nutrition has taken place. The high prices for wheat artificially maintained have diverted land from the growing of other crops and have raised the prices of all feed grains, with the result that it is less profitable to produce livestock and vegetable products. These agricultural activities have suffered while grain growing has expanded. Thus Germany has been for a number of years notoriously short of butter and animal fats generally. Only in a limited fashion has the choice before Germany been Goering's famous "guns or butter". More fundamentally, the choice has been home-grown bread grains and butter.

Of course, in achieving any such rational economic solution, readjustment would have to be made not only in importing countries. There would be necessary, also, a relaxation of trade barriers to which the wheat exporting countries would have to make their contribution.

Such a rational economic solution is fantastic in the world of to-day where unreason triumphs over reason and politics is dominant over economics. Those countries which were formerly great wheat importing countries are now almost exclus-

ively war economies. Granted the objective of war and military power, their policies with respect to wheat are not completely irrational. By curtailing imports of wheat they can greatly reduce their dependence on potential enemies and unfriendly neutrals. True, they reduce the standards of living of their populations, but that is unavoidable if war is the objective. Even though by some miracle the threat of war should pass, the adoption of such a rational economic policy would be hampered by many obstacles. Great vested groups have been built up behind the protective policy and only in highly stable and politically mature countries can readjustments be made against the resistance of such vested interests. It is difficult to see, when one realizes the political importance of agrarian groups in European régimes, how so great a shift could be accomplished except over a long period.

The recent record of wheat has been, then, that in a period of over-production and economic depression the importing countries were able by their protective measures to throw on the exporting countries the burden of low prices. The nature of the protective measures was such that the effects of over-production were exaggerated and by December 1932 the price of wheat in Winnipeg had fallen to 42 cents. For the next six years some reduction in acreage in the United States and persistently recurring drought so reduced world wheat production that in the crop year of 1937-38 there was actually a shortage of wheat with the price in Winnipeg in January 1938 reaching approximately \$1.50. In the next six months the prospects of larger crops forced the price down to approximately \$1.00, but with the harvesting of the northern-hemisphere crop of that summer the price fell steeply to about 60 cents, where it remained until July of this year when it resumed its decline to the present level of about 50 cents. The crop of 1938 proved to be the largest world crop ever harvested, exceeding substantially even the previous record of 1928. Dur-

ing the crop year 1938-39 the amount of wheat entering international trade was about 20 per cent higher than in previous years largely, probably, because of European purchases of military reserves. The world surplus at the end of the year was also much higher.

What, then, in the present critical situation can be done? The government has made provision for a price of 70 cents at Fort William, but no one would defend this as a solution. It is at best merely a means of granting relief to a distressed industry, it does nothing to convert that industry into a healthy one. It is, of course, more than possible that before this article is printed war will have obliterated the wheat crisis and eliminated any need for a solution. It is easy to predict, however, that such a "solution" will only postpone and exaggerate the existing difficulties.

Policies in the United States have run almost entirely along lines of restriction of crop acreage. So much of the United States crop is consumed at home that for nearly twenty years there has been a succession of speciously attractive schemes to raise wheat prices to profitable levels by restricting the amount offered for sale in the domestic market. At first the proposal was to dump the remainder in the world market; later a programme for restriction of acreage, if necessary, to the point of taking the United States out of the export market altogether, became the popular device. Actually, the evidence is that wheat prices in the United States had been raised to uneconomic levels. When the restrictions imposed by the A.A.A. were withdrawn, the wheat acreage in the United States in 1937-38 rose to a level about 25 per cent higher than in previous years. Wheat acreage sown in the United States in 1938 was higher even than the record average of 1920. Under the new legislation the wheat acreage for 1939 was reduced from 81 million acres to 55 million acres, while wheat exports were bonused. Despite its many and

highly publicized programmes of restriction, the United States has not contributed to the readjustment of the world wheat market.

Canada, on the other hand, has undertaken a number of emergency measures, as to the effectiveness of which opinions differ. They have all had the common characteristic, however, that they were essentially emergency measures undertaken to relieve a situation which it was hoped the return of more normal conditions would cure. Latterly the government has tried to maintain a principle of non-intervention in the wheat market, but record low prices have forced a considerable amount of intervention for purposes of relief.

Experience has shown that there is great danger that control measures will result in prices which are uneconomically high. To put it in another way, prices which are high enough to satisfy the farmer politically are likely, also, to be high enough to induce him to increase his wheat acreage. It is to a large extent this discrepancy between agrarian political and agrarian economic action which explains the unfortunate results of intervention in the production and marketing of wheat.

It is worth while in public policy to attempt to make a distinction between intervention in markets to accomplish an economic result, and intervention to maintain an uneconomic position. Most popular demands for intervention, whether for a guaranteed price of wheat, or government purchases of silver, or taxes on chain stores, are demands for intervention to support conditions which on economic grounds are not supportable. There is, however, a sounder basis for intervention. Intervention may make possible an adjustment to a new economic position, an adjustment which will otherwise be made by a prolonged and costly process of attrition. The object of intervention in such a case is to shorten and reduce the cost of the process of adjustment. For example, under the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration certain lands

have been withdrawn from cultivation. Such action is justified on the assumption that the lands must ultimately be forced out of cultivation, and that the process should be shortened and made more orderly. The International Wheat Conference is now meeting in London. Its secretariat and many of its members, particularly the United States, urges an international agreement among exporters for the purpose of imposing quotas on the various exporters. There is much to be said in favour of such an agreement, if it is possible to exercise sufficient moderation. Experience in the past, however, raises grave fears that by any such agreement restriction would be overdone, with the result that higher prices would produce again great surpluses. If adequate moderation were exercised, however, to achieve a readjustment of wheat production in the exporting countries to those amounts which the importing countries are willing to take, rather than to attempt by the exercise of monopoly power to raise prices to levels which will satisfy the agrarian interests politically, then such an agreement might be economically justified.

Now that the wheat crisis has recurred, it has become necessary in Canada to consider wheat policy in default of any international agreement. Should there be government intervention to readjust wheat production in Canada to a more economic level? Any idea of restricting production in Canada and so raising world prices is, of course, folly. Even if our restriction had any effect on world prices, the result would merely be to permit enlargement of acreage in the competing countries. There is need, however, for serious consideration of a further question: In view of current and prospective prices of wheat, and in view of the extreme variability which they have shown, ought not some reorganization of Western agriculture to be directed toward a less specialized dependence on wheat?

There is, of course, a very great area of the prairie country where conditions make wheat practically the single possible

product. But on the other side of that crescent-shaped territory there lie areas in which wheat is a more doubtful crop. Something has been done under the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration to withdraw arid and deteriorated lands from grain production but, in the main, that Administration has been concerned with questions of drought; they have been concerned with physical rather than economic limitations. There is room for speeding up the process of converting inferior and unreliable wheat land in the dry belt into grazing land. The process is not one which could be accomplished quickly, but that is all the more reason for persistence in promoting it.

On the other side of the specialized wheat area there are lands for which there are alternative uses. In many cases these lands produce inferior wheat, which is likely to be low in grade and nearly always low in protein content. The results in any one year are so unpredictable, however, that its use is generally strongly biased toward wheat, though the average results are unsatisfactory. Wheat growing has in such areas much of the attractiveness of a lottery. Too little attention has been given to a suggestion made some years ago that restrictions might be placed on the export of lower grades of feed wheat thus discouraging wheat production in those areas in which the crop is likely to be of low grade, and at the same time, by depressing the price of feed grains offering stimulus to livestock and dairy production. In some cases there is already a surplus of these products, but Canada has as yet never been able to use the full import quota provided by Great Britain for Canadian bacon hogs. If we cannot pluck the beam out of the eye of the importing countries we might yet cast the mote of uneconomic production out of our own eye.

Such a programme would need to be carried out carefully and experimentally, but it is not too soon to start making readjustments which we are likely to be forced to make at any wheat prices which are probable in default of war.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

POETRY

RILKE'S APOTHEOSIS: A Survey of Representative Recent Publications on the Work and Life of R. M. Rilke. By Eudo C. Mason. Oxford: Basil Blackwell; 1938. Pp. 48. 2s.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE POETRY OF RAINER MARIA RILKE. By M. D. Herter Norton. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.; 1938. Pp. 245. \$2.50.

RAINER MARIA RILKE: LATER POEMS. Translated from the German with an Introduction and Commentary by J. B. Leishman. London: The Hogarth Press; 1938. Pp. 277. \$3.50.

RAINER MARIA RILKE: DUINO ELEGIES. The German Text, with an English Translation, Introduction and Commentary by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender. London: The Hogarth Press; 1938. Pp. 160. \$2.25.

The keen interest shown in the works of R. M. Rilke (1875-1926) in America and Britain (and also in France) is well illustrated by the present list of books. Yet this interest comes as a surprise to those who know Rilke, and who know the history of the slow and reluctant acceptance of earlier German "mystics" by the Western world. It is, no doubt, Rilke's message, rather than his poetry, which is responsible for his popularity abroad; a message which seems to point to a "new life", to promise relief to a troubled world, and release to a perplexed, frightened generation. As a consequence, the later works of Rilke, which expound his philosophy, are in the centre of interest, even though their poetic worth is as yet problematical, and although they almost defy translation.

Mr. Mason discusses the major works on Rilke published between 1934 and 1937. The fact that in this period there appeared twenty books and a large number of articles, some of them by French, Italian and English authors, again attests to the amazing appeal which Rilke has made. Mr. Mason, however, is largely critical of the literature which he reviews, just as he is suspicious of the validity of Rilke's philosophy. He insists on three points: However much Rilke may have tried to keep apart his poet's avocation from his common humanity, it will be necessary to search more diligently for the personal premisses of his work than has hitherto been done. Rigid isolation from others on the part of a man so obviously kind and sympathetic, inability to love in one so clearly yearning for love, seem an attitude and a characteristic too abnormal to allow the contention that Rilke's views of

life can have validity for all, or even many. Secondly, Mr. Mason agrees with those who hold that Rilke's outlook is essentially that of the artist, and that in some of his later poems the very subject matter, the exact meaning of which is in dispute, is really an analysis of the poetic process. Finally, he refuses to believe Rilke, who, in his later years, most conspicuously in a letter to his Polish translator von Hulewicz, written just a year before his death, claimed that throughout his life he had pursued one aim, and one aim only. Mr. Mason seems to feel that a valuation *a posteriori*, describing Rilke's earlier verse as an imperfect expression of the same philosophy as permeates the later, would destroy much of the sheer beauty of the poems of Rilke's middle period. They were not meant to bear so heavy a load and would collapse under the strain. Thus Mason's analysis tends to minimize "the message" in Rilke, and to clear the way for a study of Rilke the man and the poet, although he himself, in the present pamphlet at least, does little to further this aim.

The poems which Mr. Norton offers in translation are drawn from volumes which Rilke published in early and middle life: *Advent* (1898), *The Book of Pictures* (1902; enlarged 1906), *New Poems* (1907-8), and *The Life of the Virgin Mary* (1913). There is little in the earliest poems which would indicate the poet's future greatness. Emotion far outruns his powers of original expression, and the lines are fashioned with an all-too-conscious striving for smoothness and musicality. A confession like "Pale solitude is holding My head upon her lap" is interesting for what it tells about the man rather than for its poetic worth. *The Book of Pictures* marks what German criticism would call Rilke's "expressionistic" period. The objects of the outer world are used as material for expression: "You lift quite slowly a black tree And place it against the sky: slender, alone. And you have made the world." Perception is synæsthetic: "All sounds duck entirely away In the glistening buds of the brush wood"; or: "People are fearfully disfigured by the light That drips from their countenances." In this collection also there appears for the first time the peculiar type of simile which Rilke uses to bring out the essential import of a thing or a situation, and which earned him the reputation of one gifted with an unusual depth of vision. The spreading darkness in a room he calls "wealth" (or, perhaps, "luxuriousness"); the hand of a woman playing the piano moves over the keys "as it were heavily in snowdrifts going"; and of Jesus at the Last Supper it is said: "As a shot scatters birds out of the sheaves He scatters their hands from among the loaves With His word." There are, however, much more telling examples of this type of simile in Rilke's later poems, many of them unforgettable, as that of the blind woman in *New Poems*: "upon her bright eyes was light from outside as upon a pool".

Of peculiar interest among the poems of *The Book of Pictures* are ten pieces entitled *The Voices*. Here, in writing the songs of the Beggar, the Suicide, the Blindman, the Dwarf, etc., Rilke adopts a direct, almost aggressive style, unusual with him, and reminiscent of the manner of the night-club entertainer, or of "hard-boiled" modern poets such as Kästner and the somewhat disreputable, self-styled sailor Joachim Ringelnatz. These ten poems show how concise, witty and pointed Rilke could be when he chose. They may serve to dispel any idea one might get from his later work that he was a man with a poet's ideas rather than a poet. For indeed much of his later verse is so tentative in form that it reads like stammered accounts of visionary insights or, at best, like prolegomena to future works. The *New Poems*, however, do not yet have that groping, diffident note. On the contrary, they represent the high-water mark of penetrating observation and description in Rilke. Schooled as he then was by the great artist Auguste Rodin, whose secretary he had been for about a year, he took for his theme sculptures, paintings, animals, scenes from the Bible and from life around him. This is his real Book of Pictures, and it contains such celebrated, almost one might say, popular pieces as *The Panther*, *The Swan* and *The Carousel*.

The outbreak of the Great War was a stunning blow to Rilke. The next eight years he spent in tortured silence, vainly trying to recover himself, and to regain a balanced view of the world. At last the spell broke, and in a rush of creative activity he completed the *Duino Elegies* and composed the *Sonnets to Orpheus* (cp. *Queen's Quarterly* XLIII, p. 462). The *Later Poems* are mostly contemporary with the *Duino Elegies*, i.e. they were written either between 1912-14 or in the early 'twenties. It is impossible within the compass of a review to give an idea of these works. Saying a little would be worse than saying nothing.

Mr. Norton's translations are based on a definite theory. He feels that with Rilke the images, the poetic symbols are all-important, and that they should be rendered without the slightest alteration, addition, or omission. One sympathizes with his attitude but cannot help feeling that it has been carried too far. It leads the translator to make no attempt at reproducing rhyme, and to be very lax about scansion. Thus his versions are little different from the interlinear glosses that mediaeval monks wrote in their manuscripts. The quotations given above will bear out this statement. Such translations are far from conveying the poetic quality of Rilke's lines and are, therefore, "faithful" only in a prosaic sense. Mr. Norton would seem to offend against his own convictions when he retains German word order, which makes the English read awkwardly where the original is smooth and natural. Rilke's 'poetic symbol' is a sophisticated simplicity, but not tortuous syntax.

Mr. Leishman's renderings are much more nobly conceived. Perhaps he overstates the case when he says: "Continually one has to choose between translating literally and meaninglessly, or paraphrastically and significantly." But it is true that Rilke developed a peculiar art of ambiguity, a use of the language which not only allows but demands a double or multiple interpretation of certain words and phrases, often the key passages of a poem. Trying to translate them without loss must be a heartbreaking task, but it may be doubted if anyone will lose less than Mr. Leishman. His versions really are English poems, and if there remains a strangeness about them it is no more pronounced than the outlandishness, the otherworldliness of the originals. He is as convinced as is Mr. Norton that Rilke's message is of supreme importance, and that it must not be perverted. But he has found a better way. In excellent introductions and copious notes and appendices he deals with the thought-content of Rilke's poetry, and thus sets himself free to attend in his versions to the real business of a translator of poetry: to create fresh poetry.

H. H.

EDUCATION

THE MEDIAEVAL UNIVERSITY. By Nathan Schachner. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons. Pp. 388. \$3.75.

Of all modern institutions that have their roots in the past, there is no more obvious or interesting example than our Universities, on whichever side of the Atlantic they may flourish. And in many ways nothing more modern and up-to-date than the Mediaeval University. Professors change little, if at all, through the ages; students not at all, save perchance in clothing; but one has forgotten the one outstanding difference between then and now, the welcome but disturbing woman student, and one is not tempted, but forced to ask whether our forefathers were not wiser than the children of to-day.

To read about the Mediaeval University is both of value and of interest to the modern reader who usually cares little for what went on in the mis-named Dark Ages; it is difficult to discover why they were so called; perhaps Voltaire had something to do with it, when he defined the Middle Ages as "a thousand years without a bath". He was absolutely and totally wrong, but his definition has stuck. For a number of reasons, connected with the points already mentioned, value and interest, a large number of books, from the very weighty to the almost frivolous, have appeared during the last few years dealing with the Universities of the Middle Ages, the curricula, the types of lectures, the "capping" and every aspect of the undergraduate life, set about with countless regulations and restrictions.

In *The Mediaeval Universities* the author has produced a book which is at once scholarly and readable, often amusing and entertaining; he touches on every aspect of the question, first tracing the rise of the greater Universities from the schools attached to Cathedral or great Monastery Church, or in Southern Europe one hardly knows how.

Naturally Mr. Schachner devotes much of his attention to the three greatest of them, Paris, Bologna and Oxford: the first and last are known to the average reader: the second should compel the attention both of staff and student of to-day. Bologna was somewhat peculiar in that it was a University of Students and not of Masters: here was the result, "The Doctors were compelled to swear obedience to the students' Rectors; a professor might not absent himself from the city without permission of the students, even for a single day. When and if he obtained such permission he was compelled to sign a bond that he would return within a certain time limit; he was fined for unauthorized absences; if he failed to secure an audience of five at a regular lecture, or of three at an 'extraordinary' lecture, he was fined as though he had been absent; and he—not the pupils—must be punctual and begin his lecture promptly when the great bell of St. Peter's began to ring for mass." (p. 161.)

The temptation to quote from the book is difficult to resist, if it be only to prove that the students do not change from one generation to another. Listen to the pathetic letter home of an Oxford undergraduate (he was writing about 1220 and in pretty bad Latin):

"This is to inform you that I am studying at Oxford with the greatest diligence, but the matter of money stands greatly in the way of my promotion, as it is now two months since I spent the last of what you sent me. The city is expensive and makes many demands; I have to rent lodgings, buy necessaries, and provide for many other things which I cannot now specify. Wherefore I respectfully beg your paternity, that by the promptings of divine pity you may assist me, so that I may be able to complete what I have well begun." (p. 360.)

These and a number of similar regulations sound like a travesty, yet a little reflection will show that there is much to be said for the underlying point of view. In fact, as one reads the book, one wonders at times if the modern university might not do well in taking some leaves out of the mediaeval university book; there were wise men in those days, and there was usually a sound reason for what may look strange to us.

The two minor criticisms that the reviewer would offer are these: one feels at times a lack of sympathetic insight on the part

of Mr. Schachner, as though he were looking in from the outside: the other lack is this: if anyone wishes to gain a view of what the mediaeval student had to study for his B.A., let us say, he will find it extremely difficult to find the details. But the book is enjoyable.

P. G. C. C.

CONFERENCE ON EXAMINATIONS III, DINARD, FRANCE.

Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1938.

The international conferences on examinations, of which the third was held in Dinard in France in 1938 and is reported on in the publication under review, have provided the starting place for investigations into the examination system in several countries. Not only have these investigations disclosed wide discrepancies in marking, such as found headlines in the daily press two years ago, but they have gone more specifically into the question of the kind of subject matter to which examinations adapt themselves less readily than do other, and more precise, subjects of study. In particular, the essay has been found to be much less amenable to the pencil of the examiner than it is recognized to be of value in enhancing the appreciation of the mother tongue as a vehicle of expression. The conferences are held under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation, the Carnegie Foundation, and the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University. The guiding spirit is Dr. Paul Munroe, Director of the International Institute, who acted as Chairman of the Dinard conference.

Much attention has been given by research committees in several countries to two examinations in particular—the qualifying examination into the Secondary School, and the matriculation examination into the University. To both examinations, but particularly to the former, discussion was directed at the Dinard Conference. The problem is similar for both examinations. It is the exploration of the best measure of determining the particular abilities of the student, in order that he may be directed along the paths of learning suitable to his needs. There is the further question which all examiners have to face. A line drawn at any place near the middle point will admit some who should not be admitted and refuse admittance to some who should be admitted. There is no clear line of separation. Is it sounder practice to admit several who have no right to pass in order that none—or very few—be refused admission who should pass; or must several who should pass be debarred so that all ineligible be excluded? This is a fine moral issue, which no conference could be expected to decide. It is a problem similar to that which has vexed the officers of the law in the administration of justice for many a day.

Much is still at issue in this complicated problem of examinations, but the reports of the investigations in many countries are in substantial agreement on some points. It is important that there be a clear understanding as to what the examination is testing, whether intelligence, knowledge or aptitude. Old time examinations have invaded the three fields, and for that reason give no clear direction. It is now possible to separate these functions, though not completely, and objective tests are available for this purpose. Again, completely independent marking by several examiners is safer than marking by consultation. The average of independent marking—and it is possible to weigh the standard of each examiner—is a sounder judgment than anything obtained by joint discussion. Most important of all, the examination should evaluate the particular qualities and potentialities of the student, in order that he be directed aright in his future activities. One lays down this report with the feeling that we are on the way to a system of examinations which will go much further towards that end than anything that has hitherto been practised.

R. C. W.

EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS IN CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS. University of Maine Press. 1938.

In the conferences which have taken place on Canadian-American problems at The St. Lawrence University and Queen's University, educational questions have received only passing attention. It was felt that they merited a special conference, and it was fitting that the University of Maine, whose President, Dr. A. A. Hauck, has made important contributions in this field, should be chosen by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace as the meeting place for the conference. It was held on June 21st-23rd, 1938, and this volume, edited by Professor R. L. Morrow, is a record of the proceedings.

Two methods of approach were possible. The one—the more difficult—was an analysis of the distinctive differences in method and in spirit in Canadian and American education. The other, and the one which was adopted at the conference, was a survey of the means by which the educational machinery could be used to better advantage in promoting understanding between the two countries. But educators are sensitive to the charge of using the schools for the purposes of propaganda, even in a good cause; and it was the considered judgment of the members of the conference that the best method of promoting understanding was simply the making possible of more widespread knowledge of the two countries and the two peoples. To this end background papers were provided—on the Canadian-American Peace Tradition (Shotwell), on Canadian-American Reactions to World Politics (Munro), on

French-Canadian Contacts with New England (Foley), on Economic Trends in Canadian-American Relations (Innis). A similar purpose was served by two addresses at the closing banquet—a sociological study of New England communities (Butterfield), and a discussion of international machinery (Riddell).

The round table discussions were not directly related to the background addresses. They dealt with Canadian-American relations in the High Schools, in Teacher Training Institutions, in the Colleges, and in Adult Education. It was a striking fact that throughout the discussions the educational machinery in the two countries was treated as though it were a single system; and interest was confined to the question of the use of that system in providing the facts on which true understanding may be based. That assumption was made somewhat too easily; and time will yet have to be given to the differences which exist, and which in themselves, when fully realized, will provide the basis for a more informed mutual respect. As it was, the discussion served to bring to light several experiments in educational co-operation which were in the making. One of these—the radio—is automatic in its action, and has become the most powerful interpreter of the United States to Canada, if not of Canada to the United States. Another—the interchange of teachers—has not yet been used to fullest advantage. Here the colleges have done better than have the schools.

There are several problems which must be handled at closer grips. This report shows that a first attack has been made in praiseworthy fashion.

R. C. W.

CLASSICS

THE ORIGINS OF THE LATIN LOVE-ELEGY. By Archibald A. Day. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 1938. Pp. 148. \$2.50.

WHO WAS SOCRATES? By Alban D. Winspear and Tom Silverberg. New York: The Cordon Company, 1939. Pp. iv +96. \$1.25.

To maintain gracious style and happy phrasing in a work of exact scholarship is no mean gift. Mr. Day has done this in his study of the amatory elegy and its background. The general reader, who may pass lightly over the more detailed parts, will do well to ponder Mr. Day's remarks on literary 'influence' in general (pp. 44 ff.), a subject that has suffered much from heavy hands. There is also (pp. 59 ff.) an illuminating discussion of rhetorical influence in classical writings. An understanding of this point is fundamental to an appreciation of Latin literature and of so-called classicism in French and English letters. These passages indicate

the nice balance in this book between minute and generous scholarship.

In *Who Was Socrates?* the authors make a 'genetic' study of Socrates, with emphasis upon the relation between his intellectual development and his economic and political milieu. The choice of a title was not particularly happy. There is a want of balance in the presentation: in the midst of journalistic lightness the reader grounds hard upon technical minutiae; a preamble about Anaxagoras and rationalism somehow never quite merges into the argument as a whole. One cannot help thinking that the elaboration of the thesis (with which, the preface explains, the work began) into the book was hastily done.

H. L. T.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

NATIONAL SOCIALISM AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Nathaniel Micklem. Toronto: The Oxford University Press. 1939. Pp. xvi+243. \$2.50.

Dr. Micklem calls the greater part of this book a Historical Survey of the relations between the Catholic Church and Nazism, although necessarily rather a record, a documentation. He first tells us the intentions of Nazism with regard to religion, nebulous and undetermined but nevertheless with this clear purpose expressed that Religion proper must concern itself with the after life: Nazism is the religion of everyday life, leaving little scope for Religion proper outside its ritual and its contemplative side. Nazism has indeed developed or is developing its own formal religion, adumbrated chiefly in the pseudo romantic heathenism of Herr Rosenberg and the balderdash of Baldur von Schirach. One remains frankly amazed that alongside of the solid achievements of Nazism which "the House that Hitler built" seems to demonstrate, and the firm purpose and shrewd design revealed in "Fallen Bastions", there should exist this mixture of pseudo-mysticism, claptrap, salesmanship propaganda, slander, perversion of justice, bestial cruelty which culminates in the exhibitionism of Nuremberg and Berlin.

Yet one must remember that behind the facade of Robespierre's Rousseauism, Carnot and his associates carried on the business. Hitler no doubt bulks far larger than ever did Robespierre since he is the creator and the leader of the movement, and the movement no doubt derives its strength from the fact that having become the major party, it then by typical revolutionary methods outlawed other parties and ensured a majority continually strengthened and recruited by its hold on the youth of the nation. It is here that the Catholic Church finds itself in opposi-

tion to the government. The late Pope made a concordat with Hitler before the latter had demonstrated fully that all bargains made with him were unilateral. The defaulting by the Nazi rule on the terms of the concordat has been the occasion of the Los von Rome movement. Catholic youth activities, Catholic education, Catholic control of property, the administration of their offices by the hierarchy, freedom of speech in the pulpit have all been increasingly restricted and menaced. A great part of Dr. Micklem's book is taken up with establishing this fact. Yet so far on neither side has an open breach taken place. The method of resistance of the Church is passive, coupled with protest, and standing to its duty. The persecution by the state is economic pressure, the aim of which is to make the average Catholic not dare to resist, or to be loyal to any other body than the state. This is followed up by continual encroachments in the field of ethics. At the same time the vilification of the priests and religious is persistently pursued: typical of this was the campaign of prosecution for immorality waged against churchmen which even in Nazi courts was shown to be almost groundless, but which nevertheless provides propaganda which may always be revived. However, Nazism does not follow the Russian plan of complete suppression of the church. Such a course would still be unpopular. In its thirst for gold it intensifies confiscation and hopes apparently to 'dry up' the Church. The Bishops have stood to their posts. Pope Pius XI in March, 1937, in no uncertain terms denounced the bad faith in holding to the concordat the unjustifiable claim of absolute control put forward by Nazism in addition to its claim to speak as the voice of God, its strange incursions into theological and ecclesiastical matters, its blasphemies, coercion and foul play. This was the Papal answer to Hitler's reported intention. "If she (the Church) will not accommodate herself I will let loose on her a propaganda that will exceed her powers of hearing and of sight. I will set in motion the press, the wireless and the film. I will bring back to life the forgotten atrocities of her history. I know how to handle these fellows and how they are to be caught." One recognizes the method as being successful with Schuschnigg, Benes, the Jews, but this banging of the gates of Hell will not prevail nor will it terrify.

W. M. C.

JUNGLE TALES. By John Buchanan, M.D., D.D. The Thorn Press, Toronto, 1938. \$1.25.

Among the honorary graduates of Queen's is a company of devoted and successful pioneer missionaries. One thinks of Geddie of the New Hebrides, Grant of Trinidad, McKay of Formosa, Smith of China, Dunlop of Japan, Chambers and MacLach-

lan of Turkey. Most of these have passed away, but some are still here with us and to their number is to be added the notable figure of John Buchanan. He graduated in Arts at Queen's fifty-five years ago, and in Theology three years later. To this training he added that of a physician and has practised the cure of souls and bodies in India for nearly half a century.

Dr. Buchanan's great work has been among the aboriginal tribes of the Bhils who before his coming to them were wild and dangerous marauders. In these interesting *Jungle Tales* he has told us something of the way in which it was done, making little of himself and much of the Master whom he has served with such devotion. It takes courage to face the panther, the wild boar, and the tiger, and perhaps greater courage to face famine conditions in India as they were forty years ago. Readers of these simply-told stories will be filled with wonder and admiration for the resourcefulness, bravery, and unquenchable faith of this devoted servant of Christ.

H. A. K.

THE CLUE TO HISTORY. By John Macmurray. Student Christian Movement Press. 7s. 6d.

DIVIDED CHRISTENDOM. By M. J. Congar, O.P. Geoffrey Bles and the Centenary Press. 12s. 6d.

ESSAYS IN ORTHODOX DISSENT. By Bernard Lord Manning. Independent Press. 5s.

Brought up in the classical philosophical traditions of Scotland and Oxford, Professor John Macmurray has managed to preserve or achieve a singular freshness and independence of thought. His new book, though it claims, perhaps, rather more than it can accomplish, is most suggestive. In the first place it is noteworthy that a philosopher should realize that history is his proper study. We are far from the days when history ranked humbly among *belles lettres*. The philosopher must study history, because philosophy is concerned with life. In the second place, it is noteworthy that a philosopher searching for the clue to history should find it in the Bible. It is to the Hebrews, not to the Greeks, that we must look for light.

The key to this book is found in the concept of 'intention'. "The characteristic of personal action is that it is the realization of an intention. It is activity informed and determined by conscious purpose." Properly human action is only possible in the light of a purpose to be achieved, though there may be but a dim understanding of what that purpose is. A plant or an animal evolves; man consciously strives to realize a more or less clearly conceived

ideal. A man striving after an ideal may discover that he has chosen the wrong means, and therefore change his course of action without changing his intention; as life goes on, he may attain far deeper insight into his own intention. Thus an intention may remain identical with itself through many changes of plan and through much growth of intellectual understanding.

Professor Macmurray uses this concept of 'intention' to define the essence of Christianity which remains self-identical in spite of all the varieties of Church life and all the developments of Christian thought. "Christianity is only definable in terms of a continuity of intentional action through history." The abiding 'intention' of Christianity is the fulfilment of Christ's purpose.

Similarly the whole of history is only intelligible as the working out of God's intention. Professor Macmurray, rare among philosophers, has apprehended and accepted the Biblical and Hebrew conception of "the living God". For Greek thought God is the unchangeable; the ideal is the true real; therefore the actual is shot through with unreality, and history has ultimately in itself no meaning. The Hebrews alone offer us the clue to history: "History is the continued act of God, and it is in his working in history that God is known. God is known as a worker, in the work; and his work is history."

It is, says Professor Macmurray, because fundamentally we are not religious that we do not see this. We are not religious because we separate the practical and the theoretical; we fail to realize that we only progressively apprehend what our goal is as we seek to realize it in action. We have abstracted speculation from 'intention'; our thinking is static and abstract, whereas for the Hebrew, the religious man, thought is dynamic and concrete. Thus, for us "history *happens*"; it is not done. This, indeed, is the source of intellectual atheism, as well as of psychological 'behaviourism' and moral scepticism".

A statement of what is God's intention in history must *eo ipso* be a statement of that which will in fact be realized, for a God whose purpose is unrealized is not God. Hence the "eschatological" element in the teaching of our Lord is integral to it. It is our fundamentally irreligious attitude that makes us separate what we call His "ethic" from His "eschatology". In fact, He is not a teacher of ethics. When He says, "blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth", He is concerned, not with the excellence of meekness, nor with its reward, but with the best, the only, way by which as a matter of fact the earth can be inherited. All other methods than that of meekness are stupid and self-frustrating. "What is called the 'ethic' of Jesus is, in fact, his anthropology. It is his formulation of the principles governing the behaviour of personal life. The 'apocalyptic' is simply the prediction about the

future development of personal life in the world which follows from these principles." What we call 'ethic' and 'eschatology', which we separate, are united and made concrete in the concept of 'intention'. The religious consciousness integrates action and reflection (which Greek and modern thinking separate); "in this way religious reflection becomes a continuous interpretation of history, and historic experience becomes a progressive revelation of the nature and purpose of God". The religious attitude sees every stage of historical progress "as at once the triumph of the purpose of God and the manifestation of human self-frustration".

If you have a religion, says Professor Macmurray, you are not religious. If, that is, you have an æsthetic life, and a practical life, and an ethical life, and an intellectual life, and a religious life, you are not religious, because the truly religious man, typically the Hebrew, harmonizes all life as he sees all in relation to the intention of the living God. Religion is not a department of life. It is life itself. Hence the Bible, and, in particular, the Old Testament, rejects the distinctions between the sacred and the secular, the spiritual and the material, the intellectual and the practical.

Professor Macmurray's insights are of great importance both for philosophers and for theologians. His thought is Biblical; is it also Christian? In intention, yes; in fact, is there anything here with which that noble Jew Claude Montefiore would not have agreed? "Jesus was the man in whom the religious significance of the world was revealed in a definite and complete form. . . We might put this in a non-religious form by saying that Jesus discovered the significance of human life. In its religious form the assertion would be that Jesus became conscious of the intention of God in human history." This is Christianity without the Incarnation.

Again, while Professor Macmurray shows that the idea of progress in history is distinctively Christian, and denies that this progress is either evolutionary or automatic, it does not seem to be progress by the Cross in fact or principle. Professor Macmurray suggests by his silence that the Cross merely happened, and that it was not something which God did. This is perhaps because, in spite of all his efforts to be delivered from Greek ways of thought, sin is for him still hardly to be distinguished from stupidity and ignorance.

Again, he has not taken very seriously our Lord's teaching, explicit or implied, about Himself, and he appears to think that the realization of the intention of God can be expressed in terms of a future condition of society upon this earth. Professor Macmurray's actual excursions into the field of history are not the more important part of his book, and without undue modesty he tells us that the essence of our faith is not what the Church

catholic takes it to be, but these errors of judgment do not prevent him from giving us illumination both upon the faith and upon the task of the philosopher.

Last year Dr. Silcox gave a valuable address, later printed, upon 'Protestant-Catholic Relations in Canada'. The Roman Church, in spite of her boast to be *semper eadem*, is actually very different in different lands. She is not seen at her best in the Dominion. In other parts of the world there is within her a real revival or reformation—not, indeed, a turning towards Protestantism, but a spring-time of heart and mind. Illustrations of this are the writings of the Neo-Thomists, the Liturgical Movement, the movement to bring the Bible to the masses, the new attitude to the Reunion of the churches. Of this last a most notable example is Fr. Congar's book. It is strictly, even rigidly, Roman; there is no talk of compromise; yet its attitude of charity and genuine understanding towards the 'separated brethren' is such that, were it widely diffused, it would change the face of our divisions. The book, both on its critical and its constructive sides, is of the first importance (and of great encouragement) to those who mourn the schism of the Church; it is also of theological importance. We would welcome it as a sign and promise of a better day.

Between the sundered churches Anglicanism hopes to be the bridge, but dogmatic theologians may judge that we must choose between alternatives, Rome or Geneva. The 'answer to Rome' is not the bespattering of the mediaeval Church, which is the Mother of us all, not the raking up of the scandals of modern Romanism, a game at which two can play; the 'answer to Rome' is the high churchmanship of Geneva. This has now been set forth with uncommon learning, pungency and passion by Mr. Bernard Manning of Jesus College, Cambridge. His *Essays in Orthodox Dissent* deserve to stand with the famous *Essays and Addresses* of Dr. Dale.

Of Congregationalists he says: "We have churches—some with liturgies, some without, some with crosses, some without—where the inheritance of the Reformation has been almost lost, because the Word and the Sacraments have almost gone out of their life. The great central pulpit has shrunk to a reading desk or been flattened to a platform; and this is symbolic of much. The great Bible has disappeared. The readings from the Old and New Testament Scriptures have dwindled to a snippet of one lesson. The hymns are not paraphrases, nor are they charged in every line with scriptural content. They discuss mountain scenery (with special reference to sunsets), psychological disorders, priggish ambitions, and political programmes. The preaching of the Word has evaporated into flabby platitudes about the dangers of the international situation or the benevolent commonplaces of Ella Wheeler Wilcox expressed even more prosaically than in her

poetry. The great sacrament of the preached Word, preached by dying men to dying men, the recovery of the Word of God which was the great tradition of our forefathers and the glory of historic Congregationalism, it is going or it has gone from some Congregational Churches."

'Orthodox Dissent' is not a watered down Romanism or Anglicanism; it is not the Gospel as edited and abridged by the Rationalist Press; it is, as its sponsors believe, in principle, a purer expression of the unchanging Gospel. "We Congregationalists have confessed since the division of Latin Christendom in the Reformation the same faith as was confessed before the Reformation. The language of the saints of the ancient undivided Church, of the mediaeval Church, of the several members of the Church since the Reformation is not unintelligible to us. We need no instruction from well meaning busy-bodies in what is our own dialect. According to the Apostle's words, all things are ours. On Mount Zion we are neither strangers nor sojourners, but are fellow-citizens with the saints. . . With St. Ignatius and with all saints we confess: 'Our charter is Jesus Christ: our infallible charter is His cross, His death, and His passion, and faith through Him'. Our distinctive contribution, however you describe it, is a contribution of expression, of emphasis, of form rather than of substance." I have taken my quotations from papers dealing first with Congregationalism, but it is with the vindication of Orthodox Dissent, including Presbyterianism and Methodism, and not only with one expression of it that Mr. Manning is concerned. The last chapter is a reprint of the evidence submitted by Mr. Manning as a Free Churchman to the Archbishops' Commission on the Relations between Church and State. No plainer speech was ever addressed to archiepiscopal ears; it is good that it lies no longer buried in the formal pages of the Report. It is greatly to be hoped that this book will find its way to the Protestants of the New World also.

N. M.

HISTORY

CROMWELL AND THE STUARTS

THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL, with an Introduction, Notes and a Sketch of His Life. By Wilbur Cortez Abbott, with the assistance of Catherine D. Crane. Vol I (1599-1649). Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Pp. xx+759. \$5.00.

THE STUARTS. By Sir Charles Petrie. Toronto: The Musson Book Co. \$4.00.

Professor Abbott, having already placed students of Cromwell immeasurably in his debt by his voluminous and exhaustive

Bibliography of Oliver Cromwell, has made an even greater contribution to the subject by preparing a new collection of Cromwell's writings and speeches. He has found five hundred and fifty items "previously printed but hitherto uncollected" besides the material in the Lomas edition of Carlyle's famous work, as well as some hundred and fifty not printed until now. Many of these have been found in European archives. For the first time there has been assembled a reasonably complete collection of Cromwell's state papers. For the foreign policy of the Protectorate they will, when published, be invaluable. The first volume extends to the execution of the king. The formative years of Cromwell's youth, and the period of civil strife in which he played an increasingly crucial part, are covered by a circumstantial and dispassionate narrative in which the documents are given ample setting. For the reader who would have a go himself at unravelling the riddle of Cromwell's mind and character here is the indispensable book. The author does not assume Carlyle's mantle of advocate, but is bent rather on presenting an objective and well rounded view. On many points of detail it has been possible to improve on the accuracy of previous accounts. In fact, in accomplishment as well as in aim, the work is definitive.

Sir Charles Petrie deals with a broader theme, but makes no pretence at comprehensiveness. He focuses on dramatic incident and spices it with gossipy retailing of personal picaresques and scandals among the great. His book is a readable melange of such matter, interspersed and enlivened with numerous quotations, both apt and extensive, from contemporary letters, Clarendon's *History*, pamphlets, etc., and those works of modern scholars that tend to "correct" the Whig version of Stuart history. He points out that Charles I's personal rule was a time of increasing administrative efficiency and that his prerogative courts gave cheap justice to the common man, and remarks that if the Commonwealth raised English prestige abroad it was "largely with ships built by Charles I." Cromwell he deems the precursor, not of Gladstone and Bright, but of Mussolini, Hitler, and Lenin. And he follows the newer fashion of giving the Restoration Stuarts a good deal of credit for perspicacity and actual accomplishment. Perhaps the most readable section of the book is the reconstruction of the "trial" of Charles I by giving extracts from the proceedings more extensive than are usually presented. The method shows the shortcomings of the court and the high stand of the king. A readable book, if a light one.

LORD DURHAM'S REPORT (a special Centenary number of the Canadian Historical Review). Toronto: June, 1939. 50c.

CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS 1849-1874. By Lester Burrell Shippee (in the Carnegie Endowment's Series on the Relations of Canada and the United States). Toronto: The Ryerson Press. Pp. xv+514. Map. \$3.25.

THE RISE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP: A STUDY IN WORLD POLITICS 1898-1906. By Lionel M. Gelber. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. 292. \$5.00.

CANADIAN MOSAIC: THE MAKING OF A NORTHERN NATION. By John Murray Gibbon. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd. Pp. xxvi+455. Illustrations. \$3.50.

This centenary year of the Durham Report will probably see published the Report of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations, which will be, without question, a notable state paper in the history of government in Canada. But the Commission is concerned with incidentals as compared with the foundation principle of self-government which Durham espoused. His Report is likely to remain preeminent among state papers concerning government in the British Dominions. The special number of the Canadian Historical Review does not merely praise, it is a re-appraisal. Professor Chester New, author of the definitive life of Lord Durham, discusses the British background of the Report, Professor George W. Brown the Upper Canadian political scene, Professor D. C. Harvey, the Report in Nova Scotia, and Professor Chester Martin the Report and its consequences. These four papers, which were delivered as commemorative lectures at the University of Toronto, are prefaced by an introductory article on Lord Durham's place among British statesmen, contributed by Lord Durham's successor as the Crown's representative in Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir. The whole definitely adds to the discussion of the Report, both in fact and in interpretation. And Professor New pointedly remarks that "there is no virtue in commemorating Lord Durham to-day and going out to-morrow to confront the national problems of our time with apathy and inaction".

The working out of Canada's destiny has not merely involved internal changes and changes in relation to Great Britain. Always relations with her southern neighbour have been vitally important. They were never more crucial than in the third quarter of the 19th century, when the United States was passing through the greatest internal crisis in its history and preserved the Union only by Civil War. Out of that situation came critical problems in Anglo-American and in Canadian-American relations. It was in that period, indeed, and in no small part by the pressure of the external situation that the Dominion of Canada was born. It fol-

lows that in the great series on Canadian-American relations that is in course of issue by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace under the general editorship of Dr. James T. Shotwell, one of the more widely significant volumes should be Professor Shippee's study of Canadian-American relations, 1849-1874. The author has drawn on a wide range of public records and private papers as well as the popular press of the day, and gives the most circumstantial account yet produced of the quarter century's relationships. Reciprocity and annexationism, Fenians threatening and violating the border from the south and Confederate raiders doing likewise from the north, squabbles over the Atlantic Coast fisheries, a comic-opera boundary dispute over San Juan, these and other questions receive careful chronicling and analysis. The threads tie together around the emerging British North American nationality, finding in time of crisis its political framework in the founding of the Dominion of Canada. This creation, supported by Great Britain, was accepted by the United States as a necessary preliminary of the Washington settlement three years later, under which the Alabama Claims were arbitrated and both Anglo-American and Canadian-American relations placed on a relatively secure basis. The Canadian story as such is not elaborated by Professor Shippee, it is with cross-border relations that he is dealing. Indeed he frequently views these from the point of view of Anglo-American dealings and of United States policy. That the point of view should be generally external to Canada is a natural reflection of the fact that at that colonial stage in her development this country's external affairs were still largely in external hands, and that Canadian destinies depended more obviously than usual upon the course of Anglo-American relations as a whole. Yet it is clear that in those relations Canadian questions, while difficult and troublesome to the British Government, were no slight factor in holding that Government to its policy of preserving peace with the United States, peace on the basis of the continuing independence of Canada despite American expansionist hopes.

Canada's permanent security has continued to require Anglo-American peace. Renewal of crisis between Britain and the States in the late 19th century was indirectly a threat to Canada, but the turn of the century saw once more a reversal of the trend. Mr. Gelber's study shows how much the world situation accounted for this larger recognition of mutual interests by the two great English-speaking powers. For Canada the new spirit meant that question after question bearing seeds of trouble was resolved by negotiation. And soon after the period with which Mr. Gelber deals so understandingly and competently even the Atlantic Fisheries controversy was put to rest by arbitration and the International Joint Commission was set up as a permanent institution. American acceptance of Canadian nationality thus reached a new

stage, one which would have been impossible or at any rate delayed but for the pressure of wider world events that drove Britain and the United States closer together. These two volumes will interest as well as inform all who would seek historical light on these relationships which still mean so much for Canada's destiny.

One of the constructive contributions that the Canadian Pacific Railway has made to Canadian life has been its encouragement of the special aptitudes and cultural traditions of the many racial groups that have come to Canada, not as bases of divisions among our people but as contributions to the life of the nation. Mr. John Murray Gibbon has had much to do with formulating this wise policy and carrying it out through the folk festivals and other means that have been developed. Some months ago he gave a series of broadcasts on the CBC programme, each devoted to describing the contribution of some particular racial element to Canadian life. The series was called "Canadian Mosaic". Under the same title the material has been elaborated for the book under review. It is sumptuously printed, with numerous drawings in colour of Canadian racial types and many other illustrations. It contains a multiplicity of information about the histories and backgrounds of the various racial groups among the Canadian people and their respective contributions. Music and song were a feature of the broadcasts, Mr. Gibbon having for the purpose fitted to traditional old world airs new words on Canadian themes. It was an admirable purpose to lead Canadians to find in the common Canadian scene material as fit for songs and lyrics as any in the old world. The Canadian words supplied by the author sometimes serve this purpose well. But one cannot help wishing that a more critical selection had been made for the book. Some of the words, however well they may have sounded when sung over the radio, do not read so well in cold print without even the notes of the music before one's eyes. That the words are procurable elsewhere with the music is hardly sufficient compensation. One wishes, too, that the whole book had been more closely wrought. The author writes gracefully, but too much of his material is not integrated as closely as one would wish. Nevertheless the aim of the book is only to be praised, and it does assemble in attractive format much that is of interest. It will undoubtedly contribute to better understanding and appreciation among the various elements of our people.

R. G. T.

SCIENCE

COPERNICUS: THE FOUNDER OF MODERN ASTRONOMY.

By Angus Armitage. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1938. \$3.00.

The reader of this book should have some fundamental knowledge of astronomy although the author has very carefully explained each astronomical term as he introduced it. Naturally most of the book deals with the Copernican system of cosmology, but this is preceded by an excellent description of earlier planetary theories.

As the author points out, Anaximenes' conception of the stars as fixed to a rotating crystal sphere persisted until the seventeenth century. Pythagoras declared that the Earth is a sphere, without motion, resting on the centre of a spherical universe, and not a floating disc as it had so often been regarded. The ancient philosophers always considered the heavenly bodies as moving freely in space and Pythagoras, probably following the Babylonian astronomers, seems to have believed that the motions of the sun daily westward across the sky and at the same time annually eastward against the background of stars could be regarded as due to two circular motions, one a daily westward motion common to all celestial bodies, and the other an annual eastward motion peculiar to the sun. This idea developed into the assured belief that all the complicated movements of the heavenly bodies could be explained by combinations of circular motions and was so firmly established under the authority of Plato, Aristotle, and Ptolemy, that it dominated astronomy for two thousand years.

Copernicus was in no sense a great observer, but he was not satisfied with the current explanations of astronomical observations and in the writings of the old philosophers discovered that others like himself had lacked confidence in geocentric theories. In the dedication of his book *De Revolutionibus*, to the scholarly Pope Paul III, he writes: "Taking occasion thence, I too began to reflect upon the Earth's capacity for motion. And though the idea appeared absurd, yet I know that others before me had been allowed freedom to imagine what circles they pleased in order to represent the phenomena of the heavenly bodies. I therefore deemed that it would readily be granted to me also to try whether, by assuming the Earth to have a certain motion, representations more valid than those of others could be found for the revolution of the heavenly spheres."

As a result, Copernicus discarded the ancient theory of the central motionless Earth and developed a system in which the Sun was stationary at the centre. Since no motion other than circular was considered, it was necessary to have the planets move in small

circles whose centres move around other circles. The Earth was now rotating as well as revolving to explain the daily as well as the annual apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. Very considerable detail is given regarding these circular orbits.

The book closes with an epilogue outlining the establishment of the heliocentric theory of Kepler, Galileo, and Newton.

K. P. J.

FICTION

STATELY TIMBER. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 638. \$3.75.

TWO GENERATIONS. By Frederick Philip Grove. Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. 261. \$2.50.

These two novels, grouped fortuitously together, show great differences of method and temper, but have some similarity in that they both form part of the vast story of America, as mirrored in differing minds; also, each one is probably the best its author has done up to the present time, and each is a study of the rebellion of youth against the preceding generation.

Stately Timber deals, by a method of romantic re-creation, with Boston in the middle of the seventeenth century, the chief figure in the story being young Seaborn Fleet, who is a rebel against the austerities and cruelties of Puritan rule, and, in particular against the severity of the measures taken to restrain the early Quakers.

Mr. Hughes, it would appear, desires to draw attention to a side of Colonial New England which is seldom dwelt upon (though Hawthorne in his *Scarlet Letter* showed something of it), namely, the underlying rebellion of the sexual, emotional, colourful and untamed elements in society, against the Puritan ideal, and against the practice of cruelty in the name of religion. Seaborn's life of many experiences and adventures, influenced by his stern but loving father, his tender mother, and his heroic sweetheart Judith, makes a long and exciting novel. There is much interesting detail, and much research must have been done by the author in his evocation of this bygone age with such vividness, imaginative truth and vigour of presentation.

Two Generations is a work in the classic tradition, restrained, balanced and economical of words. Mr. Grove's books have always dealt with contemporary life and except in *The Search for America*, his scenes have been laid in Canada. He is considered as being in the first rank of Canadian novelists and this work will certainly add to his reputation. The scene of *Two Generations*

is western Ontario, and all the references (for there are no long descriptions digressing from the main theme,) show keen personal observation and deep attachment to that land. The people are people of to-day, the solid and intelligent farming community of a region which is settled, but not yet so removed in time from pioneer conditions that all the repercussions of that earlier life have died down. The conflict between the dominating father, who is the main character of the book, and his sons, developing under changed social conditions, with the well-balanced mother as a mediator, is profoundly interesting and well understood. Ralph Patterson's autocratic character, able and strong as he is, leads his family into an extremely complicated situation; and the author has transformed this occasion of conflict, Canadian as it is in every actual detail, into something universal in its quality. Tragedy there is, but a power of acceptance goes with it. The book leaves one with a feeling of satisfaction, in its completeness, sincerity, and power of impact; and in addition to all considerations of technical method or philosophical conceptions of human nature, it is a keenly interesting story.

E. H. W.

THE HIGH PLAINS. By Wilfrid Eggleston. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 267. \$2.25.

Wilfrid Eggleston is a Queen's graduate who has won a high place in Canadian journalism. In *The High Plains*—his first novel—he shows a poet's feeling for landscapes and some ability also in characterization, but his plot-charting is as yet rather tentative and uncertain. The chief merits of the story are its fidelity to the spacious but often trying environment of the Third Prairie Steppe and the manly sincerity of the style, despite a few slips in phrasing. The author writes with first-hand knowledge of that part of Canada, for he spent his boyhood there, and "Eric" is obviously a looking-glass portrait. Much of the descriptive work—especially the pictures of a western blizzard, of the Bad Lands, and of the Sweet Grass Hills—is ably done. *The High Plains* is least successful in those parts that incline towards melodrama, but it traces the patterns of its central theme with the understanding of the senses and of the mind and its normal tone is attractively homely and honest.

G. H. C.

BIOGRAPHY

SALON SKETCHES: Biographical Studies of Berlin Salons of the Emancipation. By Bertha Meyer. New York: Bloch Publishing Co. 1938. Pp. 207. \$2.00.

Dorothea Mendelssohn (1763-1839), Henriette de Lemos (1764-1847), and Rahel Lewin (1771-1833), whose lives and

characters are described in this book, were Jewish women who influenced the social and literary life of Berlin in the time of German Romanticism. Although they owe their fame to different personal qualities, all three shared in the opportunities created for women in general, and for Jewesses in particular, by the emancipation movement begun in the eighteenth century and continued with fresh vigour in the nineteenth. They all became converts to Christianity. Dorothea, daughter of the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing, was married to Friedrich Schlegel, a celebrated critic and co-founder of the Romantic School. Her sons by an earlier marriage, Philipp and Johann Veit, were artists of some repute. She herself was the author of a novel, of several translations, and of critical essays. Rahel's and Henriette's influence upon German letters was less direct. Their homes were meeting-places of outstanding men of their day whom they attracted, the one by her keen and sympathetic mind, the other by her beauty and good nature.

The merit of Miss Meyer's book lies in its sober impartiality and in the use of contemporary letters and memoirs. It can, however, neither be called a contribution to knowledge nor a particularly successful piece of popular biography. The presentation is at times muddled, details are given undue importance, and, above all, the reader is not really convinced of the greatness of these women. He is told that they possessed magnetic charm, but he is not made to feel it. While the author's information is, on the whole, accurate, her thinking tends to be confused and her style even more so. The English is often questionable and the rules of punctuation are largely disregarded.

H. H.

PHILOSOPHY

THE LIVING THOUGHTS OF SCHOPENHAUER. Presented by Thomas Mann. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. 1939. Pp. 160. \$1.25.

Thomas Mann's introductory essay on the philosophy of Schopenhauer is as masterly a piece as practically everything that comes from his pen. He corrects the catchword description of Schopenhauer as a pessimist and a misanthrope by stressing the humanism in his thought. Will, according to Schopenhauer, is the prime mover of man and the world. Will to live—for will never has any object other than to produce or support life—becomes destructive, however, because it is equally powerful in *all* individuals, who, by asserting their own will, thwart that of others. This conflict is the source of all evil and unhappiness. Even the intellect is originally but a function or tool of will, but in man it acquires the possibility of emancipation. Reason emancipated from

the tyranny of will teaches pity and resignation, two thoroughly humane virtues, peculiar to man.

The body of the book is formed by extracts from *The World as Will and Idea* (1818), Schopenhauer's *magnum opus*. They are rather too brief and incoherent to give to the uninitiated a true understanding of the philosopher's thought, but Mann's lucid exposition goes a long way toward meeting this difficulty. In any case the excerpts illustrate the rare vivacity and power of Schopenhauer's writing and will, no doubt, excite in many readers an appetite for more.

H. H.

THE LIVING THOUGHTS OF MONTAIGNE. Presented by André Gide (The Living Thoughts Library). Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. Pp. xxvii+135. \$1.25.

In 1928, André Gide published an essay from which he has drawn widely for his presentation of *The Living Thoughts of Montaigne*. He had been taken to task then by Albert Thibaudet for his contempt of *l'Apologie de Raimond Sebond*. Again, he has omitted it altogether from the present anthology, and tells us how he finds the passage most tedious because Montaigne there "keeping his mind on a lead, it loses almost all its grace, the exquisite charm of its indolent progress". This brings as a conclusion (and also a clue to the choice) "in art, seriousness is of no avail, the surest of guides is enjoyment".

There is a good deal of pleasure to be derived from this little book. The passages which Gide finds enjoyable are such as, true as they were in the sixteenth century, apply to ours and belong to all time. "Perhaps the most surprising thing about Montaigne, the thing that touches us most directly is those few, sudden lights he casts unexpectedly, and as it were involuntarily, upon certain frontiers of human personality and upon the instability of the ego." So much for Montaigne's insight, or, shall we say, 'introspection'? One might remark, after all, that such comments are those we expect from the writers we call classics. But there is all through the book that desire of emphasizing what appeals most to the mind of man in 1939. And it is good that Montaigne's words on what we call liberalism of thought, for instance, "should be listened to, nowadays, as it was important in Montaigne's troubled times that there should be men to keep the integrity of their conscience and maintain their independence and autonomy above the new instinct of submission and cowardly acceptance".

André Gide has taken his passages from Florio's translation, and this is a further proof of good taste.

M. T.

ECONOMICS

ECONOMICS OR POLITICS. By Paul Van Zeeland. The Macmillan Co. of Canada. 1939. Pp. 57. \$0.90.

This little book by the former Prime Minister of Belgium was first delivered as a lecture at Cambridge in October 1938. It is a plea for the restoration of international trade which gains strength from the quietness with which it is phrased and from the date of its delivery. The argument is simple, the programme put forward both simple and modest. International trade is an inevitable necessity which still persists in great volume in the face of the gravest difficulties. Efforts at autarchy are not due to any peculiar concept of the economic interests of the state, they are simply the threshold of war economics. But they are also causes of impoverishment. Under the circumstances it would be a great gain if the deterioration in international economic organization could be halted. What is proposed is that Great Britain or the United States should take the initiative in proposing an international agreement for tariff reductions. The possibility that some nations might hold out is considered. Provision would be made for them to join at any time. A minimum of goodwill and desire for peace is assumed. "If it were to be otherwise, if it were established that certain powers are deliberately setting aside all the elements of a peace economy to enter upon a war economy these last hopes would vanish but it would be one more reason for going ahead with economic organization amongst all of good will."

The argument still holds.

J. McD.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

WINTER : 1939

CANADA AND THE WAR

BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

CANADA declared war on Germany on September 10th, 1939. That declaration was something new and significant in Canadian history, proof that the Dominion stands today even more firmly on her own feet than she did a quarter of a century ago. The change in her status dates from what is known as the Statute of Westminster, passed by the British Parliament in 1931, which gave the Parliament of Canada legislative equality with that of the United Kingdom. Since then Canada, one of a group of nations forming the British Commonwealth and acknowledging their common allegiance to a constitutional monarch who is now as much King of Canada or King of Australia as he is King of England, has had practically complete control over her own destiny. She maintains her own diplomatic and trade representatives in foreign countries, negotiates and signs her own treaties, and, when occasion unfortunately arises, makes her own declaration of war.

When in August, 1914, Great Britain declared war on Germany, her Government spoke not only for the people of the British Isles but also for those of Canada and the rest of

the Empire. That does not mean that there was any unwillingness on the part of the Dominion, or any thought of compulsion on the part of England. It simply happened to be the constitutional practice in 1914. There was never the slightest doubt as to Canada's whole-hearted sympathy with the cause of the Allies a quarter of a century ago. Canadians to the number of 683,000, out of a population of ten million, went overseas to fight for the cause of democracy. Of these, 57,000 were left behind on the battlefields of Europe, and 150,000 returned wounded. While money is a trifling consideration as compared with human lives, it may be worth remembering that this relatively small country spent something like \$2,000,000,000 in the defence of human liberty.

The courage of millions of people, soldiers and civilians, men and women, in all Allied nations, was maintained throughout four desperate years of war largely by the thought that in no other way could the world be purged of the poison of an insatiable despotism. Afterwards came peace, with the Covenant and the League that between them were to abolish war, and a war-weary world believed for a time that such a miracle was possible. It even seemed that the nations had learned their lesson and were prepared to solve their differences in future by peaceful negotiation. But disillusionment followed. The Treaty of Versailles proved to be a very poor foundation upon which to build world peace. There was too much in it of the principle, hallowed by age-long practice, of humiliating the vanquished, rubbing his nose in the mud. And President Wilson's idea of self-determination, admirable as an idea, proved unworkable when applied to the tangled web of European nationalities. Year by year the international situation became more unpromising. Blunders, sins of omission and commission, not of one but of all the civilized nations, gradually tipped the scales of human behaviour, from what at least approximated friendliness and trust to distrust and unfriend-

liness. In this soil grew, with the vigour of unwholesome things, foul weeds that threatened to strangle the hard-won harvest of democracy. And because that threat has become real and immediate the vast majority of Canadians, with the people of the other British Dominions, of Great Britain, and of France, have decided that the question of who was responsible for neglecting the soil can wait until the weeds have been rooted out and destroyed.

The completeness of Canada's response to the call has seemed remarkable even to those who thought they knew something about Canadian character. To understand the situation we must consider the principal elements in the population of the Dominion. Out of a total population of between ten and eleven million, rather more than one-half are of British origin. Of the remainder nearly three million are French. That leaves two million distributed by the census of 1931 over a long list of nationalities, from 9,000 Greeks and 16,000 Yugoslavs to 473,000 Germans, 228,000 Scandinavians, 225,000 Ukrainians and 145,000 Poles. A comparison of the population figures of 1931 with those of previous censuses brings out the significant fact that while the percentage of increase of Canadians of British origin dropped in a decade from 61 to 32, the French grew in numbers both absolutely and relatively, and the Europeans increased by 600,000. These last have practically doubled since the close of the last war. There were no Poles, Ukrainians, Czechs or Hungarians in Canada in 1881; to-day they number 440,000. In other words, while Canada is a British Dominion, the percentage of her people of British origin is steadily dropping, both in relation to those of French stock and those of European origin.

This might naturally suggest a change in national sentiment, and there has been a change, but not of the kind that one might have expected. Before the last war there was a fairly definite tendency in Canada to see international problems

through British eyes — using British in the narrow sense as confined to people of the British Isles. Canadians did not then take much interest in foreign affairs, with the exception of their relations with the United States, and they did not look upon the United States as a foreign nation. The Great War, if it did no other good to Canada, did have the effect of broadening the point of view of the average Canadian and leading him to think for himself, in both domestic and international matters. And here I am thinking rather of Canadians of British stock than of other elements in the Dominion. But that did not mean that because the Canadian had learned to think for himself, his thoughts were leading him away from British ideals and the British Commonwealth. On the contrary, while individual Englishmen sometimes rub him the wrong way, and while he does not necessarily accept a policy because it has been formed in London, he is likely to see many problems as his kindred across the sea do, and he has a very strong conviction that the preservation of the British Empire is a good thing for himself, a good thing for Canada, a good thing for the people of the Commonwealth, and a good thing for the world.

It is therefore natural enough that Canadians of British stock should rally to the support of Great Britain in the present war as they did in the last. There is the call of the blood, and there is also the conviction that the cause is so just that no man who values his heritage as a free citizen of a free country has any choice. He must be prepared if necessary to give his life to preserve that heritage for himself and his children. But it was less certain that Canadians of non-British origin would feel the same compelling urge to fight for democracy on the battlefields of Europe.

So far as French-Canadians are concerned this uncertainty was supported by the attitude of the Prime Minister of Quebec, who, while proclaiming his loyalty to the Empire, has

been critical of the steps taken by the Dominion Government since the declaration of war. There is also a group of young French-Canadians, more noisy than numerous, who lose no opportunity of proclaiming that French Canada is unalterably opposed to any Canadian soldier being sent outside the Dominion. On the other hand, of the sixty-five members who represent Quebec constituencies in the Dominion Parliament, not more than half-a-dozen spoke in opposition to Canada's participation in the war, and not one of these went to the length of registering his vote against the declaration of war. Another significant fact is the announcement, on the last day of September, that two French-Canadian regiments in the Montreal district, the Regiment de Maisonneuve and the Fusiliers Mont-Royal, have the distinction of completing their mobilization, with a substantial waiting list, first of all corps in the Dominion. These French-Canadian volunteers have, so far as they are concerned, given the lie to their talkative compatriots.

French-Canadians have not the sentimental feeling of Canadians of British stock for the Mother Country and the King, and there is no reason why they should. So far as they recognize any Mother Country, it is France, and they know to-day that France is fighting not only for a principle, but for her very existence. They dislike the thought of fighting in Europe as much now as they did in 1914, but thousands of them are prepared to volunteer and go overseas with their fellow-countrymen of the other provinces. The one thing they are unalterably opposed to is conscription, and that feeling is so widespread in Quebec that Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice in the Dominion Government, and French-Canadian leader in the House of Commons, made the deliberate statement that if conscription were proposed by the Government, he and his French associates in the Ministry would immediately resign.

I have said that neither Great Britain nor the King can have the same sentimental interest for French-Canadians as they have for English-speaking Canadians. And yet the people of Quebec are quite conscious of the fact that they enjoy not only more freedom but also more privileges in Canada than they could expect to find in any other country, not even excepting the United States. In Quebec, although it is a province of a British Dominion of English speech and predominantly Protestant faith, all public documents are published in both French and English, the Civil Law is the Old Code Napoleon, and in schools supported by the state the teaching of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church take up a considerable part of the time. French-Canadians therefore have a warm feeling for Great Britain, from whom originally they obtained these unusual privileges.

It was also remarked at the time of the visit of George VI and Queen Elizabeth to the Dominion that nowhere were they received with more enthusiasm and more genuine affection than in the French Province. Oddly enough, the only part of the country that has contested this claim is the Prairie Provinces, which is preëminently the home of people of continental European stock in Canada. George V. Ferguson, managing editor of the *Manitoba Free Press*, in an article in the October number of *Foreign Affairs*, says that on the occasion of the royal visit the people of the Prairie Provinces, including men and women of a score of European races, "displayed an ardent loyalty unsurpassed by any other part of the Dominion, a passionate devotion to the Crown that surprised most observers. Nor", he adds significantly, "was there doubt, in the light of that experience, that if a major war broke out in the near future the Prairie people would plunge wholeheartedly into the struggle." This was written before the declaration of war.

George VI, it may be said, was looked upon then, and is looked upon now, as the King of Canada rather than the King of England. And Canadians not only like him as a man but they also respect him as one who stands for those ideals of democracy and individualism that are nowhere more highly prized, ideals that brought the New Canadians of the Prairie Provinces from various parts of Europe across the Atlantic to a home in the new world.

Another incident that may be significant of the attitude of different classes of Canadians towards the war and Canada's participation in it, is the introduction by a French-Canadian into the debate in the Canadian Parliament that led up to the declaration of war, of the message broadcast by the King early in September, to the people of the British Commonwealth. The message seems instinct with those qualities of sincerity and simplicity and friendliness that endeared both the King and the Queen to everyone with whom they came into contact in Canada, and, I think, also in the United States. The Canadian Parliament contains representatives not only of the English-speaking and French communities, but also of many other racial groups, and it was remarkable with what unanimity and enthusiasm they greeted the words of the King.

"In this grave hour", said George VI, "perhaps the most fateful in our history, I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas, this message, spoken with the same depth of feeling for each one of you as if I were able to cross your threshold and speak to you myself."

"Stripped of all disguise", he said, the principle by which the German Government seemed to be governed was "surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right. If this principle were established throughout the world, the freedom of the British Commonwealth of nations would be in danger. But far more than this, the peoples of the world would be kept in the bondage of fear, and all hopes of settled peace and security, of justice and liberty, among nations, would be ended.

"This is the ultimate issue which confronts us. For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge. It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my peoples across the seas who will make our cause their own."

The King spoke with confidence, at any rate as far as Canada was concerned. Only a short time before he had travelled across the Dominion from coast to coast, and had come into intimate contact with people of all classes, the old Highland stock of Nova Scotia; the descendants of United Empire Loyalists and the French Acadians in New Brunswick; the solid French block in Quebec; the premier Province of Ontario, with its close associations past and present with neighbouring parts of the United States; the three Prairie Provinces with their polyglot population; and British Columbia, in some ways most British and in others least British of all the Provinces. Through this very mixed population George VI and his very charming Queen had travelled, following more or less patiently the programme mapped out for them by the Canadian officials, but every now and then, and much more often than was generally supposed, breaking away from red tape and precedent and getting down among the common people, talking with them as man and woman to man and woman (and these two are so modest and sincere that they can make others forget their high rank), and learning more about Canada and Canadians than they would otherwise have done in a lifetime. The King found that, however varied their origin, the people of the Dominion were not only loyal to this land of their birth or adoption, but also loyal to the larger Commonwealth of which Canada formed a part. Whether they had been born here or had fled from tyranny in other lands, they knew that this constitutional monarchy that was Canada, and that was also the British Empire, was quite

as definitely as any republic such a democracy as Lincoln had in mind when he described it as "government of the people, by the people, for the people". And thinking as they did, knowing what principles their own Commonwealth stood for, and what motives were behind Germany's invasion of Poland, the vast majority of Canadians could be of but one mind when the appeal to arms was heard, as King George well knew when he sent out that message: "It is to this high purpose that I now call my people." What he said was not a command, neither was it a cry for help; it was a challenge from a king who was infinitely more of a comrade to his people than any dictator could be.

What happened in the Canadian Parliament gives one a fairly clear idea of what public sentiment was throughout Canada following the declaration of war by Great Britain. I have already said something about the French-Canadian representatives in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and their attitude toward the war. With a few exceptions, that attitude was interpreted by Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice in the Dominion Government, and leader of the French-Canadians in Parliament. Answering the demand of some of his countrymen that Canada should remain neutral, Mr. Lapointe said: "I say to every member of this house and to every citizen of Canada that by doing nothing, by being neutral, we actually would be taking the side of Adolph Hitler." To their suggestion that if Canadians chose to go overseas they should be incorporated in the British army and paid by England, he replied with scorn, "This is a shameless, a dishonourable proposal. I am too proud of my country to discuss it. Canadians will never be mercenaries. If they go to the front they will go voluntarily as Canadians, under the control of Canada, commanded by Canadians, and maintained by Canada." And, quoting the farewell of the Queen to French-Canadians, "*Que Dieu bénisse le Canada*", he exclaimed, "Yes, God bless

Canada! God save Canada! God save Canada's honour, Canada's soul, Canada's dignity, Canada's conscience! God give Canadians the light which will indicate to them where their duty lies in this hour of trial, so that our children and our children's children may inherit a land where freedom and peace shall prevail, where our social, political and religious institutions may be secure, and from which the tyrannical doctrines of Nazism and communism are forever banished."

The Prime Minister, William Lyon Mackenzie King, whose great-uncle led a rebellion in Canada a hundred years ago, and who hates war and has devoted much of his time and energy to promoting the instruments of peace, urged the union of all political parties in resisting the intolerable conditions forced upon the world by Germany. "I never dreamed", he said, "that the day would come when, after spending a lifetime in a continuous effort to promote and to preserve peace and goodwill in industrial as well as in international relations, it should fall to my lot to be the one to lead this Dominion of Canada into a great war; but that responsibility I assume with a sense of being true to the very blood that is in my veins, and I assume it in defence of freedom, the freedom of my fellow-countrymen here, the freedom of those whose lives are unprotected in other communities and countries, the freedom of mankind itself."

Mr. King read to the House of Commons messages from the Premiers of eight of the nine Provinces, promising whole-hearted coöperation in prosecution of the war, the single exception being the Premier of the Province of Quebec; also from many national and local organizations, including several of foreign origin, such as the Canadian Slovak League, the Canadian-Hungarian Democratic Association, the Croatian Educational Association, the German-Canadian Association, the Canadian Ukrainian Youth Federation, the Polish People's Association, the National Alliance of Slovaks, Czechs and Carpatho-Russians, and the Independent Order Fiorde Italia.

The Prime Minister recalled that some forty years ago, in connection with a Harvard travelling fellowship, he had spent part of a year in Berlin, and he drew a remarkable picture of the contrast between the Germans as he knew them then and as they had been made by the principles and practices of Nazism. No one, he said, need exert himself to condemn Adolph Hitler. Hitler was quite capable of condemning himself. He quoted statements made by Hitler before the Reichstag and on other occasions, in which he solemnly affirmed that he had no designs upon Austria, upon Czechoslovakia, upon Poland, that in each case he was determined that their independence would and must be respected, that Bolshevism was utterly abhorrent to Germany, that Germans were and always would be its deadliest and most fanatical enemy, and that, "whoever lights the torch of war in Europe can wish for nothing but chaos". Mr. King concluded his speech by quoting in full James Russell Lowell's poem *The Present Crisis*, written to help root out the evil of slavery, equally applicable to-day to the greater evil of Nazism.

Under the Canadian system of government there are two chambers, the House of Commons corresponding to the American House of Representatives and the Senate of Canada to the United States Senate, but there the resemblance ends. The Canadian Senate is not elected; its members are appointed by the Government for life; and the balance of power rests decidedly with the elected chamber, the House of Commons. It was, therefore, in the House of Commons, of which the Prime Minister and nearly all his Ministers are members, that the issue of peace or war had to be decided. There are 245 members in the House, the Liberals holding 179 seats, the Conservatives 38, the Social Credit party 17, the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation 6, and the others independent. In the debate on the war all the Liberals except a scattering of French-Canadian members supported the Government. The

Conservatives, led by Dr. Manion, a veteran of the last war, promised their undivided support. The Social Creditors were all for the war, but wanted conscription of not only man-power but of finance and industry. They described conscription as "the poor man's friend". The C.C.F. supported the policy of the Government, with the exception of their leader Woodsworth.

The decision to declare war was, therefore, almost unanimous in the House of Commons, and it was adopted without a vote both in the House and in the Senate. The policy of the Government, however, was for voluntary enlistment, and that had the support of all parties except the Social Creditors. Dr. Manion was as emphatic as Mr. Mackenzie King that conscription was to be avoided. In that they were probably considering the antagonism of Quebec, whose people are as hostile to conscription as in the last war, when it was only adopted toward the end, because the stream of voluntary enlistment had about dried up. In spite of this almost unanimous decision of Parliament against conscription, Mr. Duplessis, the Premier of Quebec, made that an issue of his Provincial election campaign, urging the unsophisticated *habitant* to resist the attempt of the Dominion Government to force him to fight in Europe.

What happened in the Provincial election removed any possible doubt that Canada has committed herself to an energetic prosecution of the war, though it might eventually involve such a tremendous sacrifice of man-power and money as in 1914-1918. Even before a declaration of war had been cabled to London for the signature of the King, offers were pouring in from thousands of men who had served in the last war. Two divisions are already in course of mobilization, one of which will probably sail for Europe within a short time under the command of Major-General McNaughton, who served brilliantly in the artillery twenty-one years ago, and

was afterwards Chief of Staff of the Canadian forces. A number of young Canadian volunteers, who paid their way to England some months ago, are now students in one of the great flying schools, almost ready to go to the front. Hundreds of others are training in Canada, and the Canadian Air Service is overwhelmed with applications. Many of these will eventually serve in the war in military aircraft now being built in Canadian factories. But this is only a small part of Canada's contribution to the war in the air. As outlined by Mr. King in his second broadcast on October 31st, thousands of airmen from all parts of the Empire will receive their advanced training in Canada. "This", as the Prime Minister said, "may well mean that the final victory will be shaped on Canadian soil."

Meanwhile Canada is shaking down into the war-time routine to which she became accustomed nearly a quarter of a century ago. Various governmental agencies are applying restrictions to the everyday life of the people, and making many commodities, particularly such luxuries as drinks and tobacco, more expensive. The Wartime Prices and Trade Board controls the manufacturing, wholesaling and retailing of everything throughout the country, and is sternly repressing any tendency to profiteering or hoarding. The Agricultural Board controls food production and distribution. Fuel supply probably will be put under a special Controller. The Canadian War Supply Board is tackling the tremendous problem of mobilizing the resources of the Dominion to help in keeping up the stream of munitions and other supplies to the front, and is working in close coöperation with the British Munitions Mission, stationed in Canada for the duration of the war. The Foreign Exchange Control Board controls dealings in foreign securities and exports and imports, with the general purpose of conserving the country's financial resources. The Censorship Board decides what may go into

print; and the Publicity Committee helps to supply printable material.

Canadians are a fairly hard-headed race. For the most part, they prefer action to thought. But they have certain ideas about the present international situation, though they may not always know how to put their ideas into words. They have heard it said that European civilization is doomed, and they have heard the same people say that it is no particular business of the people of this continent. They say to themselves—Is that true? In this modern world, is it safe, even if it is decent, to say that we are not concerned with what happens in Europe? Can the people of North America afford to be indifferent? Canada, at any rate, does not think so, and, for what her contribution may be worth, she is in the war to the end, whatever the cost. Peace is a most desirable thing, but peace at any price is not. When the choice narrows down to this: Liberty or Peace? there can be only one answer. Peace without Liberty is a contemptible Peace. Liberty is worth fighting for, and the defence of Liberty is the only real justification for war. Only those who value Liberty so highly that they are prepared to fight for it, deserve the blessing of Peace, or are likely to obtain it. The road back to Peace may be long and hard, but Canadians are not easily discouraged. They apply to themselves the words of Lord Baldwin, "We Britishers are made for adversity."

IN DEFENCE OF FENCES

BY WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

I HAD made up my mind to spend the week-end in some unusual way, and when I told my friends I had decided to run down to the rather out-of-the-way town of Religio, they said my week-end would be unusual; had I considered how dull? Hardly anyone ever went there now, and most who did were horribly bored. But I had learned on good authority that this old town of Religio, dating back some thousands of years or so, was particularly famous for its walls and fences, objects in which I had long had an æsthetic interest. Far then from feeling the slightest concern over the prophesied boredom, I left for my little trip in unusually high spirits.

Of the extraordinary maze of streets in which I found myself when I set out in the morning of Sunday for the venerable fane of the Holy Wisdom and of the nature of the solemnities there, I cannot now speak; fences I had come to see, and in them I was not disappointed during the course of a long afternoon's roving in the labyrinth. There were fences of solid stone with high battlements and gates of iron, fences of brick with wrought iron of curious pattern as superstructure, board fences high and low, painted and unpainted, pretty, ugly, and indifferent, picket fences some with sharp pickets and some with blunt, solid fences that served to cut off most of the view, and fences of wire of various and occasionally fantastic weaves that concealed and excluded nothing. There were one or two fences so high and so appallingly inartistic that they suggested spite. There were fences in good repair, fences only passably maintained, and fences well nigh in ruins, and there were even some districts where fences were more conspicuous for their absence than their presence. This was, however, in an obviously unfashionable part of town. There were fences that would keep nothing out, and others that would as

certainly let no one in unless he was armed with a key to their narrow gates. There were fences which but modestly asserted boundaries, and yet other fences suggesting not only exclusiveness but defiance and hostility. Some fences were quite new; these had a tendency to lightness and openness, while there were others that were clearly of great antiquity, sometimes of unrelieved quadrate stone. After I had made sketches of two or three specimens that particularly interested me, I set about finding my hotel, reflecting as I went upon the sights of the afternoon. Just then, as I was passing along a sturdy fence of solid timbering with some slight concession to ornament in its finishings, I saw a gentleman of middle years strolling slowly up and down the edge of the lawn within. He was not unlike his fence I thought, and perhaps as I made the comparison, I stayed my progress so much as to appear almost to stop, for he came in my direction and asked courteously enough if I found myself in difficulty over the winding streets of the town. I told him that, being a stranger in the place, I probably did without being aware of it, and from that we passed on to quite a friendly talk in the course of which I showed him the sketches I had made. I soon found that he also was interested in fences and that, having lived all his days in the town, he was full of the subject.

On my expressing a desire to converse further with him on the topic, he very kindly bade me enter, unlatching the gate, and caused me to sit by him in a pleasant garden seat and began in this fashion:

"Yes, we admit that Religio is a great town for fences. I have always lived here and that is a long time now, but at that I suppose there are some fences or types of fences which I couldn't name. But there is no difficulty about the principal ones, after all, nor even down to fences of the third or fourth magnitude, to borrow a term from the astronomers. There is the Roman Catholic fence, the Anglican fence,

the Hebrew fence, the Methodist fence, the Presbyterian, Baptist, Lutheran, Congregational fences; then there are such as the Unitarian fence, the Quaker fence, the Holiness fence, the Christian Science fence, the Adventist fence; all of these no doubt you are acquainted with, but you may be a bit puzzled by the Irvingite fence, the Campbellite fence, and the Dunker fence. Our variety of fences indeed amuses visitors not a little, and we are constantly receiving more or less humorous advice to get rid of some of our fences. We are sure that the advice is as well meant as it is freely given, but some of us after much reflection have concluded that our advisers are not very profound observers of Nature's laws and workings. Nature declines at anybody's behest to be confined to one type or one species in any field; always she is the wonder-working mother, infinitely turning out novelties from her workshop. And if you smile at the application of biologic law to our fences, it will only be because you have overlooked the fact that these fences are but material representations of the minds and points of view of living things, namely, ourselves. A fence does not happen, it is made, and the making of it and the maintaining go back to acts of mind.

My own fence, you may notice, Sir, is a Presbyterian fence. I take considerable personal pride in it, I do not mind saying; it is fairly high, solid, well-braced, well-nailed, creating, I feel, a fine impression of the substantial. You will notice that there is but one gate by which you may enter, and the fence is of such a nature that when you are in, you know you are in, and no mistake. I may say that it is quite a typical Presbyterian fence, and I will add that I think it looks something like myself."

I had to smile at the parallel, but admitted that I had anticipated in thought his expression of it. "Now," he continued, "you will observe, please, my neighbour's fence, the

one on your left; that is a Methodist fence. Personally I think the posts and scantlings a little on the light side, and the whole fence is opener than I myself care for; I like a little more privacy. Artistically too, there seems to me something fuller and richer about the very simplicity of my fence. Notice his gates also; he has at least half a dozen in a fence no longer than mine. He says the idea is that if by any chance you get out, you may always find it easy to get in again. Very convenient, I dare say, but this falling out at one gate and then falling in at another doesn't appeal to me.

My right-hand neighbour has a very good specimen of Baptist fence. He was particularly careful in selecting straight-edge lumber, he tells me, so that each board might form a close connexion with its adjoining boards; the result is a pretty nearly water-tight fence, if one may put it that way. Some people say that while it mightn't let any water out, it doesn't let any light in either, but I think that is a little malicious. However, it is true that they give it a coat of water-proof paint every third year, and the contract always stipulates that the work must not be done with a spray. If fences are ever to come down in this city, some wrecking firm will have a hard job on the Baptist structure.

Almost directly across the street side by side you may see an Anglican fence and a Roman Catholic fence, not unlike in their general appearance at first view, but there are differences. The Roman Catholic fence is very old, among the oldest in Religio, worthy on that account to be ranked with the Buddhist fence, the Confucianist fence, the old Hebraic type of fence, the Graeco-Roman fence; it is surprisingly like a composition of the two latter, not always too harmonious a combination, by the way. It is very solidly and substantially built of stone the very discoloration of which shows its age, while the gates are of solid iron; the general result is to cut off the public view completely. I have told my Roman Catholic

neighbour that, such being the case, he can hardly be surprised if the public indulges its imagination to the limit, but he is a rather splenetic old gentleman, and, if I heard him correctly, he said the last time I referred to it: 'The public be damned; it's none of their business.' It has always seemed to me too bad that such a fine fence should be rather spoiled by that over-decorated capping that surmounts the wall for its whole length, and I hear that there are inside differences of opinion on the subject.

Now the Anglican beside him has used, you observe, very similar lines and materials; indeed, so far as the general structure goes, I had to confess my ignorance to him and ask for an explanation of its difference from the fence of his Roman Catholic neighbour. He informed me in a somewhat superior way that the Roman fence had a great deal too much Italian rococo in the decorative design and that he had eliminated all that. I think myself that the sense for ornamentation in the Anglican fence is very sound and certainly attractive, and I notice that some of our Presbyterian fences are borrowing heavily from it of recent years.

Perhaps as you turned into this street you noticed a couple of places which were much more open than these immediately around here. Those were the lots bounded by the Congregational and Unitarian fences. Our neighbours down there talk a good deal about beautifying the town by dispensing with fences, especially on the street side of the lots, so that the public generally can see their property and enjoy the result of their good works, and even already they have been using much lighter material than we and greatly reducing the height of their fences. Personally (you will remember I speak as a confirmed Presbyterian) I think the Unitarian fence is pretty low; even a child could step over it. Indeed I said just that to my Unitarian friend as I was coming home with him one day at noon, and curiously enough he said that was just

what he wanted, fence enough to mark a position but low enough for a child to pass. That to me seems a very quizzical idea; for myself I say if you're going to have a fence at all, have a real fence that you can keep people out with, yes, and keep them in with too.

One of the most remarkable places in town is the Christian Science fence; do you happen to have seen it? It is quite a substantial fence, beautifully painted in purest white, and built entirely, I believe, of material imported at great expense from a quarry in Boston. But the remarkable thing about the whole affair is that our neighbour who lives there maintains there is no fence whatever around his place, and when I called his attention to the fact that a couple of months ago a motor-car crashed into it and it was almost entirely demolished, he took me up quite sharply and said: 'My dear Mr. Presbyter, you are in this case allowing yourself to be imposed upon by matter which is the source of evil, even in a fence; pray exercise your mind a little more, and the fence you now insist in speaking of will be as if it were not.' I told him that I thought I would take up that idea with the heirs of the couple who lost their lives in the motor wreck.

My mind came back to the crooked streets through which I had been wandering most of the afternoon, and I ventured to ask my courteous informant whether he thought this represented a permanent condition or if any measure of rectification seemed possible. A droll expression spread over his features and he half-winked at me as he affected to lower his voice through fear of some possible eavesdropper. "Hush!" said he, "tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, but as a matter of fact there is a considerable volume of talk about cutting several straight streets through in this part of the town to give more direct access to the great main avenue which leads to the City of God. Even already on several streets hairpin curves have been eliminated as matters of local

improvement, and this is a step in the right direction, but these more thorough-going improvements will have to be undertaken by the town as a whole to be really effective. There has been some murmuring among the town officials, some of whom have been very zealous in maintaining the dangerous curves and the blind alleys, but some of the younger members of the staff see the danger that these curves create in a traffic so speeded up as is that of to-day, and the loss of time involved in the failure to eliminate blind alleys, or at the very least to mark them."

It was growing quite late when I arose at last to go, after expressing my gratification for an interview so cultured and so informing. My host professed himself sufficiently thanked by the interest I had displayed in all his discourse about the fences of Religio, a subject in which he feared he was inclined to become a little prolix. "And now," said he, "I remember that our conversation began with the suggestion on my part that you were in trouble with our winding streets; can I further direct you?" "I am looking," said I, "for the Hostel of All Souls." He smiled a little dryly and replied: "If you will continue along the Avenue of the Denominations for a short distance, you will come to the Street of the Divine Mercy running almost at right angles to it. Turn along it to the right, and in a few moments you will enter the Square of the Love of God, and there you will see, conspicuously enough, the Hostel of All Souls." He slipped his arm through mine, led me to the gate, shook my hand warmly, and let me out. As I passed on my way, I heard the gate-bolt click sharply behind me.

BIRTH IN A POLISH VILLAGE

BY DIANA SKALA

A HEAVY copper pitcher clutched in her hands, Lilia walked as fast as her long legs would carry her. She had not to go far, only a dozen yards past the house, but the sun was setting and soon it would be night. She must hurry. She knelt and filled her pitcher full of the light yellow sand, packing it down with her small fists so that she might put more into it and get a good supply. She glanced higher up where the sand was damper and of a more coppery colour, and down again with a satisfied smile where it was a fine dry and bright yellow. Before rising from the pile on which she knelt as on a soft Arabian carpet, she picked up a handful of the sand and let it sift through her fingers. It felt silken smooth and made a nice sound as it slid down to the parent mound. How lucky they were to have it so near and not have to go to the other end of the village, but instead have others come here for theirs! And there was so much of it! Lilia rejoiced as at treasure. But catching herself rejoicing and afraid lest she might have been too proud and lest God would punish her by taking it all away, she assumed a face of innocent humility as she carried the pitcher back to the house, and tried to convince God, repeating in a low voice all the way: "I am very humble, Lord, really, not at all proud." Quickly she entered the house, and as the door shut, she told herself that God had acquiesced and all was well. She was not quite sure of this, however, and her uneasy conscience would hark back to the matter, but she hushed it, intoning under her breath as though it were a spell: "Not that, not this, this is all settled, hush, hush!" She busied herself with the pitcher. The black earthen floor had been swept and Lilia went round and sprinkled handfuls of the yellow sand which seemed to cling uncer-

tainly to the dark surface where they fell. Lilia thought the whole effect charming, for to her it spelled festivity. Grandma had lit the candles. The white chalk oven gave out a more than pleasant heat when you were too near, but as she sat at the far end of the room on the wooden stool beside the little candles whose lights seemed like human thoughts of God and the Universe, it felt very good to gaze around the room; it was home. One felt security, with one's feet firmly planted on the ground. The little four-paned windows, curtained, with their backs to the night outside, seemed to say, "Don't be afraid, children, we won't let the dark, vast presence in here." And the wind that rattled the shutters without only emphasized the security and shelter within the four walls and low roof of the little house.

Lilia saw with surprise that the bed was hung about with curtains. A strange old woman with florid cheeks and a shrewd smile was holding a whispered conversation with grandma. Lilia thought that the two old women sitting there with their straight long noses looked as though they knew a great many things—many, many secret things. There was a stirring behind the curtains of the bed and the florid woman rose and ordered grandma about. Lilia resented this and wondered at grandma's easy obedience to the stranger. She came back with some dark green wine bottles which must have been filled with hot water and wrapped in cloths. Lilia gazed at the bottles and somehow felt uncomfortable. The old woman had taken them, and, drawing back the covers at the foot of the bed, deposited the bottles and drew the covers in place, murmuring in a hoarse cackling voice: "There, there!" She whispered into the curtains and Lilia thought she heard her mother's voice whispering back. In a little while the old woman took the bottles from under the covers to warm them again. Lilia disliked those green long-necked bottles and tried not to look. She heard the woman place them back in the bed

with some more cackling. There was something in the secret and shrewd smiles of the two old women that made the child instinctively draw back into herself.

Usually Lilia and her younger sister Genia slept on the roof of the oven where it was warm and soft as in a nest, and right under the shingles of the house, but to-night they slept with grandma in her wide bed. Before she fell asleep, Lilia became aware of a low groaning coming from the other bed. Her hair prickled a little with fear and she tried to reason out the strange noise. It could not come from mother. It seemed to rise from under the bed. And then it occurred to her that it was a cursed soul, as in stories she had heard tell. She looked at grandma, who every once in a while went to the bed and did not seem to be afraid for herself nor to have any fear for mother. And Lilia was too shy to ask and be laughed at. She fell asleep and even in her dream the noise continued, sometimes louder, sometimes fainter. In the morning when she woke up all was silent. It continued like that for several days. Once in the day-time she ventured to look under the bed, but there was nothing there. One day she came into the house and a very nice smell filled her nostrils. The curtains were drawn back and there was mother propped up against the pillows while grandma fed her something out of a saucepan. Mother, who always worked so hard, who was always busy about the house or in the fields and never seemed to have time for rest, looked as though she felt a little ashamed to be lying so luxuriously among the soft pillows and idly enjoying such good stuff from the saucepan. She smiled a little at Lilia from under her heavy-lidded eyes, and said something to grandma. Lilia did not hear the words, but she understood what they were, and was quite prepared when grandma offered her a spoonful. It was honey and butter boiled to a syrup and tasted very good. There was more in the pan and Lilia would have liked to finish it but grandma said with rough jollity:

"Here, here, you are not a *poloznica*." ¹ Lilia was a little hurt and envied her mother, who lay in bed and ate such nice stuff.

It was after some months that father arrived, bringing in with him a fresh cold wind from the outside as he came into the house. His young face was clean-shaven except for a small moustache, and his pale blue eyes looked worried as though his responsibilities were a strain for his youthful shoulders.

"*Bedzia woina, Stas?*" ² mother asked anxiously.

"How else? The Germans are coming nearer. We may have to fight any day." Father gazed down at the baby in the cradle. Lilia had seen him already. It was her new brother Antek. Lilia thought him very good to look at,—his nose, his mouth, but especially his large grey eyes. They looked so earnest and wise. Lilia bent nearer to look at them. Maybe they were not grey but green, yet they were also grey; you did not see the grey but you felt it. And they seemed so wise when they looked at you.

"That is daddy, Antushka, daddy!" mother was saying. Antek looked with his beautiful large eyes at father. Father looked down at the earnest little face and smiled a little, but he looked sad and worried as though he were thinking, "Another mouth to feed." Still, you could feel his inner joy.

"Go around to the other side and see what he'll do", urged grandma, smiling.

Antek did not take his eyes off father, and when he walked to the head of the cradle, his eyes turned upwards, and followed him around to the other side.

"He is following him with his eyes. Look, look!" the household cried delighted.

"*On taki mondry!*" ³ exclaimed grandma.

¹ Woman in confinement.

² Will there be war?

³ He is so wise.

Lilia felt a little envious, but only for a moment, for when she looked at her brother in the cradle a wave of warmth passed through her and suffused her whole body, as the thought came joyfully beating at her heart: "How wise he looks!"

THE WINGED LION OF BABYLON

BY KATHRYN COLQUHOUN

Where old Euphrates' shining scimitars
Glitter like armies marching 'neath the stars;
Like those great armies you watched onward go
With spear-heads bright, to meet the Assyrian foe;

You have seen the worshippers go by,
Through Ishtar's Gate to Marduk's temple high,
And o'er the fragrant gardens, float
Nanar, the moon-god, in his silver boat—
O lion of Babylon, 'neath alien skies,
What visions of the past around you rise!
Crumbled to dust your city, queen of all,
O Babylon the great, how great your fall.

THE ENIGMA OF YEATS

BY PELHAM EDGAR

I

YEATS offered many explanations of the contradictory elements in his character and intellect. His most ingenious guess was the theory of the mask or anti-self which he took ready-made from his gifted father, and supplemented later from Hegelian sources. Genius on this basis is an angry antithesis. "We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry." William Morris in the routine of his days was a thoroughly irascible and highly competent person, but in the mood of composition he was an unperturbed dreamer whom Yeats wrote of as the Happiest of the Poets. Landor "topped us all in calm nobility when the pen was in his hand, as in the daily violence of his passion when he laid it down". Synge, that gentle silent man, created voluble dare-devils who "go romancing through a romping lifetime . . . to the dawning of the Judgement Day". Yeats illustrates this idea from a score of examples, but he always had his own case in mind. In an early diary he had written: "I think all happiness depends on the energy to assume the mask of some other life, on a rebirth as something not one's self, something created in a moment and perpetually renewed; in playing a game like that of a child where one loses the infinite pain of self-realization, in a grotesque or solemn painted face put on that one may hide from the terror of judgement." And again at a still earlier date: "If we cannot imagine ourselves as different from what we are, and try to assume that second self, we cannot impose a discipline upon ourselves though we may accept one from others. Active virtue, as distinguished from the passive acceptance of a code, is therefore theatrical, consciously dramatic, the wearing of a mask. . . .

Wordsworth, great poet though he be, is so often flat and heavy partly because his moral sense, being a discipline he had not created, a mere obedience, has no theatrical element. This increases his popularity with the better kind of journalists and politicians who have written books."

Much space would be required to amplify, much even to enumerate the unresolved contradictions in Yeats' personality and writings. They will be sufficiently revealed as the story of his life and work is presented. It will be a disconcerting thing to his admirers if on his authority they are compelled to receive his utterances not as an emanation from his deeper self, but as the process rather of a conscious adaptation, and the impeccable style that clothed them no more than a mask assumed before the world.

As one of his admirers I cannot accept this view without modification. Identity is complex. Flaws of mood and the flux of time disturb it; you cannot plot its general direction with mathematical precision, but it is measurably constant and within limits predictable. On any other grounds the study of a man's work is futile, but even with Yeats, veering and volatile though he may seem to be, we can account for most things in his life except his genius. That, fortunately for us, was a gift of the gods, and strange gods in his case they seem to have been.

II

He was born in 1865 at Sandymount, Dublin, his father the well-known painter, highly intellectual and with strong pre-Raphaelite affinities, his mother a Pollexfen of Sligo. On his father's side, he came from a race of Protestant landowners and Government officials. His mother's forbears, the Pollexfens, were a fiercer lot, and their Sligo countryside was the nursery of the boy's romantic dreams. From this congenial setting he was early removed to humdrum Hammer-

smith. There and later at Bedford Park in London he spent his boyhood with a minimum of formal education and with nothing for his imagination to feed upon. "I remember", he says, "when I was nine or ten years old walking along Kensington High Street so full of love for the fields and roads of Sligo that I longed—a strange sentiment for a child—for earth from a road there that I might kiss it."

At fifteen he was in Dublin again, once more with desultory schooling until his entrance into the Kildare Street Art School. Here it was that he met AE and discovered in him a kinship of esoteric interests. To this point we have encountered nothing that announced the future Yeats, but with this new friendship the change began. "It was only when I began to study psychical research and mystical philosophy that I broke away from my father's influence. He had been a follower of John Stuart Mill and so had never shared Rossetti's conviction that it mattered to nobody whether the sun went round the earth or the earth round the sun. But through this new research, this reaction from popular science, I had begun to feel that I had allies for my secret thought."

Yeats' refuge in the Art School was motivated less by his passion for pictorial art, which was mediocre at the best, than by his recognition of the fact that his scholarship was too scanty to give him entrance to Trinity College. Edward Dowden had been his chief literary counsellor, but he found no difficulty in weaning himself from this influence, and his nascent nationalism had begun to make Trinity College and all it stood for suspect. His earliest verses reflect his readings in Spenser, Shelley, and Keats and are penetrated by a mild Indian enthusiasm which was soon to fade from his poetry to reappear in his later thought. One Irish piece in *Crossways* (1889), *The Madness of King Goll*, points the way to later developments, and his Irishism on the national side was strongly fortified at this time by his contacts with the Fenian O'Leary

and excited readings in Standish O'Grady's renderings of ancient Irish myths.

But before Irish folk-lore and mythology had wholly possessed his mind, Yeats migrated again to London in 1888. The statement that Wilde suggested that he should seek his literary fortunes there has no foundation, because it was at Henley's that they first met.

The second phase now begins, and is marked by the domination of decadent and symbolist influence. His companions and fellow-rhymers of the Cheshire Cheese were Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, and Arthur Symons, with Wilde, Beardsley and other tragic figures on the outskirts. Yeats' lack of scholarship saved him from complete submersion in the movement, for French he could spell out only with toil and difficulty. He got the Symbolist doctrine from Symons at second-hand, but with its main tenets he already had natural sympathy. He had published *The Wanderings of Oisín* in 1889, and its uncontrolled copiousness and lushness of imagery had begun to offend his critical mind. There was too much of the violent yellow and red of Shelley's diction in its texture, and he was anxious to make his rhythms "faint and nervous" and to fill his images "with a certain coldness, a certain wintry wildness". The Symbolist hatred of rhetoric won his assent, and, though for a time only, their divorce of art from living. "As for living", said Villiers de l'Isle Adam, "our servants can do that for us."

Yeats' subjection to the creed of symbolism was never complete. At its highest point of influence it was negated by contact with Henley and Morris. He was one of Henley's "lads", and utterly loyal to a man with whom he held scarcely an idea in common. His admiration for Morris the man and the artist was a lifelong devotion, and Morris had counted for as much as Shelley in the tone and movement of his *Oisín*.

To end the story of this London interlude, which was broken by frequent excursions into Ireland, we note the publication of his first two plays *The Countess Cathleen* (1892) and *The Land of Heart's Desire* (1894), and his long collaboration with Ellis on the Prophetic Books of William Blake. His esoteric interests quickened and deepened with the years, and it is useless to deplore what was one of the deepest passions of his life. Our natural impatience must be held in check, for Yeats is obviously on the serious business bent of fashioning for himself a philosophy and a religion. His misfortune was to have mystical inclinations without a full measure of mystical endowment. A less firm intelligence might readily have swamped itself in these fantastic excursions into the unseen and the unknown, but his mind never wholly relaxed its touch upon the rudder. He came perilously near at times to this abandonment of control, as in *The Vision*, which emanated from the trance visions of his psychic wife. It is the dullest and most useless of his books, and we are as lost as the wholly unmathematical Yeats in the maze of circles, cones, and parallelepipeds where the spiritual principle exercises power upon human destiny. It is permissible to see the comic aspects of this wholly serious quest, his frequentation of the untidy and somewhat dirty Blavatsky salon, and the servant girl séances in Soho. My justification is George Russell's amused and amusing commentary. "I remember once quarrelling with Yeats, who was walking around the room with a sword in one hand muttering spells to ward off evil spirits, and I noticed that every time he passed a plate of plums he put down his unoccupied hand and took a plum and I said, 'Yeats, you cannot evoke great spirits and eat plums at the same time'."

His longest continuous period in Ireland began shortly before the turn of the century, and is of the greatest importance in his own artistic history, and important too in a wider

sense for his country and the English-speaking world. We may call it the third phase in his development.

A new Yeats emerges with fierce fighting qualities and organizing capacity, and with the old habits of thought tuned to a changed activity. His energies were mainly centred on drama, and his preëminent service in the creation and control of a national theatre is a practical achievement such as we do not customarily associate with the normal functioning of a poet's life—the more remarkable since all the creative tendencies in Ireland from the days of myth to the present had been notoriously undramatic. When he began there were no actors, no theatre, no public, no money, and no plays. When he withdrew from active management there was a body of significant Irish plays which actors of high competence performed in their own theatre, or for the delight of wider audiences in England and America.

The Irish drama which made the reputation of the Abbey Theatre proved far different than the ideal mythological drama Yeats had projected. He never regretted his discovery of Synge, and fiercely defended him against all attack; but Synge's poetic realism gave a new orientation to dramatic writing in Ireland and led on to a comedy from which all idealistic intention had disappeared.

It is not fanciful to ascribe in part at least to Synge's influence the changed poetic manner that announced itself in Yeats' writing from 1910 onwards. A phrase of 1903 says, "I am trying to put a less dream-burthened will into my work", and another of 1906, "I am beginning to delight in the whole man, blood, intellect, and imagination running together."

It was obvious that the time had come for Yeats to move on to another phase of his career. His personal success had not been great outside of the mild triumph of *Kathleen Ni Houlihan*. His hopes of a poetic ideal drama for the popular

stage were a dream unfulfilled, and his aristocratic fastidiousness shrank from daily contact with the mob except when a fight was on. "We set out to make a 'People's Theatre'", he wrote to Lady Gregory, "and in that we have succeeded. But I did not know until very lately that there are certain things, dear to both our hearts, which no 'People's Theatre' can accomplish."

What follows anticipates his later fascinating plays for masks inspired by his admiration for the Japanese Noh dramas.

I want to create for myself an unpopular theatre and an audience like a secret society where admission is by favour and never to many. Perhaps I shall never create it, for you and I and Synge have had to dig the stone for our statue and I am aghast at the sight of a new quarry, and besides I want so much—an audience of fifty, a room worthy of it (some great dining-room or drawing-room), half a dozen young men and women who can dance and speak verse or play drum and flute and zither, and all the while instead of a profession, I but offer them 'an accomplishment' . . . I desire a mysterious art, always reminding and half-reminding those who understand it of dearly loved things, doing its work by suggestion, not by direct statement, a complexity of rhythm, colour, gesture, not space-providing like the intellect but a memory and a prophecy: a mode of drama Shelley and Keats could have used without ceasing to be themselves, and for which even Blake in the mood of *The Book of Thel* might not have been too obscure.

III

While the Abbey Theatre absorbed him Yeats wrote surprisingly little poetry. Between *The Wind among the Reeds* of 1899, and *The Green Helmet* of 1910 there was only the meagre handful of verses named *In the Seven Woods*. It was natural that after this long recess his work should bear another character, and there is no evident reason why admiration for one period, whether early or late, should cancel appreciation of the other, with full license given for preference in either direction.

When Yeats returned to Ireland in the middle nineties he fell desperately and hopelessly in love with that fierce and beautiful revolutionary, Maud Gonne. The effect of this passion on his mind and work has never been sufficiently stressed. His nationalism takes a fiercer and more anti-English tone, his unsatisfied desire produced the greatest love poetry of a hundred years, and his unsettled state compelled the sympathy of Lady Gregory, who undertook to see him through his troubles, and mothered him like a child. A part of the cure was their shared interest in the new dramatic movement, but a greater incentive to spiritual recovery was their combined zest for the folk-lore of the Galway countryside. To the best of my knowledge Lady Gregory had no share in Yeats' esoteric adventures.

The Wind among the Reeds, 1899, is the volume by which his early poetry can best be judged. He is still a symbolist, though with a difference, for he now cannot "endure an international art, picking stories and symbols where it pleased", and he affirms with conviction that "all races had their first unity from a mythology that marries them to rock and hill". The symbols he gives us are therefore rooted in the folklore of his country, and the only difficulties which the poems offer derive from our defective knowledge of that background. Their appeal is usually simple and direct, and of their haunting loveliness there is no question.

Contemporary criticism is not harsh enough to say that these poems which were the delight of our youth are valueless, but there is implied disapproval in its assertion of the greater significance of the later work. For the moment let Yeats be his own interpreter. There are well-known pieces which indicate his dislike of his early manner, but there are others also which register the belief that modern writers have lost something that was well worth recovering. *A Coat* is the counterpart of Tennyson's *The Flower*:

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As though they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it,
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

A prose statement in the *Packet for Ezra Pound* records Yeats' belief that the changed character of his poetry marked advance rather than declension. The "incredible experience" to which he refers in the passage that follows does not allow us to believe that the change was due to his desire to march with the times, but owed itself to the promptings of the spiritual beings who visited his wife in trance. "The other day Lady Gregory said to me, 'You are a much better educated man than you were ten years ago and much more powerful in argument': And I put *The Tower* and *The Winding Stair* into evidence to show that my poetry has gained in self-possession and power. I owe this change to an incredible experience."

He proceeds to tell us of the ghostly visitors who fabricated his philosophy, controlled his reading, and furnished him with metaphors for his poetry. It is little wonder that we fumble in vain for meanings in much of his later verse. The answers are not to be found on earth, but in heaven. What was fantastic in his early poetry had been rooted in myth. His later extravagance has lost this justification, and the increase of his realism and his advance in colloquial ease have in consequence sacrificed much of their natural advantage.

This whole business of Yeats striving to fashion for himself a modern mind is the perfect illustration of his theory of the mask or anti-self. In reality he was the least modern-minded of men, and his resolute effort to recreate himself has both its noble and pathetic aspects. Evidence of his struggle is to be found in his introduction to *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*.

I read Gerard Hopkins with great difficulty, I cannot keep my attention fixed for more than a few minutes; I suspect a bias born when I began to think. He is typical of his generation where most opposed to mine. His meaning is like some faint sound that strains the ear, comes out of words, passes to and fro between them, goes back into words, his manner a last development of poetic diction. My generation began that search for hard positive subject-matter, still a predominant purpose. Yet the publication of his work in 1918 made 'sprung verse' the fashion, and now his influence has replaced that of Hardy and Bridges.

In the same essay he praises Davies, Masfield, Binyon, Sturge Moore, de la Mare, and Sacheverell Sitwell. "None of these", he writes, "were innovators; they preferred to keep all the past their rival; their fame will increase with time." He has a forced admiration amounting almost to dislike for T. S. Eliot.

Eliot has produced his great effect upon his generation because he has described men and women that get out of bed or into it from mere habit; in describing this life that has lost heart his own art seems grey, cold, dry. He is an Alexander Pope, working without apparent imagination, producing his effects by a rejection of all rhythms and metaphors used by the more popular romantics rather than by the discovery of his own, this rejection giving his work an unexaggerated plainness that has the effect of novelty.

He speaks of the "exquisite or grotesque fragments" of Ezra Pound, who has "great influence, more perhaps than any contemporary except Eliot" and "is probably the source of that lack of form and consequent obscurity which is the main defect of Auden, Day Lewis and their school", and this, added with frank inconsistency,—“a school which, as will presently be seen, I greatly admire.”

Concerning Yeats' representative quality as a twentieth century writer, and the relative value of the productions of his youth and age, we can leave these things to the private judgement of individual readers with frank recognition of the fact that both periods produced great work, with more magic in the early and more cogency in the late.

We must all recognize it as a virtue that a poet should be able to recreate himself with advancing years, but we must also note the poet's belief, indicated in a score of passages, that the gains were achieved at the cost of sacrifice:

The fascination of what's difficult
Has dried the sap out of my veins, and rent
Spontaneous joy and natural content
Out of my heart.

Even the compensation which he finds is not unmixed with regret:

Though leaves are many, the root is one;
Through all the lying days of my youth
I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
Now I may wither into the truth.

Both of these passages imply a process of dessication which I think gives a false view of the case. His later poetry, in spite of occasional shafts of irony and satire, is more familiar, tender and natural than his early verse, and more concretely human. Though he still holds commerce with the gods, he dwells in memory among his fellow-men.

With the widening of the subject-matter of Yeats' poetry which came when he began to remember things that had actually happened and saw things that occurred within the area of his physical vision there was no marked advance in worldly wisdom. He is no safer guide to practical activity than when he had been a dreamer divorced from the world of fact and circumstance, for prudential counsels did not fall for him within the poet's function. In spite of his completer immersion in the business of life he remains remote, austere, inaccessible, and to the rank and file of the reading world almost repellent in his difficulty.

How far writers will be influenced by Yeats it is difficult to estimate. I have had no space to deal with the technical qualities of his poetry, but I think that as a craftsman his effect will long be felt. Others may agree that his early poetry is more exhilarating, his later poetry more intricate and pro-

found. He has proved in his own work the flexibility and scope of traditional measures, and his final injunction to the poets following in his wake is a deserved and designed rebuke to artistic lawlessness:

Irish poets, learn your trade,
Sing whatever is well made,
Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top,
Their unremembering hearts and heads
Base-born products of base beds.

WAR GUILT AND WAR AIMS

BY GERALD S. GRAHAM

A FEW years after the war, in the course of one of their many consultations, the German Foreign Minister, Gustav Stresemann, asked his French colleague, Aristide Briand, what history would say about War Guilt. "I am no prophet and will not anticipate her judgement", replied Briand. "But there are three things which I think she will not say. She will not say that this time France was the aggressor; she will not say that Belgium invaded Germany; she will not say, like Bethmann-Hollweg, that a treaty is only a scrap of paper."

No one can leave the reading of the *British War Blue Book** without feeling that a British or a French foreign secretary could make essentially the same reply to-day. In the far future, the historian, with all the evidence before him, will patiently analyse and dissect, free from the burden of overhanging tragedy and uninfluenced in his thinking by the events of the day. Much of what has been written and spoken about British war aims will be discounted or elaborated after the Peace, and no doubt it will be affected by the nature of the Peace. But those of us who live to-day will be satisfied that no matter what the future has in store, the Prime Minister spoke the broad truth when he stated the Allied purpose in September, 1939. "It is to redeem Europe from the perpetual and recurring fear of German aggression and to enable the peoples of Europe to preserve their independence and their liberties."

The British War Blue Book, although it leaves out of account the British-Russian and the British-French negotiations, will remain the first source-book on this war's origins; but its peculiar importance derives from the light it sheds on the character and personality of the men who guided Germany's des-

* *The British War Blue Book*. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1939. Pp. 251. Cloth, \$1.50. The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 248. \$1.00.

tinies during the time of crisis. That an outwardly sober, level-headed, friendly race like the Germans should have as its leaders a group of hysterical egotists, is a thing which cannot be explained entirely by the Treaty of Versailles. Germany was similarly cursed before 1914. It may be politic to say that the present quarrel is with Hitler and his cult, and not with the German people; but to what extent should a people be held responsible for its leaders? History seems to show that the German people have a temperamental disposition to let themselves be dominated by aggressive leaders, and whether the removal of one obnoxious individual or one unsavoury creed will solve the problem of a European settlement may well be doubted. With the German, orders are orders, and such respect for authority does not, unfortunately, embrace that corporate sense of responsibility which would make the rule of paranoiacs impossible.

In the second place, the political creed of Hitlerism has undoubtedly infected a large proportion of the people, particularly those under thirty. No one really knows how much truth there may be in Hitler's statement that the whole of the German nation is behind him in his policy of *Lebensraum* based on aggression. Faith in the Fuehrer has certainly suffered a decline in the past two years, but can we be sure that the mere destruction of the present government will kill the pestilence and show the utility of respecting international contracts? Are we not deluding ourselves in thinking that there may be a sudden revulsion of feeling in Germany against the deification of the totalitarian state? There are deep-seated traits of mind and character which will certainly survive the fall of the Nazi regime. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether the collapse of the Hitler system can bring liberty as we know it, and a new experiment in Parliamentary Government may have no more chance of success than that tried under the Weimar Republic.

It seems indispensable, therefore, that our war aims should be clarified, and that they should be boldly enunciated. It is not enough, in these days, to say that our cause is righteous and just. The question of immediate responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities is hardly open to debate, and the fact of moral obliquity needs no elaboration. The need to find a moral basis is less important now than finding the power to defeat Germany in order to make real a decent organization of European society, based on Christian principles. Moreover, the cynical generation which has grown up since 1914 and which must supply the energy and initiative to win this war is not satisfied with the slogans which inspired the preceding generation. It demands a more practical idealism, and invites a forthright, honest exposition of war aims.

For this reason, if for no other, it is important not to stress too far the ideological nature of the struggle, or to interpret our own effort in the light of a crusade. In 1914, we fought against Prussian despotism to make the world safe for democracy; nevertheless, Lord Grey, idealist though he was, had enough practical wisdom to condone the seizure of Tripoli by Italy in 1911, and thus to wean Italy from the Austro-German alliance to the Entente. Similarly, he saved Tsarist Russia for the democratic cause by consenting to the partition of Persia into spheres of influence. Recently, we have shown our own readiness to come to terms with Russia, whose doctrines are as noxious as those of Fascist Germany. We have an alliance with Turkey; we guarantee the integrity of two dictator states, Greece and Rumania, and we seek the support of Italy. Indeed, Mr. Chamberlain has more than once emphasized the fact that there is no desire on the part of Britain to interfere with the mode of government of any state. In a war for national survival, both Britain and France have refused to allow ideological differences to influence their diplomacy.

What is at stake fundamentally is our national security and the democratic ideal of life. At the same time, it would be as much a mistake for us to say that we are fighting dictatorship, as it would be for Germany to proclaim that she is fighting for the destruction of democracy and the Fascist ideal. The collapse of Hitler, the introduction of democratic forms of government, and the demilitarization and possibly the partitioning of Germany may give a respite of fifty years, but such means will not solve the centuries-old problem of national security. That can be solved only by destroying once and for all that deadly European system of equilibriums, known to history as the Balance of Power. The history of Europe before 1914 teaches that the chain of events which led to catastrophe began with the building up of Europe into two armed camps. Similarly, the present calamity was almost inevitable as soon as Germany, and later Italy, left the League of Nations. Germany began to arm, and to make strategic additions to her territories. In consequence, the delicate equilibrium within Europe was subjected to strains which the sacrifices of Great Britain and France in September, 1938, only temporarily relieved. Equality of force, rather than the furtherance of international law, became the aim of all nations whose security was at stake.

It is too soon to talk about the precise method of re-ordering international relations after the war—whether within a new or a stronger League of Nations; but it is of the utmost importance that the Press, the Government and the leaders of public opinion should make clear to the Canadian people in unemotional language the issues for which we are fighting. In so far as this is a war for survival, it is a war of self-interest; but self-interest must be extended beyond the present, even to Utopia. The fundamental object must be to end, even against the perversity of human nature, what the late Lowes Dickinson called the system of European anarchy. It must be war

to end an intolerable system of states' relationships, in which, as Mr. Chamberlain puts it, "the nations of Europe were faced with the alternative of jeopardizing their freedom or of mobilizing their forces at regular intervals to defend it. . . . It is to redeem Europe from the perpetual and recurring fear of German aggression and to enable the peoples of Europe to preserve their independence and their liberties." In thus denouncing 'the System', the Prime Minister defines the ultimate purpose of the Allied Powers to a generation in grave danger of being confused and misled by well-meaning but inaccurate interpreters.

THE OLD EAGLE

BY E. J. PRATT

A light had gone out from his vanquished eyes;
His head was cupped within the hunch of his shoulders;
His feathers were dull and bedraggled; the tips
Of his wings sprawled down to the edge of his tail.
He was old, yet it was not his age
Which made him roost on the crags
Like a rain-drenched raven
On the branch of an oak in November.
Nor was it the night, for there was an hour
To go before sunset. An iron had entered
His soul which bereft him of pride and of realm,
Had struck him to-day: for up to noon
That crag had been his throne.
Space was his empire, bounded only
By forest and sky and the flowing horizons.
He had outfought, outlived all his rivals,
And the eagles that now were poised over glaciers
Or charting the coastal outlines of clouds
Were his by descent: they had been tumbled
Out of their rocky nests by his mate,
In the first trial of their fledgeling spins.

Only this morning the eyes of the monarch
Were held in arrest by a silver flash
Shining between two peaks of the ranges—
A sight which galvanized his back,
Bristled the feathers on his neck,
And shot little runnels of dust where his talons
Dug recesses in the granite.
Partridge? Heron? Falcon? Eagle?
Game or foe? He would reconnoitre.

Catapulting from the ledge,
He flew at first with rapid beat,
Level, direct: then with his grasp
Of spiral strategy in fight,
He climbed the orbit
With swift and easy undulations,
And reached position where he might
Survey the bird—for bird it was;
But such a bird as never flew
Between the heavens and the earth
Since pterodactyls, long before
The birth of condors, learned to kill
And drag their carrion up the Andes.

The eagle stared at the invader,
Marked the strange bat-like shadow moving
In leagues over the roofs of the world,
Across the passes and moraines,
Darkening the vitriol blue of the mountain lakes.
Was it a flying dragon? Head,
Body and wings, a tail fan-spread
And taut like his own before the strike;
And there in front two whirling eyes
That took unshuttered
The full blaze of the meridian.
The eagle never yet had known
A rival that he would not grapple,
But something in this fellow's length
Of back, his plated glistening shoulders,
Had given him pause. And did that thunder
Somewhere in his throat not argue
Lightning in his claws? And then
The speed—was it not double his own?
But what disturbed him most, angered

And disgraced him was the unconcern
With which this supercilious bird
Cut through the aquiline dominion,
Snubbing the ancient suzerain
With extra-territorial insolence,
And disappeared.

So evening found him on the crags again,
This time with slattern shoulders
And nerveless claws.
Dusk had outridden the sunset by an hour
To haunt his unhorizoned eyes.
And soon his flock flushed with the chase
Would be returning, threading their glorious curves
Up through the crimson archipelagoes
Only to find him there—
Deaf to the mighty symphony of wings,
And brooding
Over the lost empire of the peaks.

CORNET AT NIGHT

BY SINCLAIR ROSS

THE wheat was ripe, and it was Sunday. "I'm cutting any-way", said my father at breakfast, "whatever you say. There's a wind this morning and it's shelling fast."

"Not on the Lord's Day, David", said my mother sternly. "The horses stay in the stable where they belong. There's church this afternoon, and I intend to bring Louise and her husband home for supper."

Ordinarily my father was a pleasant, accommodating little man, but his wheat this morning and the wind had lent him sudden steel. "This is once", he met her evenly, "that they do not stay in the stable. If you want to, you can go to church with Tom. Don't bother me."

"If you take the horses into the field to-day I'll never speak to you again. And I mean it this time."

He nodded. Good—if I'd known I'd have started cutting wheat on Sunday years ago."

"David, that's no way to talk in front of your son. In the years to come he'll remember."

There was silence for a moment, and then, as if in its clash with hers his will had suddenly discovered itself, my father turned to me:

"Tom, I need a man to stook for a few days, and I want you to drive Jupiter to town to-morrow and get me one. With the wheat and oats ripening so fast I can't afford the time. You'll be safe enough with Jupiter."

But ahead of me my mother cried, "That's one thing I'll not stand for. You can cut wheat or do anything else you like yourself, but you're not interfering with him. He's going to school to-morrow as usual."

"He's going to town, I say." Father thudded firmly on the table. "The crop's more important than a day missed out of school. If you'd only be reasonable."

"But it's Monday he takes his music lesson, and it isn't often we have a teacher like Miss Wiggins that can teach him music too."

"A dollar for lessons and my wheat all threshed out on the ground! When I was a boy I didn't even get to school."

"Exactly", my mother scored, "and see now what you're like! Is it any wonder I want him to be different?"

He slammed outside at that to harness his horses and cut his wheat, and away sailed my mother with me in her wake to spend an austere half-hour in the dark, hot, plushy little parlour. It was a kind of vicarious atonement, I suppose, for we both took straight-backed leather chairs, and for all of the half-hour stared across the room at a big pansy-bordered motto on the opposite wall: *As for Me and My House We Will Serve the Lord.*

Then augustly my mother rose and said, "You can run along and do your chores, but hurry back. You've to take your bath and change your clothes, and maybe help a little getting dinner for your father."

There was a wind, this sunny August morning, tanged with freedom and departure, and from his stall my pony Clipper whinnied for a race with it across the fields. Sunday or not, I would ordinarily have had my gallop anyway, but to-day a sudden welling-up of social and religious conscience made me ask myself whether one in the family like my father wasn't bad enough. Returning to the house, I merely said that on such a fine day it seemed a pity to stay inside. My mother heard but didn't answer. Perhaps her conscience, too, was working. Perhaps after being worsted in the skirmish with my father, she was in no mood for granting dispensations. Anyway I had to take my bath as usual, put on a clean white shirt, and change my overalls for knicker corduroys.

They squeaked, those corduroys. For three months now they had been spoiling all my Sundays. A sad, muted, swish-

ing little squeak, but distinctly audible. Every step and there it was, as if I needed to be oiled. I had to wear them to church and Sunday-school; and after service, of course, while the grown-ups stood about gossiping a while, the other boys discovered my affliction. I sulked and fumed, but there was nothing to be done. Corduroys that had cost four-fifty simply couldn't be thrown away till they were well worn-out. My mother warned me that if I started sliding down the stable roof, she'd patch the seat and make me keep on wearing them.

With my customary little bow-legged sidle I slipped into the kitchen again to ask what there was to do. "Nothing but try to behave like a Christian and a gentleman", my mother answered stiffly. "Put on a tie, and shoes and stockings. To-day your father is just about as much as I can bear."

"And then what?" I asked hopefully. I was thinking that I might take a drink to my father, but dared not as yet suggest it.

"Then you can stay quiet and read — and afterwards practise your music lesson. If your Aunt Louise should come she'll find that at least I bring my son up decently."

It was a long day. My mother prepared the midday meal as usual, but, to impress upon my father the enormity of his conduct, withdrew as soon as the food was served. When he was gone, she and I emerged to take our places at the table in an atmosphere of unappetizing righteousness. We didn't eat much. The food was cold, and my mother had no heart to warm it up. For relief at last she said, "Run along and feed the chickens while I change my dress. Since we aren't going to service to-day we'll read Scripture for a while instead."

And Scripture we did read, Isaiah, verse about, my mother in her black silk dress and rhinestone brooch, I in my corduroys and Sunday shoes that pinched. It was a very august afternoon, exactly like the tone that had persisted in my mother's voice since breakfast time. I think I might have

openly rebelled, only for the hope that by compliance I yet might win permission for the trip to town with Jupiter. I was inordinately proud that my father had suggested it, and for his faith in me forgave him even Isaiah and the plushy afternoon. Whereas with my mother, I decided, it was a case of downright bigotry.

We went on reading Isaiah, and then for a while I played hymns on the piano. A great many hymns—even the ones with awkward sharps and accidentals that I'd never tried before—for, fearing visitors, my mother was resolved to let them see that she and I were uncontaminated by my father's sacrilege. But among these likely visitors was my Aunt Louise, a portly, condescending lady married to a well-off farmer with a handsome motor-car, and always when she came it was my mother's vanity to have me play for her a waltz or reverie, or *Holy Night* sometimes with variations. A man-child and prodigy might eclipse the handsome motor-car. Presently she roused herself, and pretending mild reproof began, "Now, Tommy, you're going wooden on those hymns. For a change you'd better practise *Sons of Liberty*. Your Aunt Louise will want to hear it, anyway."

There was thrilling swing and vigour in this piece, but it was hard. Hard because it was so alive, so full of youth and head-high rhythm. It was a march, and it did march. I couldn't take time to practise at the hard spots slowly till I got them right, for I had to march too. I had to let my fingers sometimes miss a note or strike one wrong. Again and again this afternoon I started carefully, resolving to count right through, the way Miss Wiggins did, and as often I sprang ahead to lead my march a moment or two all verve and fire, and then fall stumbling in the bitter dust of dissonance. My mother didn't know. She thought that speed and perseverance would eventually get me there. She tapped her foot and smiled encouragement, and gradually as the afternoon wore

on began to look a little disappointed that there were to be no visitors, after all. "Run along for the cows", she said at last, "while I get supper ready for your father. There'll be nobody here, so you can slip into your overalls again."

I looked at her a moment, and then asked: "What am I going to wear to town to-morrow? I might get grease or something on the corduroys."

For while it was always my way to exploit the future, I liked to do it rationally, within the limits of the sane and probable. On my way for the cows I wanted to live the trip to town to-morrow many times, with variations, but only on the explicit understanding that to-morrow there was to be a trip to town. I have always been tethered to reality, always compelled by an unfortunate kind of probity in my nature to prefer a barefaced disappointment to the luxury of a future I have no just claims upon.

I went to town the next day, though not till there had been a full hour's argument that paradoxically enough gave all three of us the victory. For my father had his way: I went; I had my way: I went; and in return for her consent my mother wrung a promise from him of a pair of new plush curtains for the parlour when the crop was threshed, and for me the metronome that Miss Wiggins declared was the only way I'd ever learn to keep in time on marching pieces like the *Sons of Liberty*.

It was my first trip to town alone. That was why they gave me Jupiter, who was old and reliable and philosophic enough to meet motor-cars and the chance locomotive on an equal and even somewhat supercilious footing.

"Mind you pick somebody big and husky", said my father as he started for the field. "Go to Jenkins' store, and he'll tell you who's in town. Whoever it is, make sure he's stooked before."

"And mind it's somebody who looks like he washes himself", my mother warned, "I'm going to put clean sheets and pillow-cases on the bunkhouse bed, but not for any dirty tramp or hobo."

By the time they had both finished with me there were a great many things to mind. Besides repairs for my father's binder, I was to take two crates of eggs each containing twelve dozen eggs to Mr. Jenkins' store and in exchange have a list of groceries filled. And to make it complicated, both quantity and quality of some of the groceries were to be determined by the price of eggs. Thirty cents a dozen, for instance, and I was to ask for coffee at sixty-five cents a pound. Twenty-nine cents a dozen and coffee at fifty cents a pound. Twenty-eight and no oranges. Thirty-one and bigger oranges. It was all very confusing, like arithmetic with Miss Wiggins, or two notes in the treble against three in the bass. For my father a tin of special blend tobacco, and my mother not to know. For my mother a box of face powder at the drugstore, and my father not to know. Twenty-five cents from my father on the side for ice-cream and licorice. Thirty-five from my mother for my dinner at the Chinese restaurant. And warnings, of course, to take good care of Jupiter, speak politely to Mr. Jenkins, and see that I didn't get machine oil on my corduroys.

It was three hours to town with Jupiter, but I don't remember them. I remember nothing but a smug satisfaction with myself, an exhilarating conviction of importance and maturity—and that only by contrast with the sudden sag to embarrassed insignificance when finally old Jupiter and I drove up to Jenkins' store.

For a farm boy is like that. Alone with himself and his horse he cuts a fine figure. He is the measure of the universe. He foresees a great many encounters with life, and in them all

acquits himself a little more than creditably. He is fearless, resourceful, a bit of a brag. His horse never contradicts.

But in town it is different. There are eyes here, critical eyes, that pierce with a single glance the little bubble of his self-importance, and leave him dwindled smaller even than his normal size. It always happens that way. They are so superbly poised and sophisticated, these strangers, so completely masters of their situation as they loll in doorways and go sauntering up and down Main Street. Instantly he yields to them in his place as measure of the universe, especially if he is a small boy wearing squeaky corduroys, especially if he has a worldly-wise old horse like Jupiter, one that knows his Main Streets, and will take them in nothing but his own slow philosophic stride.

We arrived all right. Mr. Jenkins was a little man with a freckled bald head, and when I carried in my two crates of eggs, one in each hand, and my legs bowed a bit, he said curtly, "Well, can't you set them down? My boy's delivering, and I can't take time to count them now myself."

"They don't need counting", I said politely. "Each layer holds two dozen, and each crate holds six layers. I was there. I saw my mother put them in."

At this a tall, slick-haired young man in yellow shoes who had been lolling in the window turned around and said, "That's telling you, Jenkins—he was there." Nettled and glowering, Jenkins himself came round the counter and repeated, "So you were there, were you? Smart youngster! What did you say was your name?"

Nettled in turn to preciseness I answered, "I haven't yet. It's Thomas Dickson and my father's David Dickson, eight miles north of here. He wants a man to stook and was too busy to come himself."

He nodded, unimpressed, and then putting out his hand said, "Where's your list? Your mother gave you one, I hope?"

I said she had and he glowered again. "Then give it to me, and come back in half an hour. Whether you were there or not, I'm going to count your eggs. How do I know that half of them aren't smashed?"

"That's right", agreed the young man, sauntering to the door and looking at Jupiter. "They've likely been bouncing along at a merry clip. You're quite sure, Buddy, that you didn't have a runaway?"

I thought this impertinent of him, especially since he must have heard my name. I staved off Jenkins. "The list, you see, has to be explained. I'd rather wait and tell you about it later on."

He teetered a moment on his heels and toes, then tried again. "I can read as well as you. I make up orders every day. Just go away for a while—look for your man—or anything—"

"It wouldn't do", I persisted. "The way that this one's written isn't really what it means. You'd need me to explain—"

He teetered rapidly. "Show me just one thing that I don't know what it means."

"Oranges", I said, "but that's only oranges if eggs are twenty-nine cents or more — and bigger oranges if they're thirty-one. You see, you'd never understand —"

So he had his way, and I explained it all right then and there. What with eggs at twenty-nine and a half cents a dozen and my mother out a little in her calculations, it was somewhat confusing for a while; but after arguing a lot and pulling away the paper from each other that they were figuring on, the young man and Mr. Jenkins finally had it all worked out, with mustard and soap omitted altogether, and an extra half-dozen oranges thrown in. "Vitamins", the young man overruled me, "they make you grow"—and then with a nod towards an open biscuit box invited me to help myself.

I took a small one, and started up Jupiter again. It was nearly one o'clock now, so in anticipation of his noonday quart of oats he trotted off, a little more briskly, for the farmers' hitching-rail beside the lumber-yard. This was the quiet end of town. The air drowsed redolent of pine and tamarack, and resin simmering slowly in the sun. I poured out the oats and waited till he had finished. After the way the town had treated me it was comforting and peaceful to stand with my fingers in his mane, hearing him munch. It brought me a sense of place again in life. It made me feel almost as important as before. When he finished and there was my own dinner to be thought about I found myself more of an alien in the town than ever, and felt the way to the little Chinese restaurant doubly hard. For Jupiter was older than I. Older and wiser, with a better understanding of important things. His philosophy included the relishing of oats even within a stone's throw of sophisticated Main Street. Mine was less mature.

I went, however, but I didn't have dinner. Perhaps it was my stomach, all puckered and tense with nervousness. Perhaps it was the restaurant itself, the pyramids of oranges in the window and the dark green rubber plant with the tropical-looking leaves, the indolent little Chinaman behind the counter and the dusky smell of last night's cigarettes that to my prairie nostrils had an oriental tang, the exotic atmosphere about it all with which a meal of meat and vegetables and pie would have somehow simply jarred. I climbed on a stool and ordered an ice-cream soda.

A few stools away there was a young man sitting. I kept watching him and wondering.

He was well-dressed, a nonchalance about his clothes that distinguished him from anyone I had ever seen, and yet at the same time it was a shabby suit, with shiny elbows and threadbare cuffs. His hands were slender, almost a girl's hands, yet vaguely with their shapely quietness they troubled me, be-

cause, however slender and smooth, they were yet hands to be reckoned with, strong with a strength that was different from the rugged labour-strength I knew. I watched humbly, with a dim foreknowledge of what I understood must some day be my strength.

He smoked a cigarette, and blew rings towards the window.

Different from the farmer boys I knew, yet he was different also from the young man with the yellow shoes in Jenkins' store. Staring out at it through the restaurant window he was as far away from Main Street as was I with my plodding Jupiter and squeaky corduroys. I presumed for a minute or two an imaginary companionship. I finished my soda, and to be with him a little longer ordered lemonade. It was strangely important to be with him, to prolong a while this companionship. I hadn't the slightest hope of his noticing me, nor the slightest intention of obtruding myself. I just wanted to be there, to be assured by something I had never encountered before, to store it up for the three hours home with Jupiter.

Then a big, unshaven man came in, and slouching upon the stool beside me said, "They tell me in the store across the street you're looking for a couple of hands. What's your old man pay this year?"

"My father", I corrected him, "doesn't want a couple of men; he wants just one."

"I've got a pal", he insisted, "and we always go together."

I didn't like him. I couldn't help making contrasts with the cool, trim quietness of the young man sitting farther along. "What do you say?" he said as I sat silent, thrusting his stubby chin out almost over my lemonade. "We're ready any time."

"It's just one man my father wants", I said aloofly, drinking off my lemonade with a little flourish to let him see I meant

it. "And if you'll excuse me now I'll have to look for someone else."

"But just look at that", he intercepted me, and doubling up his arm displayed a hump of muscles that made me, if not more inclined towards him, at least a little more deferential. "My pal's got plenty, too. We'll set up two stooks any day for anybody else's one."

"We couldn't use you both", I edged away from him. "I'm sorry—but it really wouldn't do."

Contemptuously he shook his head. "I thought you said he was a farmer—just one man to stook—"

"He is a farmer", I answered stoutly, rallying to the family honour less for its own sake than for what the young man on the other stool might think of us. "A good farmer—and it isn't true he needs just one man to stook. He's three already. That's plenty other years, but this year the crop's so big he needs another. So there!"

"Liar!" he retorted, slouching to his feet and starting towards the door. "An acre or two of potatoes you mean, and maybe a dozen hens."

I glared after him a minute, then climbed back upon the stool and ordered another soda. The young man was watching me now in the big plate-glass mirror behind the counter, and when I glanced up and met his eyes he nodded with a slow, half-smiling sort of approval. Out of all proportion to anything it could mean his little nod encouraged me. I didn't flinch or fidget as I would have done had it been the young man with yellow shoes watching me eat, and I didn't stammer over the confession that his amusement and appraisal somehow forced from me. "We really haven't three men. Just my father yet, but I'm to take one home to-day. The wheat's ripening fast this year and shelling, so he couldn't do it all himself."

He nodded again, and then after a minute asked quietly, "What about me? Would I do?"

I stopped eating and looked at him.

"I need a job, and if it's any recommendation there's only one of me."

"You don't understand", I started to explain, afraid to believe that perhaps he really did. "It's to stook. You have to be in the field by seven o'clock, and there's only a bunkhouse to sleep in—a granary with a bed in it—"

"I know. That's about what I expect." He drummed his fingers for a minute, then with his lips twisted into a slow, half-hearted kind of smile went on, "They tell me a little toughening up is what I need. Outdoors, and plenty of good hard work—so I'll be like the fellow that just went out."

While the fingers drummed there had been a moment of doubt: fingers so slender and white, I knew they weren't the kind—but then there came the little smile that was twisted that way to mock a sadness—a sadness that somehow was my sadness, just as the strange quiet strength of his hands had been my strength, that for a still and crystal instant let me see the way I too must some day take—and pushing away my soda I said quickly, "Then we'd better start right away. It's three hours home, and I've still some places to go. But you can get in the buggy now, and we'll drive around together."

We did. I wanted it that way, the two of us, to settle scores with Main Street. I wanted to capture some of old Jupiter's disdain and unconcern; I wanted to know what it felt like to take young men with yellow shoes in my stride, to be preoccupied, to forget them the moment that we separated. And I did. "My name's Philip", the stranger said as we drove from Jenkins' to the drugstore. "Philip Coleman—usually just Phil", and companionably I responded, "Mine's Tommy Dickson. For the last year, though, my father says I'm getting big and should be called just Tom."

That was what mattered now, the two of us there, and not the town at all. "Do you drive yourself all the time?" he asked, and nonchalant and off-hand I answered, "You don't really have to drive old Jupiter. He just goes, anyway. Wait till you see my chestnut three-year-old. Clipper I call him. To-night after supper if you like you can take him for a ride."

But since he'd never learned to ride at all he thought Jupiter would do better for a start, and then we drove back to the restaurant for his cornet and valise.

"Is it something to play?" I asked as we cleared the town. "Something like a bugle?"

He picked up the black leather case from the floor of the buggy and held it on his knee. "Something like that. Once I played a bugle too. A cornet's better, though."

"And you mean you can play the cornet?"

He nodded. "I play in a band. At least I did play in a band. Perhaps if I get along all right with the stooking I will again some time."

It was later that I pondered this, how stooking for my father could have anything to do with going back to play in a band. At the moment I confided, "I've never heard a cornet—never even seen one. I suppose you still play it sometimes—I mean at night, when you've finished stooking."

Instead of answering directly he said, "That means you've never heard a band either." There was surprise in his voice, almost incredulity, but it was kindly. Somehow I didn't feel ashamed because I had lived all my eleven years on a prairie farm, and knew nothing more than Miss Wiggins and my Aunt Louise's gramophone. He went on, "I was younger than you are now when I started playing in a band. Then I was with an orchestra a while—then with the band again. It's all I've done ever since."

It made me feel lonely for a while, isolated from the things in life that mattered, but, brightening presently, I asked, "Do

you know a piece called *Sons of Liberty*? Four flats in four-four time?"

He thought hard a minute, and then shook his head. "I'm afraid I don't—not by name anyway. Could you whistle a bit of it?"

I whistled two pages, but still he shook his head. "A nice tune, though", he conceded. "Where did you learn it?"

"I haven't yet", I explained. "Not properly, I mean. It's been my lesson for the last two weeks, but I can't keep up to it."

He seemed interested, so I went on and told him about my lessons and Miss Wiggins, and how later on they were going to buy me a metronome so that when I played a piece I wouldn't be always running away with it. "Especially a marching piece. It keeps pulling you along the way it really ought to go until you're all mixed up and have to start at the beginning again. I know I'd do a lot better if I didn't feel that way, and kept slow and steady like Miss Wiggins."

But he said quickly, "No, that's the right way to feel. The only thing is you must learn to harness it. It's like old Jupiter here and Clipper. The way you are, you're Clipper. But if you weren't that way, if you didn't get excited and want to step out with your head up high, you'd be just old Jupiter. You see? Jupiter's easier to handle than Clipper, but at his best he's a sleepy old plough-horse. Clipper takes skill—he may even cost you a few hard tumbles. But finally get him broken in and you've a horse that amounts to something. You wouldn't exchange him for a dozen like Jupiter."

It was a good enough illustration, but it slandered Jupiter. And Jupiter was listening. I know—because even though like me he had never heard a cornet before he had experience enough to accept it at least with tact and manners.

We had not gone much farther when Philip, noticing the way I kept watching the case that was still on his knee, undid

the clasps and took the cornet out. It was a lovely cornet. It was shapely and eloquent, and it gleamed in the August sun like pure and mellow gold. I couldn't restrain myself. I said, "Play it—play it now—just a little bit to let me hear." In response, smiling quietly at my earnestness, he raised it to his lips.

But there was only one note—only one fragment of a note—and then away went Jupiter. It was astounding. With a snort and a plunge he was off the road and into the ditch—then out of the ditch again and off at a breakneck gallop across the prairie. There were stones and badger holes, and he spared us none of them. The egg-crates full of groceries bounced out, then the tobacco, then my mother's face powder. "Whoa, Jupiter!" I cried, "Whoa, Jupiter!" but in the rattle and whirl of wheels I don't suppose he even heard. Philip couldn't help much because he had his cornet to hang on to. I tried to tug on the reins, but at such a rate across the prairie it took me all my time to keep from following the groceries. He was a big horse, Jupiter, and once under way had to run himself out. Or he may have thought that if he gave us a thorough shaking-up we would be too subdued when it was over to feel like taking him seriously to task. Anyway, that was how it worked out. All I dared to do was run round to pat his sweaty neck and say, "Good Jupiter, good Jupiter—nobody's going to hurt you."

Besides there were the groceries to think about, and my mother's box of face powder. And his pride and reputation at stake, Jupiter had made it a runaway worthy of the horse he really was. We found the powder smashed open and one of the egg crates cracked. Several of the oranges had rolled down a badger hole, and couldn't be recovered. We spent nearly ten minutes sifting raisins through our fingers, and still they felt a little gritty. "There were extra oranges", I tried to encourage Philip, "and I've seen my mother wash her

raisins." He looked at me dubiously, and for a few minutes longer worked away trying to mend the egg-crate.

We were silent for the rest of the way home. We thought a great deal about each other, but asked no questions. Even though it was safely away in its case again I could still feel the cornet's presence as if it were a living thing. Somehow its gold and shapeliness persisted, transfiguring the day, quickening the dusty harvest fields to a gleam and lustre like its own. And I felt assured. Suddenly there was a force in life, a current, an inevitability—a goal and meaning that made beauty. I don't know how I knew, but I did. I don't know why I felt it belonged to me too, why I felt assured, suddenly fortified to withstand and even be indifferent to the rest of life, but I did. The questions they would ask when I reached home—the difficulties in making them understand that faithful old Jupiter had really run away—none of it now seemed to matter very much. This Philip with the strange white hands, this gleaming cornet that as yet I hadn't even heard, intimately and enduringly now they were my possessions. The only thing to trouble me was that hands so slender and white were not the kind for the harvest field. I kept watching them and wondering.

But anyway we reached home all right, and civilly enough my mother said, "You can put your things in the bunkhouse, Mr. Coleman, and wash here. Supper will be ready in about an hour."

Supper, though, wasn't successful. My father and my mother kept looking at Philip and exchanging glances. I told them about the cornet and the runaway, and they listened stonily. "We've never had a harvest-hand before that was a musician too", my mother said in a somewhat thin voice. "I suppose, though, you do know how to stook?"

I was watching Philip desperately, so for my sake he lied, "Yes, I stooked last year. I may have a blister or two by this time to-morrow, but my hands will soon be hard enough."

"You don't as a rule do this kind of work?" my father asked.

And Philip said, "No, not as a rule."

There was an awkward silence, so I tried to champion him, "He plays his cornet in a band. Ever since he was my age, that's what he does."

My father and my mother exchanged glances again. The silence continued.

I had been half-intending to suggest that Philip bring his cornet into the house to play it for us, I perhaps playing with him on the piano, but the parlour with its genteel plushiness was a room from which all were excluded but the equally genteel—visitors like Miss Wiggins and the minister—and gradually as the meal progressed I came to understand that Philip and his cornet, so far as my mother was concerned, had failed to qualify.

So I said nothing when he finished his supper, and let him go back to the bunkhouse alone. "Didn't I say to have Jenkins pick him out?" my father stormed as soon as he was gone. "Didn't I say I wanted someone big and strong?"

"He's tall", I countered, "and there wasn't anybody else except two men, and they said it was the only way they'd come."

"You mean you didn't want anybody else", he rapped again. "A cornet player! Fine stooks he'll set up!" And then turning suddenly to my mother, he said: "It's your fault—you and your nonsense about music lessons for him. If you'd listen to me sometimes—and try to make a man of him."

"I do listen to you", she answered quickly. "It's because I've had to listen to you now for thirteen years that I'm trying to make a man of him. If you'd go to town yourself instead of keeping him out of school—and do your work in six days a week like decent people! I told you that in the long run yesterday it would cost you dear."

I slipped away and left them. The chores at the stable took me nearly an hour; and then, instead of returning to the house, I went over to see Philip. It was dark now, and there was a smoky lantern lit. He sat on the only chair, and in a hospitable silence motioned me to the bed. At once he ignored and accepted me. It was as if we had always known each other, as if we had long ago outgrown the need of conversation. He smoked, and blew rings towards the open door where the warm fall night encroached. I waited, eager, afraid lest they call me to the house, yet knowing that I must wait. Gradually the flame in the lantern smoked the glass till scarcely his face was left visible. I sat tense, expectant, wondering who he was, where he came from, why he should be here to do my father's stooking.

There were no answers, but presently he reached for his cornet. In the dim, soft darkness I could see it glow and quicken. And I remember still what a long and fearful moment it was, waiting for him to begin. I crouched still, unbreathing, steeled for the beauty that I knew must come. Steele because I knew it would be piercing beauty—beauty that must cleave and widen life for room to shape itself, to cast its span.

At last he began; and the notes that came did pierce, and they did give life expanse that it had never had before. Like the cornet itself they were eloquent and golden. They floated up against the night, and each for a moment hung there clear and visible. Sometimes they mounted poignant and sheer. Sometimes they soared, and then curved tenderly towards earth again. And always their beauty was a lonely beauty. Only for Philip there I could not have endured it. With my senses I clung to the smell of his tobacco smoke, to the pale faint whiteness of his fingers on the cornet keys. I was afraid of losing him, afraid of having to confront alone the abysmal beauty that his music had revealed. And yet all the time I

knew I must. This way of brief lost gleam against the night was my way too. And alone I cowered a moment, understanding that there could be no escape, no other way.

It was *To the Evening Star*. He finished it and told me. He told me the names of all the other pieces that he played: an *Ave Maria*, *Song of India*, a serenade—music that seemed to rise from and vanish again into a mysterious, unbearable unknown—that left Philip and me there strangely alone, strangely in need of each other. I think he understood, because, putting down his cornet at last, he paced restlessly a few times round the room, then sat down beside me on the bed so close that our elbows touched, and with a sudden vehemence of spirit said, “Now for a march, Tommy. A good, lively tune to bring us back to earth where we belong. A cornet can be cheerful, too, you know. Listen to this one and tell me.”

He stood up, erect, his head thrown back exactly like a picture in my reader of a bugler boy, and the notes came flashing gallant through the night until the two of us went swinging along in step with them a hundred thousand strong. For this was another march that did march. It marched us miles. It made the feet eager, and the heart brave. It said that life was worth the living, and with a long clear gleam ahead it bade us hearten to our way.

And we did. When he finished and put the cornet away I said, “There’s a field beside the house that my father started cutting this afternoon. If you like we’ll go over now for a few minutes and I’ll show you how to stook. You see, if you set your sheaves on the top of the stubble they’ll be over again in half an hour. That’s how everybody does at first, but it’s wrong. You push the butts down hard, right to the ground, so that they bind in with the stubble. At a good slant, see, but not too much. So that they’ll stand the wind, and still shed water if it rains.”

It was too dark for him to see much, but he listened hard and finally succeeded in putting up a stook or two that to my touch seemed firm enough. Then my mother called, and I had to slip away so that she would think I was coming from the bunkhouse. "I hope he stooks as well as he plays", she said when I went in. "Just the same, you should have done as your father told you, and picked a likelier man to see us through the fall."

My father came in from the stable then, and he, too, had been listening. With a wondering, half-incredulous little movement of his head he made acknowledgment.

"Didn't I tell you he could?" I burst out, encouraged to indulge my pride in Philip. "Didn't I tell you he could play?" But with a sudden ruthless anger in his voice he answered, "And what if he can! It's a man to stook I want. Just look at the hands on him. I don't think he's ever seen a farm before."

It was helplessness, though, not anger. Helplessness to escape his wheat when wheat was not enough, when something more than wheat had just revealed itself. Long after they were all asleep I remembered, and with a sharp foreboding that we might have to find another man, tried desperately to sleep myself. "Because if I'm up in good time", I rallied all my faith in life, "I'll be able to go to the field with him and at least make sure he's started right. And he'll maybe do. I'll ride down after school and help till supper time. My father's reasonable."

Only in such circumstances, of course, and after such a day, I couldn't sleep till nearly morning, with the result that when at last my mother wakened me there was barely time to dress and ride to school. But of the day I spent there I remember nothing. Nothing except the midriff little clutch of dread that made it a long day—nothing, till straddling Clip-

per at four again, I galloped him straight to the far end of the farm where Philip that morning had started to work.

Only Philip, of course, wasn't there. I think I knew—I think it was that all day I had been expecting. I pulled Clipper up short and sat staring at the stooks. Three or four acres of them—crooked and dejected as if he had forgotten all about pushing the butts down hard against the stubble. I sat and stared till Clipper himself swung round and started for home. He wanted to run, but because there was nothing left now but the half-mile home ahead of us, I held him to a walk. Just to prolong a little the possibility that I had misunderstood things. To wonder within the limits of the sane and probable if to-night he would play his cornet again.

When I reached the house my father was already there, eating an early supper. "I'm taking him back to town", he said quietly. "He tried hard enough, but it's not the kind of work he's used to. There was a hot sun to-day—he only lasted till noon. We're starting in a few minutes, so you'd better go out and see him."

He looked older now, stretched out limp and still on the bed, a strange glassy brightness in his eyes as if they were struggling for escape from the haggard stillness of his face. Anxiously I tiptoed close to him, afraid to speak. With a little twist to his lips he smiled at my concern, then, motioning me to sit down, said, "Sorry, Tommy. I'll have to come back another year and have another lesson."

I clenched my hands and clung hard to this promise that I knew he couldn't keep. Fiercely I wanted to rebel against what was happening, against the clumsiness and crudity of life, but instead I stood quiet, almost passive, controlled by a resignation that seemed ultimate. For I knew that this was the beginning—the first step along the way that already I had acknowledged as my own. Gravely I shook hands with him, and then, wheeling away, carried out his cornet to the buggy.

My mother was already there with a box of lunch and some ointment for his sunburn. She said she was sorry things had turned out this way, and, thanking her and touching his hat, he said he was sorry too. My father looked uncomfortable, feeling, no doubt, that we were all unjustly blaming everything on him. It is like that on a farm. They always have to think about the harvest first.

And that's it all—all of it that I have to tell. He waved going through the gate; I never saw him again. We watched the buggy down the road to the first turn, then with a quick resentment in her voice my mother said, "Didn't I say that the little he gained would in the long run cost him dear? Next time he'll maybe listen to me—and remember the Sabbath Day."

What exactly she was thinking I never knew. Perhaps of the crop and the whole day's stooking lost. Perhaps of this stranger Philip who with his cornet had come for a day, and then as meaninglessly gone again. For she had been listening, too, and she may have understood. A harvest, however lean, is certain every year; but a cornet at night is golden only once.

SYMBOLISM IN MUSIC

BY F. L. HARRISON

IN the philosophy of romanticism music is constantly pointed out as the art above all others which fulfils the romantic ideal. In the romantic atmosphere of the nineteenth century music flourished. Then for the first time in its history the art of tone became, as it was thought, self-sufficient, capable of expressing man's every emotion. Music for centuries founding its forms and style on the needs of the church's liturgy, and since the rise of opera dependent on the drama, became with Beethoven the liberator in sound of the human soul.

We may say that the romanticism of the nineteenth century had its birth in the "Pastoral" Symphony of Beethoven, in "Gretchen am Spinnrade" and the "Erl-king" of the seventeen year old Schubert in 1815 and 1816, and in the opera "Der Freischütz" of Weber (1820).

In the "Pastoral" Symphony of Beethoven (1808), the highly stylized and formally circumscribed medium of Haydn and Mozart became the vehicle for a Wordsworthian apostrophe of nature. Scene-painting in tone was not new to music; such things were common in opera, but they were new to the symphony.

In the songs of Schubert the spirit of the German romantic poets was translated into the tender melody of the human voice and the new art of the pianoforte. With the "Erl-king" and "Gretchen" Schubert was already master of both these elements of romantic song, and from thence abandoned himself to an outpouring of wistfully passionate melody.

Beethoven's only opera "Fidelio" owes nothing to the romantic spirit. It was left to the lesser master, Weber, to make of the musical drama an expression of the thoughts and ideals of the German people, a language of sensations, of the fantastic and the bizarre, in short, of a new way of looking

at man and nature. The figures of the Weber opera are no longer those of classical mythology but those of the Bavarian countryside.

In the years between the "Pastoral" Symphony and "Der Freischütz" were born Berlioz, Liszt, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Wagner, each typical of one particular aspect of the romantic spirit in music.

Into the Beethoven style of the third period the romantic composers never entered. This rarified musical atmosphere, with its wayward and incalculable changes of mood and emotion, goes ever deeper into the pre-classical past and yet penetrates with an uncannily prophetic instinct into the musical spirit of our own century. The Beethoven of the "Pastoral" symphony, of the Sonata "Appassionata", the Schubert of the intimate union of poem, voice and piano, the Weber of the folk-drama, are the begetters of the romantic fusion of music and poetic feeling.

A preoccupation with musical values is a characteristic of romantic poetry and painting. The exaltation of feeling above reason as a basis for artistic expression led naturally to the exaltation of music as the "art to which all other arts aspire", and from thence to the view that the other arts tend towards their perfection in proportion as they approximate to music.

But in music, as the romantic movement progressed, a reaction against what were regarded as formless aberrations of the expressionist spirit led to the formation of two schools of æsthetic thought. The antipathy between those (among them Brahms) who signed the "Manifesto of the Four" (1864) and the proponents of the so-called "New Music" (notably Liszt and Wagner), centred around the making of a distinction between two genres of music, the absolute and the programmatic.

It may be said in passing that the conception of such an antithesis would not have been possible in the musical system

of the eighteenth or any earlier century. In the eighteenth century the style of instrumental music was of a homogeneous and almost communal nature. Its roots in the dance and in the operatic overture and aria were still perceptible. The dramatic style, the *stile rappresentativo*, had its field in the action of the opera, so that the boundaries of the two styles were clearly defined.

The Viennese musical critic and writer, Edward Hanslick, was through a long and influential life an implacable enemy of the "New Music" of the Berlioz-Liszt-Wagner school. In the orchestral and chamber music of Brahms he found his ideal of "absolute" music, an ideal of structural soundness for its own sake as opposed to the concept of music as a language deriving its structure from the changing dramatic needs of an accompanying programme.

From the "absolute" point of view, any attempt to relate the emotions aroused by the music with so-called "extra-musical" ideas was a betrayal of the "pure" nature of music, a sort of mental debauchery. Thus Edmund Dannreuther, in the Oxford History of Music, defines programme music as "a curious hybrid, i.e. music posing as an unsatisfactory kind of poetry".

Hanslick's position is defined in his treatise "The Beautiful in Music" (1854). He limits the expressive power of music to "ideas which, consistently with the organ to which they appeal, are associated with audible changes of strength, motion, and ratio; the ideas of intensity waxing and diminishing, of motion hastening and lingering, of ingeniously complex and simple progression, etc." Consequently the part of the feelings which music can represent is "only their *dynamic* properties". Here is the essence of the objective point of view. After much thought Beethoven expressed his view of music as *Mehr Empfindung als Malerei*, the words which he prefixed to his "Pastoral" symphony.

But all our musical experience demands that a further step be taken. This step Hanslick is driven to suggest himself in the idea of a limited symbolism of musical motion and tone-colour. "Whatever else there is in music", he says, "that apparently pictures states of feeling, is *symbolical*. Sounds, like colours, are originally associated in our minds with certain symbolical meanings, which produce their effects independently of and antecedently to any design of art."

The conception of music on which the ideal of programme music was based had been expressed by Rousseau some seventy years before the beginnings of the "New Music". "Music," he had said, "can render not merely the agitation of the sea, the roaring of flames in a conflagration, the flowing of brooks, the falling of rain, or swollen torrents; but it can paint the horror of a frightful desert, darken the walls of a dungeon, quiet the tempest, make the air clear and calm, and diffuse from the orchestra a new freshness over the groves."

Rousseau, as already indicated, is not here referring to the purely instrumental style, but to the *stile imitativo* of the opera. Music to him means primarily opera, and the orchestra the musical accompaniment of the drama, in which the dramatic situation gives point and direction to the musical expression. The application of this conception to instrumental forms unaccompanied by text is the basis of the tone-poems of Berlioz, Liszt and Richard Strauss; and the validity of such a system of musical symbolism is the basis of the orchestral commentary which underlies the Wagnerian music-drama. Through the *Leitmotif* Wagner binds together scenes in a dramatic whole; the success of the system depends on the power of the musical symbol to convey a meaning derived from a past situation to throw light on a present.

The thesis of the present essay is that while the objective and subjective views of the nature of music are essentially complementary, there is yet a third factor in relation to which

the interacting elements of structure and expression become infused with meaning. This third factor is the symbolism by which human experience, thought and emotion are transmuted into significant sound.

It is this symbolism of sound in relation to idea that brings to pass the fusion of form and expression, of technique and vision, and that has made possible the progress of musical style from simple to complex. Symbolism, in this sense, involves not merely the suggestion of emotion in sound, but the continuous impregnation of musical thought with the experiences and emotions of successive composers. It is historically false and artistically sterile to limit, as Hanslick suggests, the symbolical meaning of music to effects produced "independently of and antecedently to any design of art". The independence and antecedence of meaning in music are relative only to the immediate psychological effects of sound. The melodic, harmonic, rhythmic and tone-colour properties of a musical style are meaningless until related through the psychological effects of their motion to the formal and expressive purpose of the composer; the study of that purpose, of the process whereby idea is transmuted into sound, includes besides the symbolism which is psychological and universal, that which is social and temporary, technical and circumstantial, racial, local, and individual. The story of musical style is therefore the story of the symbolism of sound in relation to idea.

The basis of such a history is the study of the composition technique of various periods in relation to the expression of ideas and their emotional complexes. For example, the obvious and radical change of style from the polyphonic system to the harmonic which took definite shape at the end of the sixteenth century is not to be fully explained as the result of any inner structural necessity, but as the imperative provision of new sound-symbols for a new world of ideas. It is this

force of expression which, continually gathering up new implications in each musical system, gradually presses its possibilities in all their directions towards their eventual limits.

This symbolical basis of musical thought is active at all the various levels of the composer's activity from the first dim conception of the musical expression of an experience, through the constant and lively interaction of feeling and technique in the working out of the composition, to the eventual unifying of form and emotion in the complete work of art. It is the sound as symbol which determines the just relation of the expressive value of each structural element to the final complex, unified, whole.

One of the most striking things about our music is the manner in which it has achieved a process of evolution which, both in form and matter, mirrors more closely than that of any other art the evolution of the western mind. The melodic system of the Greeks and of Gregorian chant was neither crude nor incomplete as an artistic medium. Yet at no point in the history of either of these melodic systems could the infinite possibilities of their absorption into the complex polyphonic style of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have been foreseen. The profound changes in the human mind which distinguish the Christian world of the so-called Dark Ages from that of medieval times made it impossible for the musical mind to formulate its expression in the same musical language. The vision of the composer caused the field of musical consciousness to overspread its boundaries, to absorb and develop elements already existing in a basic form in the secular music of the age, and thus to become incorporated in a new and wider field more fertile for the fruits of a new conception of life.

The nature of this field, or body of musical material with which the composer works, is the first determinant of musical style in the broadest sense. Its three main historical divisions

have been the melodic, the basis of plainchant and folk-song; the polyphonic, the basis of four centuries of the choral art which had its climax in the sixteenth century; and the harmonic, the basis of the predominantly instrumental music of modern times.

All formal analysis and explanation is made in reference to the "field", which has the effect of limiting the musical vocabulary to certain sounds out of the infinite number possible and of hypothecating as a sort of grammar a system whereby these sounds are interrelated. The connection between this material and the form which it takes in the musical work itself is the central problem of musical æsthetics. Between the material and the form is the process of composition, whereby ideas, emotions, and experiences become transmuted into the structure and matter of the musical work, whose elements bear a relation to the original stimulus which is essentially symbolic.

The symbolic nature of the music of J. S. Bach, who formerly was regarded as the example *par excellence* of a creator of "absolute" music, has been clearly shown by Albert Schweitzer in his study of this composer. The unerring aptness of the musical language by which, in the Church Cantatas and the Passions, Bach exteriorizes such purely physical motions as "walk", "run", "rise", "turn", has, from a superficial view, an element which is almost naïve. But in the setting of such a sentence, for example, as "And Jesus *turned* to his disciples", the psychological truth of the musical figure in its portrayal of motion is the basis for the expression of all the shades of emotion which that sentence, in its context, arouses in the composer.

So in the further stage of the musical expression of a doctrinal truth, the musical gesture is no less faithful in its symbolizing of the surface and of the emotional life of the religious idea. A combination of melodic figures may become

significant, as in the music of the "Et Incarnatus" in the B Minor Mass, where the musical figure of the chorus symbolizes the descent to earth, while the accompanying strings of the orchestra play a musical gesture of submissive wonderment.

The musical symbolism of the Bach style is not peculiar to him among the composers of his time. It is rather the most complete and most subtle realization of a musical ethos which was part of the composition process of every opera of that age of opera's ascendancy. It is found in Handel and Gluck, in Purcell and Rameau. Moreover, this fundamental correspondence between sound and idea, between musical shape and inner feeling affects the formation not only of melodic style, but of the style of harmony, rhythm and tone-colour, and their rôle in the symphony and music-drama of the nineteenth century.

And in the broader implications of the symbolism of sound, more general factors, such as the social conditions of an age, the philosophical background of a period, the characteristic technical features of the voice and of instruments, the racial temperament of a people, local circumstances affecting the status of composition and of performance of this or that species of music, the individual traits in the personalities of composers, all have a direct bearing on the many forms of the projection of musical material which are contained in the word style.

THE QUALITIES OF *MARIA CHAPDELAIN*

By W. F. OSBORNE

THE celebration at Péribonka, Quebec, on August 23rd, 1939, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the appearance of Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine* makes relevant an estimate of the qualities of a book whose popularity shows no sign of abatement. Its reputation, indeed, grows steadily greater.

Maria Chapdelaine proves Hémon to have been an extraordinarily close observer. In his *Journal*, which has been translated by Bradley, he records his initial impressions of Canada, which are limited for the most part to Quebec and Montreal. It is interesting to compare the rather banal and general observations of this little book with the exceptional particularity and exact detail that mark many passages in the novel. The staple texture of the book is everywhere wholly admirable, but the surface of this whole, admirably fused, is studded with special passages that are remarkable examples of photographic exactitude. I may cite in illustration the descriptions given of the felling of a tree, the wresting of a stump for its setting, the making and pulling of toffee, the picking of blueberries, the 'smudge' designed to secure relief from the plague of mosquitoes and flies. All these, and similar special passages, are 'done' to a turn.

These purely photographic passages are, of course, lower in artistic significance than the imaginative and emotional qualities disclosed when he conveys his sympathetic interpretation of scenes, incidents, and characters—for example, the terror of the woods, the ferocity of the winter climate, the high rapture and brutal toil involved in the conquest of Nature, and the poignancy of suffering.

I question whether the closest scanning can discover in the book a single instance of exaggeration in the passages to which I have referred. Take, for example, the plague of the mosquitoes. Gustave Bouchard, the brother of Eva (Maria), tells us that in his young days, driving to the village in the

summer, they would have a 'boucane' (a smudge) in the front of the buggy, that not seldom the horse would stop, refusing to move, bewildered by mosquitoes, and that they regularly held long branches with which they did their best to relieve the suffering of the animal. In the fields, with every sweep of the scythe, clouds of the pest would surge up around them.

Without violating the pervasive truth of his picture of the life of the *défricheurs*, Hémon employs the processes of transposition and combination that have always been regarded as the privilege of the novelist and the dramatist. The house of the Chapdelaines (the Bouchards), actually standing on the roadside three miles east of Péribonka, and six miles west of the village of Honfleur, where are situated the Falls of the Péribonka River, is transported to a point nearer the Falls, and much more deeply buried in the forest than it really is. There are valid artistic reasons, connected with the conduct of the story that made this desirable. The Chapdelaines, really parishioners of the priest of Péribonka, are represented as coming under the direction of the curé of St. Henri de Taillon. The character and rôle of La Mère Chapdelaine are based on those in actual life of Laure Bédard, the wife of Samuel Bédard, and the sister of Eva Bouchard (Maria Chapdelaine). Eva Bouchard, the inspiration for Maria, was considerably older when Hémon knew her than Maria is presented as being, and the slight, graceful figure of Eva does not correspond with the physique of Maria. All such changes, combinations, and so on, are part of the well-recognized right of the novelist, and do not impinge on the moral veracity of the creation.

In this connection one interesting detail may be cited. François Paradis, the lover of Maria, perishes in the woods. Full justice is done to the tragedy, and it becomes emotionally and powerfully pathetic as it is brooded upon by Maria in her desolation. But Samuel Bédard is convinced that an incident he related to Hémon is the basis for this death in the forest.

The one concerned, according to Bédard, was Auguste Lemieux, who was done to death in the woods, he suspects, by two men with whom Lemieux had quarrelled, his body being horribly mutilated. As in the case of François, Lemieux' body was discovered by Indians, who brought the news to the settlement. The interesting artistic point, and it is highly creditable to the sensibility and delicacy of Hémon, is that he transfers the event, supposing Bédard's view to be correct, without including any of the repulsive details. François Paradis' death, particularly as Maria pictures it to herself, is desolating enough, but it is stripped of all that would have made it revolting. This is perhaps the clearest case of Hémon's artistic handling of real material, and it discloses great fineness of feeling. Hémon's reputation rests on a single book, and he appears to have leapt with one bound into the sound and subtle mastery of artistic procedure. His treatment of the particular incident referred to reflects at once his sensibility as a man and his skill as an artist.

One of the most delightful aspects of the book is the pleasure caused by the passage of material essentially primitive into and through the mind of a man of sensibility and culture. The crude fact impinges on his mind, it is not emasculated by his treatment, but it emerges suffused with a light, permeated with a sort of spiritual radiance that makes it extremely attractive. One of the best instances of this is found in the following paragraph:

Mais voici que du nord vint bientôt un grand vent froid qui ressemblait à une condamnation définitive, à la fin cruelle d'un sursis, et présentement les pauvres feuilles jaunes, brunes et rouges, secouées trop durement, jonchèrent le sol; la neige les recouvrit et le sol blanchi ne connut plus comme parure que le vert immuable des arbres sombres, qui triomphèrent, pareils à des femmes emplies d'une sagesse amère, qui auraient échangé pour une vie éternelle leur droit à la beauté.

This does not mean that there is a shock between material and manner. It simply means that there is a distinct attraction in

seeing crude stuff sifting through an elegant and cultivated mind.

One of the big constituent elements of the book is the depiction of the Quebec habitant's passion for the soil, and his joy in the conquest of it. This is the principal feature of the character of Samuel Chapdelaine. It happens, though, that the most stirring illustration of it is associated with Madame Chapdelaine.

Les poings sur les hanches, dédaignant de s'attabler à son tour, elle célébra la beauté du monde telle qu'elle la comprenait; non pas la beauté inhumaine, artificiellement échafaudée par les étonnements des citadins, des hautes montagnes stériles et des mers périlleuses, mais la beauté placide et vraie de la campagne au sol riche, de la campagne plate qui n'a pour pittoresque que l'ordre des longs sillons parallèles et la douceur des eaux courantes, de la campagne qui s'offre nue aux baisers du soleil avec un abandon d'épouse.

Elle se fit le chantre des gestes héroïques des quatre Chapdelaine et d'Edwige Légaré, de leur bataille contre la nature barbare et de leur victoire de ce jour.

Here this book takes on the proportions and the contours of the great Canadian epic. All the greatness of "*le miracle canadien*" is implicit in the lines quoted. In them we have a sort of apotheosis of the toil of a peasant race clutching at and riveting itself to the soil of a half-continent. It is upon this base that the ethnic edifice of the French Canadian people had been erected.

Closely associated with the foregoing, as one of the chief features of Hémon's picture, is his exaltation of the tenacity of the race. Samuel, Laure, and at last Maria, in her decision with respect to her marriage, all bear their part in illustrating this aspect of French-Canadian character. The culminating point in this is reached in the superb message of the Voice of Quebec to the as yet hesitating mind of Maria. No voice outside herself was speaking, but the message with its glowing lyricism means that the mind of Maria, fundamentally sound, has been led by instinct, duty, and her mother's example to choose the path of fidelity to her people in its ethnic resolu-

tion to survive. The message of this Voice—which means the ripening of the girl's heart and will to her sense of duty as a daughter of her race—is couched in a page of superb prose, that enriches definitely the noble patrimony of Literature in French. The will to persist, which is the central theme of this page, had already been noted by Hémon in his *Journal*, which contains his first impressions of the French-Canadian people. But how drab and spiritless the comments in the *Journal* are beside the quivering prose of the page of the Message. The difference would seem to suggest that Hémon had in the interval come to feel a warm and even vibrant affection for the people among whom he lived.

One of the most touching characteristics of this admirable creation I find in the respect that he shows for the religion of the people whose life he describes. Perhaps the most effective illustration of this respect is found in the passage describing the administration of the last Sacraments to the dying Laure Chapdelaine:

Le vent était si fort qu'ils n'entendirent pas les grelots de l'attelage, et tout à coup la porte battit contre le mur et le curé de St. Henri entra, portant le Saint-Sacrement de ses deux mains levées. Maria et Tit'Sébe s'agenouillèrent; Tit'Bé courut fermer la porte, puis se mit à genoux aussi. Le prêtre retira sa grande pelisse de fourrure, la toque poudrée de neige qui lui descendait jusqu'aux yeux, et s'en alla vers le lit de la malade sans perdre une seconde, comme un messenger porteur d'une grâce.

Oh! la certitude! le contentement d'une promesse auguste qui dissipe le brouillard redoutable de la mort! Pendant que le prêtre accomplissait les gestes consacrés et que son murmure se mêlait aux soupirs de la mourante, Samuel Chapdelaine et ses enfants priaient sans relever la tête, presque consoles, exempts de doute et d'inquiétude, sûrs que ce qui se passait là était un pacte conclu avec la divinité, qui faisait du Paradis bleu semé d'étoiles d'or un bien légitime.

Unless one is mistaken, there are echoes here of Chateaubriand, of Père Aubry in the grotto, performing a like service to Atala. It would not be strange if the great prose of the Breton Chateaubriand were especially familiar to the Breton Hémon.

There is one particular detail in this connection that I should like to refer to. I know certain women readers of *Maria Chapdelaine* who find unsympathetic and even brutal the advice given by the Curé de St. Henri to Maria to the effect that she should dismiss the dead François Paradis from her mind and devote herself to the duties of wife and mother, largely on the ground that she had not been formally affianced to him. I think that the following consideration is a reasonable view that greatly lessens the weight of this criticism.

The clergy of Quebec have in effect, and with extraordinary fidelity and consistency, aimed at fashioning in that Province what I would venture to call a practical theocracy, that is, at erecting a social structure in which the institutions of the Province should be coloured and pervaded by the primacy of Religion. In this effort no one who knows the Province will deny that they have been remarkably successful: the dominant social and political quality of Quebec lies here. Of this effort the curé is the channel and organ. The problem confronted by the Curé of St. Henri in the case of Maria is resolved by him, not as an individual or friend, but as Priest. I think it is fair to say that Hémon simply shows his realism, his recognition of a predominant social fact, in making the Priest give the advice he does give.

As a picture of regional life, in the description of the phenomena of the seasons and of Nature more generally, in the analysis and exhibition of poignant and bewildered grief, *Maria Chapdelaine* stands on the same level of excellence as the *Pêcheur d'Islande* of Loti. As in the case of Chateaubriand, it would not be strange if the Breton Hémon felt a special affinity for Loti, who, while not a Breton, devoted a considerable share of his attention to Breton subjects. The dark shadow and threat of the Iceland seas haunt Gaud, as the dark line of the Lac St. Jean forest strikes a nameless terror into the heart of Maria. The stark, numbed grief of Maria

over the death of François answers to the unspoken desolation of the Breton girl over the death of Yann. Maria is the sister of Gaud. The machinery, the atmosphere, the movement of the two books have much in common. With widely differing scenes, incidents, and settings the two novels seem remarkably equal in artistic execution.

Hémon was in the Lac St. Jean country only about six months. Having regard to the conditions in which he lived—exhausting labour at work to which he was totally unused, living in a tiny house in which he could have had little privacy—the question arises how he could compose a novel so mellow and complete. The answer may be something like this.

To begin with, he was a man of well-disciplined and cultivated mind. Add the part, impossible to estimate, contributed by sensibility, imagination, and very notable talent. At Péribonka he must have been all eyes and ears. As best he could, he assembled hurried notes. Bédard, his employer, says that in the middle of his work he would often draw out a little *calepin* and write something in it. One Saturday afternoon, following a certain path down to the river side, he found him writing, his feet dangling in the water, and a red handkerchief about his head. Meanwhile even harassing toil would not prevent him from shaping his plot, the mould into which he would pour his material. He left Péribonka with his telegraphic notes, and with his characters and his plot pretty clear in his mind. Then, most suggestive of all, both Mademoiselle Eva and Bédard say that he went straight to St. Gédéon, at the end of the Lake, where he buried himself in a little hotel, for three weeks, visible only at meal-times. A man can write a lot in three weeks. He left St. Gédéon with his novel complete save for the last revisions. Then, perhaps on the typewriter that, along with his valise, has been sent to the Péribonka Museum, he struck the book off in its final form. After that there remained only death, and the consecration of his talent by the world.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY

BY A. E. PRINCE

IN a message to Hitler, President Roosevelt referred to sundry "heads of governments . . . who are literally responsible for the fate of humanity". He himself is one of them, for he is in the driving seat of the powerful United States, albeit with a difficult and often wayward team of Congress and public opinion. On what fundamental considerations has the President's foreign policy been based prior to September, 1939, and since the outbreak of the European war? The first consideration in his mind has been the non-involvement in war of the United States and of the Americas in general. But the second factor rests on the assumption that the United States can, and should, wield a vital, even a decisive, influence on world affairs. Thirdly, this potent influence should be exerted on behalf of the ideals of the American way of life, the cherishing of religion, democracy and international goodwill; and the ensuring of the independence, peace and prosperity of every individual nation. These ideals are closely akin to those for which the European liberal democracies like Britain and France stand. But the world balance of power has of late years been seriously depressed against these liberal democracies by the alarming increase of weight and strength of the aggressive totalitarian states like Germany, Italy and Japan. Hence the fourth consideration arises, the necessity of tipping the scales against these authoritarian regimes. But alongside this must be placed the fifth factor, the promotion of a better international order with a freer world-economy. Let us examine these basic assumptions and considerations more in detail.

Roosevelt has always sought to avoid the participation of the U.S.A. in a second World War. The first point in his

definition of American foreign policy last spring cited that "We are against any entangling alliances", obviously echoing a passage from Jefferson's First Inaugural Address. In his broadcast on September 3 at the outbreak of the war he insisted on American aloofness: "I hope the United States will keep out of war. I believe that it will." He added, however, the significant warning that "when peace has been broken anywhere, peace of all countries everywhere is in danger. . . . Passionately though we may desire detachment, we are forced to realize that every word that comes through the air, every ship that sails the sea, every battle that is fought does affect the American future."

For indeed Roosevelt has believed fervently in the principle that world peace is indivisible. The United States cannot and should not remain aloof from world affairs; she should exert her influence at least with what he has described as "measures short of war", the second fundamental element in Roosevelt's thinking. It is impossible here to elaborate upon the vicissitudes in the struggle between the two main competing trends in American foreign policy, viz. the activist, collective-action interventionism on the one side and passive isolationism on the other; but a brief account of Roosevelt's attitudes and different emphases may be given.

His sympathies have usually been in favour of an active participation of the U.S.A. in world politics. It should be recalled that he was a disciple of Woodrow Wilson, of whose Administration he was a member. Soon after his first inauguration of President, he supported enthusiastically the project of the World Economic Conference in London. However, the grave necessities of domestic reconstruction under the New Deal forced him to torpedo the Conference almost as soon as it met. Yet in that same year his roving ambassador-at-large, Norman H. Davis, was authorized to give a pledge at Geneva that the United States would be ready to co-operate against

an aggressor state under certain circumstances—a startling departure from isolationism. But international rehabilitation engrossed most of his attention till the Italian attack on Ethiopia in 1935 brought the U.S.A. in the vanguard of the interventionist, collective-action movement. Mr. Roosevelt was willing to go far in co-operating with the League of Nations in imposing “sanctions”, even favouring the embargo upon oil. But when Britain and France baulked at this move, and the Hoare-Laval proposals were mooted, Mr. Roosevelt, disillusioned, reversed his engines in the direction of isolationism from European power politics. The Nye Committee discloses with regard to the share of munitions makers and bankers in involving a country in war fostered that sentiment amongst the American people which eventually took definite shape in the famous Neutrality Laws of August 1935, February 1936 and May 1937. On the outbreak of the Spanish War in July 1936, the Administration embargoed shipments to both belligerents. As an astute politician too he had an eye on the coming Presidential elections and the strength of isolationist public opinion. The highwater mark of this isolationist phase in Roosevelt’s career was his campaign address at Lake Chautauqua on August 26, 1936, asking his compatriots to turn away from the “fool’s gold” of war-profits.

A current running in the other direction of active co-operation was still flowing and it soon began to gather speed. This stream of tendency was revealed in the Tripartite Monetary Agreement of September 1936, with the U.S.A. working alongside Britain and France, the two other great democracies strengthening them against the totalitarian aggressor states. Mr. Roosevelt next bestirred himself to foster the growing movement for general economic “appeasement” whereby adjustments might be made that would satisfy the economic needs of Germany, Italy, etc., and loosen up the intensified trend towards autarchic policies by a freer world-economy. European

statesmen like Bonner, Runciman and Van Zeeland beat a path to Washington.

These hopes of a better international order soon went a-glimmering. On July 7, 1937, Japan launched her formidable attack on China. Nine days later Secretary of State Hull formulated his "Fourteen Points for Peace", laying down the general principles on which peace-loving nations could combine to stop aggression and create a better world. On October 5 the President delivered the militant Chicago speech proposing a "quarantining" of aggressors by an economic boycott; but the subsequent Nine-Power Conference at Brussels petered out under a storm of isolationist sentiment.

However, dramatic external events strengthened American co-operative trends, the Japanese bombing of the Panay, the Anschluss with Austria, the Sudeten Czechoslovak crisis, the absorption by Germany of Bohemia-Moravia, and the Italian invasion of Albania. Gallup polls indicated that over half the Americans questioned believed that the United States might be attacked by the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo powers if Britain and France were defeated. This opinion facilitated the President's determination to back U.S.A. influence in world affairs by a phenomenal increase of armaments, e.g. the extraordinary defence appropriations of last January. Pan-American solidarity was signalized at the Lima Conference in spite of the objections of Argentina.

The third factor of Roosevelt's foreign policy is his desire that the powerful American influence should be thrown into the scale on behalf of the ideals of the American way of life. As the President said in his address to Congress on January 4, 1939: "Storms from abroad directly challenge three institutions indispensable to Americans now as always. The first is religion. It is the source of the other two—democracy and international good faith. Where freedom of religion has been attacked, the attack has come from sources opposed to democracy. Where

democracy has been overthrown, the spirit of free worship has disappeared. And where religion and democracy have vanished, good faith and reason in international affairs have given way to strident ambition and brute force." During his visit to South America for the Inter-American Conference in December 1936 at Buenos Aires, Roosevelt was warmly greeted with cries not so much "Viva Roosevelt" as "Viva Democracia!"; this is said to have greatly struck his imagination.

The recognition of these values of civilization is linked up with the belief of Mr. Roosevelt that definite aid must be afforded to Britain and France as guardians of the same values, whilst the scales must be tipped against the totalitarian states who threaten them—the fourth basic principle of the Administration's foreign policy. The world balance of power has been deplorably jeopardized; the U.S.A. should seek to re-adjust it. Thus Roosevelt conveyed warnings to the dictators that they must not count too optimistically on American neutrality in the event of war; he also made direct appeals to them; e.g. during the Munich crisis and last April and August. On August 18, 1938, he expressed his significant pledge at Kingston that the U.S.A. "will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened by any other Empire." Word-pronouncements were supplemented by concrete deeds of disapproval of the policies of aggressor states. For example the American ambassador to Germany was recalled and notice of the abrogation of the trade treaty with Japan was served to Tokyo. In December a credit of \$25,000,000 was extended to China and the purchase of American aeroplanes by France and Britain was countenanced.

Above all in the regular session of Congress beginning January 1939, he sought to obtain a revision of the "so-called Neutrality Act" as part of a "positive" foreign policy, resting on "methods short of war, but stronger and more effective than mere words." In his message he said that "at the very

least we can and should avoid any action, or any lack of action which will encourage, assist or build up an aggressor . . . and deny (aid) to the victim. The instinct of self-preservation should warn us that we ought not to let that happen any more". Whether or no the President ever said that the frontier of the U.S.A. lay on the Rhine, the whole trend of his foreign policy had undoubtedly veered from isolationism into that of co-operation with the liberal democracies, seriously menaced by the growing military power of dictatorial states flagrantly using force as an instrument of policy. But his urgent pleas were fruitless for revision of the Neutrality Act, which by its wartime embargo upon munitions would deprive Britain and France of their advantages of command of the seas and access to the American sources of supply. Personal and partisan opposition to the President and his policies at home and abroad helped sincere pacifist and isolationist opinion to wreck his proposals; the House of Representatives passed a compromise bill, but on July 11 the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate voted even against consideration of neutrality legislation. After the outbreak of war Roosevelt declared that this Congress action was a minor factor in Hitler's calculations leading to conflict.

Whilst anxious to regulate the world balance of power against the disturbing dictators, Roosevelt sought to apply the fifth principle of his foreign policy, that of conciliation, just appeasement, with the object of a better world order. Point 2 in his definition of policy said, "We are in favour of the maintenance of world trade for everybody—including ourselves." Point 3 said, "We are in complete sympathy with any and every effort to reduce or limit armaments." In his April communication to Hitler he declared himself ready to share in a new world conference "looking towards the most practical manner of opening up avenues of international trade to the end that every nation of the earth may be enabled to

buy and sell on equal terms in the world market as well as to possess assurance of obtaining materials and products of peaceful economic life." Roosevelt resolutely supports Secretary of State Hull's "Good Neighbour" policy, and his extensive system of trade agreements, of which those with Canada and the United Kingdom were possibly the most significant.

And then on September 1st war came. What features of his foreign policy received emphasis? Undoubtedly at the outset the first was stressed, that of the non-involvement of the U.S.A. in the conflict. In his broadcast address Roosevelt said that "I give you assurances that every effort of your Government will be directed to that end. As long as it remains within my power to prevent it, there will be no black-out of peace in the United States." He obeyed the mandate of Congress in the strict letter of the law and invoked the Neutrality Act of 1937, placing an embargo upon armaments and aeroplanes to all belligerents. Seeking to avoid a repetition of the "Lusitania" incident, his administration banned the travel of Americans on belligerent ships in European waters. A "limited national emergency" was proclaimed, which empowered for example the increase of the army and navy as well as F.B.I. personnel for the curbing of hostile aliens; powers were also given to control the movements of foreign vessels "in the territorial waters of the U.S.A." At the Conference of 21 American republics at Panama, begun on September 21, Pan-American neutrality was emphasized and a wide safety zone was proposed all around the hemisphere (excluding Canada), within which belligerent activities were forbidden, i.e. the line of primary defence extended beyond the three-mile limit of the traditional "territorial waters" far out into the ocean. Taking such measures as these Roosevelt, who in August had seemed to be a cautious interventionist un-neutral, appeared in September to have become an isolationist ultra-neutral. Such a pungent diagnosis may however be watered

down. His policy of adopting "measures short of war" on behalf of the other democracies had failed to make the dictatorial states pause in their career of aggression. War in Europe had broken out and the mass of people in his own country wanted to keep that war away from their own shores and were not as yet keyed up to any active participation, for they did not feel themselves directly imperilled. Roosevelt has the long range view which envisages that peril. Nevertheless personal and party animosities against him were widespread—and on the statute book was the Neutrality Act. Only if the former were allayed could this Act be modified. Consequently Roosevelt banged the neutral drum loudly to restore national unity and win confidence in his leadership in foreign affairs.

Assuredly the President has not allowed the din of war to drown out the still, small voice of his political conscience, his sympathy with the way of life and ideals which the Allies cherish. As he said in his broadcast: "I cannot ask that every American remain neutral in thought as well. Even a neutral has a right to take account of facts. Even a neutral cannot be asked to close his mind or his conscience." The U.S.A. would stay out of the war at least for the present. But the Allies were entitled to receive the moral support and the tangible material aid, notably in the shape of munitions and aeroplanes denied them under the "so-called Neutrality Act"; American industrial help must be made early available to Britain and France so that they might the better withstand the totalitarian threat, all the more formidable now that Soviet Russia too had disclosed her crude imperialistic designs in Poland, the Baltic states, etc. In the more favourable atmosphere of increased national unification and non-party feeling engendered by the crisis and Roosevelt's fine statesmanship, he called a special session of Congress for September 21, asking for the embargo repeal and a return to the traditional "old

neutrality" based on international law. On October 27th the Senate passed the revised Neutrality bill by a decisive vote of 63 to 30 after an animated debate illustrative of American attitudes on foreign policies—the discussions being maintained on a general high level with a few acrimonious interludes. The embargo was lifted, sales to belligerents of arms and aeroplanes being permitted on a "cash-and-carry" basis. To prevent embroilment in war complications, American vessels were forbidden to carry arms to any belligerent port, and supplies or passengers to belligerent ports with sundry exceptions, e.g. ports in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and on the Pacific. Restrictions on the entry of American ships in "combat areas" and on the use of American ports by belligerent submarines and armed vessels were amongst other provisions adopted to keep the country out of the conflict. The House of Representatives approved of the embargo repeal on November 2nd by the unexpectedly large majority of 62 (243 to 181). Roosevelt's leadership has gained a triumph. The neutrality of the U.S.A. has been safeguarded for the present whilst at the same time his state has thrown its weight into the scale against totalitarianism on behalf of the other democracies in the shape of sorely needed arms and aeroplanes. This aid is a vital factor in a war which Washington hopes will be an Allied military victory, or at least a military stalemate and an economic conflict wherein the Allies have superior paralysing resources. If these hopes do not seem likely to materialize, and democracy in Europe falls in grave peril, the President will use all his influence to redress the balance, even if it involves actual participation by the U.S.A. armed forces in the struggle. Whether strong and neutral, or strong and militant, Roosevelt would have his country help in the establishment of a just peace and a better world order. Roosevelt has proved himself in the past, and will in the future, a "Good Neighbour" to Canada, the British Commonwealth and liberal democracy.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

POLITICAL SCIENCE

GOVERNMENT AND THE GOVERNED. By R. H. G. Crossman. London: Christophers, 1939. Pp. viii+303. 7s. 6d. net.

For over a hundred years, the English-speaking world assumed that the ultimate political questions had been solved. This encourages a belief in the timelessness of political philosophy. The thinkers who supplied the ideas for political liberalism had grasped eternal truths and the errors of all the others could easily be demonstrated. Accordingly, little interest was taken in the history of political ideas. Writing on the subject consisted mainly of arid summaries of the great thinkers and protracted debate over the philosophical assumptions and logical coherence of their views. Since 1930, this easy optimism has been shattered and a new interest awakened in political theory. Marx, in particular, has enjoyed a great vogue and the study of him has led to renewed interest in the significance of Hegel for political philosophy. Emigrés from Germany have begun to publish in English some of the impressive formulations of German sociology—a discipline deeply influenced by both Hegel and Marx. The English-speaking world is beginning to get something more than a nodding acquaintance with the historical relativism of political ideas.

Government and the Governed is an excellent introduction to this view of political ideas. It sets out to show that "influential political ideas are rarely the product of a directing brain", that "they spring out of the actual struggle for existence" and are therefore moulded by the social conditions of the time and place. Although a theory, once embraced and popularized, may help to make the future, the theory itself is thrown up by the urgencies of the time. Of course, the reaction of men to their time is significantly influenced by ideas which they themselves have inherited from the past but the direction and emphasis of their thought is derived from their experience. Accordingly, what is offered here is not so much a history of political ideas as a study of the way in which the political, economic and social transformations of the western world in the modern age have contributed to the shaping of those ideas. This involves an interpretation of the history of modern Europe and a discriminating selection of historical facts—a large task for a small book. Consequently, the author has not found space to buttress many of his broad generalizations with fact and argument nor to make explicit the qualifications to which general propositions are always subject. However, the thesis, proposed in the introduction, that fish will always think fishy thoughts and will never quite realize how fishy their excogitations are, is brilliantly maintained.

The relationship of ideas to the social structure is a matter of great complexity and the discussion of it by sociologists is frequently carried on in a highly technical language with a confusing display of erudition. It is a great merit of this book that it is clearly written in simple language and not obscured by recondite allusions. If it fails to make political ideas interesting to the reader, he is recommended to divert himself with other studies.

The fundamental ideas of Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Paine, and the English Utilitarians are placed in their historical setting. The relation of these thinkers to the absolute state and its overthrow by the liberal revolutions in Britain and France are analysed in terms which, in the main, are not new but which are clearly and systematically stated for the general reader in English. As he approaches the present day and the war of ideologies with which it is tormented, there is more of novelty in his interpretation. The discussion of the way in which events led to the formulation of the political theories now honoured in Russia, Italy and France is very suggestive and deserves the attention of all who wish to understand the significance of the great dictatorships. Political liberalism triumphed and endured in Britain, France and the United States because it was established before the industrial revolution brought new conditions, social dislocations, and therefore new competing political ideas. In other European countries, its coming was too long postponed. In the fateful year, 1848, the abortive liberal revolutions significantly coincided with the launching of the Communist Manifesto. Thereafter, the forces which previously had combined for a liberal triumph were divided in purpose and could not make a united assault on absolutism. Even after the shock of the first world war swept away these antiquated régimes, the restless dynamics of large scale capitalism prevented the sustained social stability needed to lay the foundations of the liberal state. In Italy, the liberal revolution came late and liberalism was never more than a façade. Dictatorships of some kind became inevitable.

Britain, United States and France, on the other hand, working within a firmly established framework of national unity, have thus far succeeded in making tolerable, though precarious, adjustments to change by the liberal methods of compromise. This does not mean that National Liberalism can continue to endure. It too was appropriate to a particular phase of historical development and must pass from the scene in the altered conditions of the twentieth century. Historical relativism readily brings the author to this conclusion. However, although he is greatly indebted to Marx, he does not accept Marx' prophecy as to the nature and course of the changes that must come and he has little patience with the current analyses and predictions indulged in by most Marxists.

Mr. Crossman points out what Marx himself and many of his followers forget—that even Marx was a child of his time. He lived in the midst of the amazing revolution which the new methods of economic production wrought in European society. He was deeply influenced by the Utilitarians whose political theory rested basically on an economic interpretation of history. Since the fifteenth century, the economic order had always worked its will upon politics. Thus Marx was misled when he generalized this observed uniformity into a universal law. His own philosophy should have taught him that all social prediction is severely conditioned by history and thus denied the validity of physical science. In fact, a number of powerful non-economic forces are now dominating the stage of history and contemporary analysis must weigh them carefully if it is to understand what is going on.

It is this sure grasp of relativism and an acute awareness of the strength of non-economic forces which give this book its freshness and suggestiveness. The debate as to whether Stalin or Trotsky is the true disciple of Marx is meaningless. The Russian experiment neither proves nor disproves Marx' theories because it is not taking place under the historical conditions which he envisaged. It is merely the creation of another nation state—a proposition which scarcely needs any proof after the events of the last few months! The blunder of regarding the Nazi regime as a dictatorship of big business is clearly exposed. It is not the rational calculations of capitalism but the irrational or supra-rational forces of nationalism and racialism which grip Germany to-day. Many other cogently argued interpretations of the recent past await the reader.

J. A. C.

TURKEY, GREECE AND THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN. By G. F. Hudson. Oxford Pamphlets. No. 9. Pp. 32. 10c.

This pamphlet ably summarizes the story of international politics on the northern side of the Eastern Mediterranean. Italy might well have been included in the title, for Hudson writes that "the imperial ambitions of Italy give a certain dramatic unity to the whole story from 1911 to the present day". The importance of the Dodecanese islands is clearly brought out. They have been a source of estrangement between Italy and Turkey from the time of their seizure by Italy in 1911 to the present war; they have been a main factor in Turkey's determining alignment with Britain and France, against the Italy of the Rome-Berlin Axis. When Hudson wrote he did not envisage the complications in the Eastern Mediterranean produced by the revival of Russia's imperialism. Yet he narrates well the rivalries of the Great Powers in the region prior to 1914; the complexities engendered by the secret

treaties concluded during and after the war with their promissory notes to Russia, Italy, France and Greece; the Turkish revival under Kemal, which rendered them abortive; and the resumption of Italian ambitions under Mussolini. A postscript bringing the story up to date is needed. A. E. P.

THE DANUBIAN BASIN. By C. A. Macartney. Oxford Pamphlets, No. 10. Pp. 32. 10c.

The problems of the Danubian basin states are clearly analysed in this pamphlet. The reasons for the political instability of this region are suggested, such as the baffling mixtures of peoples. The impact of outside forces — notably Russia and Austria — is indicated, the problems of the Austro-Hungarian Empire receiving close attention, as also the difficulties attendant on the post-war settlement, *e.g.*, in Hungary and Bulgaria. Mr. Macartney shows also how this "frail structure" was buttressed in the years following 1919 by the Little Entente arrangements, the stabilizing influence of the League of Nations, etc. But the rise of Nazi Germany from 1933 revolutionized the situation, especially from 1939 with its "Lebensraum" doctrine, and (when the pamphlet was written) "Germany and to a lesser extent Italy occupy . . . a position of almost unchallenged domination in the Danube basin". Like Mr. Hudson, Mr. Macartney was inclined to forget or underestimate the potentialities of Russia in this arena. Bohemia and Moravia were incorporated in the Reich in March 1939, not in February (pp. 26, 27). This pamphlet admirably combines a narrative of events with philosophic discussions. A. E. P.

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

THE CASE AGAINST EXPERIENCE RATING IN UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION. By Richard A. Lester and Charles V. Kidd. Published by Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc., New York, August, 1939. Pp. 60. \$1.00.

To help clarify the current discussion concerning the contribution structure most appropriate to unemployment compensation, Industrial Relations Counselors Inc. have recently published two monographs.

The first monograph, issued last April, presents the affirmative side of the case for experience rating, under the title of "The Case for Experience Rating in Unemployment Compensation and a Proposed Method."

In the present study the authors (Richard A. Lester, assistant professor in the College of Economics and Business of the University of Washington, and Charles V. Kidd, who recently left the Department of Economics and Social Institutions of Princeton University to join the staff of the Social Security Board) present

the case against experience rating in the light of its two main objectives—(1) the prevention of unemployment by stimulating employers to regularize their operations, and (2) the equitable distribution of the social costs of unemployment by placing the burden of such costs on the employers and consumers “responsible” for them.

The conclusion is that

... the dual objectives of maximum stimulation of regularization and of equitable distribution of social costs frequently will conflict with each other and lead to inconsistencies. One objective may be pursued at the expense of the other.

Unemployment is a market phenomenon, characteristic of our kind of economy. It is not possible to pin the responsibility for unemployment upon particular employers, because unemployment results primarily from general changes in the rate of spending. Nor is it possible to separate avoidable unemployment from instability that is inherent in our business economy, yet such a separation would be necessary if all employers were to be equally rewarded for the achievement of more stable employment. . .

Even assuming that the responsibility for all compensable unemployment could be allotted to individual employers or consumers, there is no certainty that the burden of the tax would really rest upon them and not be shifted to other shoulders, such as those of the workers. If the tax is not shifted to consumers, they are not paying for their irregular buying habits; if it is fully shifted to consumers or, as is more likely, to wage earners, then the employer escapes the burden and the tax does not act as an incentive to stabilization.

The basic arguments for experience rating, which at first glance seem plausible, are found to be false. On theoretical as well as practical grounds, experience rating is condemned. Its application is found to be undesirable socially and economically: it would increase unemployment by causing employers to keep their working forces at a minimum; it would have the further unfortunate effect of raising an employer's tax rate in depression periods.

The study is likely to be warmly welcomed by those interested in the probable effectiveness and the administrative practicability of experience rating. It clarifies many much debated points and affords a basis for sound conclusions.

J. C. C.

DENMARK, A SOCIAL LABORATORY. By Peter Manniche. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1939. Pp. 215. \$1.50 net.

The founder and Principal of the International Peoples' College at Elsinore writes here with deep insight and quiet pride about selected features of Danish social life. He does not attempt to give a comprehensive or balanced picture of the economic and

social structure. He deals mainly with the development of the famous Danish co-operatives, the source of their strength, and their place in the life of Denmark. There are added chapters on social legislation and on life in an agricultural village as well as 150 attractive photographs which add greatly to the interest of the book.

He explains the revival of the Danish spirit after the humiliations which culminated in the loss of the rich province of Schleswig in 1864 and describes the reconstruction of the Danish rural economy after it was disrupted by the competition of cheap cereals from the American prairies in the 'seventies. A remarkable adjustment was carried through without coercion and without the intervention of government on a large scale. The immediate instrument was the voluntary co-operative movement which has grown until 90% of the rural population participate in some of its many-sided activities. The farmers of Denmark managed to maintain their economic independence and to compete with their produce in the most competitive markets of the world. Small specialized producers relying on distant markets established high standards of quality in their produce, enforced orderly marketing and steadily improved their standard of living until the collapse of world prices in the present decade.

Although small in scale, this is no small achievement. The conditions of the modern world make a large measure of collective action necessary for survival. We have become accustomed to see collective action imposed politically from above to the destruction of personal liberty and independence. In Scandinavia, and in Denmark, in particular, collective action has come spontaneously from below to fulfil liberty rather than to destroy it. If their present position is precarious, it is due to no failing of their own but to the incapacity of larger and richer countries to maintain a stable structure of order in the world.

The part which processing, marketing and consumers' co-operatives have played in raising the level of civilized existence is described in this book. The record is a striking testimony to vitality of freedom and democracy when they can find the necessary inspiration and the appropriate organization. Dr. Manniche does not attempt any complete analysis of the causes of this success. He does, however, reveal some of the conditions which made it possible and he gives an absorbing account of one of the major factors in the achievement.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, Denmark became a land of small peasant proprietors. Despite their individualism and passion for independence which predisposes them against reliance on government action, farmers have a developed sense of community with their neighbours. This awareness of inter-

dependence leads to voluntary co-operation where the need and promise of it are perceived. The homogeneity of the Danish people insured a similarity of outlook on their problems. Large concentrations of commercial and financial power which might have tried to frustrate the co-operative movement did not exist. These conditions provided the opportunity but not the inspiration and direction necessary. Similar conditions have existed edsewhere without bringing such conspicuous success.

Dr. Manniche's story shows clearly the source from which the inspiration came. Bishop Grundtvig was one of the great apostles of liberal nationalism. In the religious fervour of his nationalism and his belief in democracy, he ranks with Mazzini. He preached a creed of "All for one and one for all", to be realized through voluntary community effort. He inspired the folk high schools, the system of adult education which revealed the fellowship of the Danish people through a study of their history and literature. These schools fostered the co-operative movement, not by teaching the mechanics of co-operation but by inculcating a profound sense of community in the Danish farmers. What has been happily called a "spontaneous collectivism" came into being without invoking political absolutism.

We shall do well to ponder, also, the fact that this remarkable educational movement has never really gripped the urban worker. No explanation of this is attempted beyond the suggestion that the drab monotony of industrial work and living conditions drive the worker to seek escape in the shallow amusements which invite his patronage. Of course, there is a vast deal more to it than this but the discussion lies beyond the scope of this book. Although the results obtained in the Danish social laboratory are far from providing a formula they throw some light on the conditions under which enduring liberty is to be vouchsafed to social man.

J. A. C.

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION, A Study in Collective Bargaining and Political Pressure. By S. D. Clark. University of Toronto Press. 1939. Pp. xiii+107. \$2.00.

This little book, commendable in its brevity and directness, is a straightforward study of the rôle of a trade association as the organization of an economic group. In a sense, it is a study in social organization, and attempts to throw light on the place of such associations in the functioning of society.

The author traces in detail the development of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and its predecessors. He demonstrates that the cohesion of the group was found in the common interest of manufacturers in the protective tariff, and he shows that, as

manufacturing industry became more diverse in product and in size, there was a loss in common interest. The character of the Association changed markedly. Less emphasis was placed on tariff legislation and more on other types of legislation. Greater emphasis was placed, also, on the provision co-operatively of a considerable variety of services to the small manufacturer who was unable to employ his own technical advisers. While the big industries have remained members of the Association they have not been dependent upon it nor has it, to any great extent, represented their views.

The study is an objective one, no attempt being made to assess the social value of the Association's objects. While the author points out the implications of the work of such an association in the organization of a national community, he resists the temptation to philosophize about it. He has thereby greatly enhanced the usefulness of his study, which is the first of its type in Canada.

W. A. M.

TOWARD MENTAL HEALTH IN SCHOOL. By C. Roger Myers. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1939. Pp. vi+151. \$1.50.

This is a straightforward and effective presentation of the problem of mental hygiene in school, from the point of view of the teacher. It was perhaps unfortunate, in writing for an audience many of whom will never consult the more detailed works that are recommended, to make the problem of mental illness so simple; but the main purpose of the book, to bring maladjustment to the teacher's notice and to give her an idea of what it is like and how it may affect behaviour, has been admirably achieved. The account of personality defects, especially in the shy, submissive or "model" child, is good and very much needed. Parents and teachers should both find the book readable, interesting and of practical value.

D. H.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

HINDUISM OR CHRISTIANITY. By Sydney Cave. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

TRUE HUMANISM. By Jacques Maritain, Geoffrey Bles. Centenary Press. 10s. 6d.

THOMAS AQUINAS: SELECTED WRITINGS. Edited by M. C. D'Arcy. London: J. M. Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton.

A COMPANION TO THE SUMMA, Vol. II. By Walter Farrell. Sheed and Ward.

RELIGION AND THE GROWING MIND. By B. A. Yeaxlee. Nisbet.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE SYLLABUS OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING FOR SCHOOLS, 1939. Cambridge University Press.

THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY. Edited by Kenneth Kirk. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.

THE GOLDEN MIDDLE AGE. By Roger Lloyd. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

THE SAVOY DECLARATION, 1658. Heffer, Cambridge. 1s.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD. By John Baillie. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

At one time Europe with America was almost synonymous with Christendom. European civilization, therefore, was, at least in intention, Christian. Inevitably, then, when the great missionary expansion began, the first missionaries did not always distinguish clearly between that in their message which was integral to the Gospel and that which belonged merely to the contingencies of Western civilization. This did not greatly matter when Western civilization was welcomed, admired and eagerly imitated by Oriental peoples. But, more particularly since the Great War, the Oriental peoples have become disillusioned about our once vaunted Christian civilization and openly contemptuous. It therefore becomes vital for the Christian missionary (whether he have in mind the so-called 'foreign field' or the vast pagan or semi-pagan areas at home), that he distinguish between the essence of his message and its local or temporary dress, between Christ and Christendom, between the Christian revelation and Christianity as an empirical Church.

Such considerations lie behind Dr. Cave's book, which is a model of what we call the comparative study of religion or (regardless of grammar) 'comparative religion'. He sets before us Christianity and Hinduism, each being treated in the light of its principles, not in the gloom of its failures. It is to be hoped that the book will be widely read in India, but for us also in the Occident it has its value as helping to define what our religion is in essence.

Christ's Kingdom is 'not of this world'; the Gospel is not a political programme; Christianity is not to be identified with any particular social order. This does not mean that Christianity has nothing to say in the present crisis of civilization. On the contrary, it may reasonably be maintained that some new type of Christendom is the only alternative to barbarism and chaos. "Modern civilization", says M. Maritain, "is a worn-out vesture: it is not a question of sewing on patches here and there, but of a total and substantial reformation, a trans-valuation of its cultural principles; since what is needed is a change to the primacy of quality over quantity, of work over money, of the human over

technical means, of wisdom over science, of the common service of human beings instead of the covetousness of unlimited individual enrichment or a desire in the name of the State for unlimited power." Towards the attempt to think out "a conceivable new Christendom" *True Humanism* is widely recognized as a most important contribution. But it is not an altogether easy book. The translator doubtless has an intimate knowledge of French, but the style of his translation is often obscure and cumbrous.

M. Maritain's strictures upon Marxism are searching and not unsympathetic. Protestantism in his (most questionable) view stands for grace without freedom; the humanism of the modern world stands for freedom without grace. The author pleads, therefore, for a theocentric humanism. "We must choose between the idea of an essentially industrial society and an essentially human one." The criticisms and suggestions of the book are based on sound Thomist principles. It would be well if Protestants could remember that St. Thomas is a Father (and a saint) of the still undivided Western Church. At present the radical wing of Protestantism is disposed to deny the Fall of man; the conservative wing tends to be more Barthian than Barth, asserting the total depravity of man and denying the possibility of a civilization deserving the name of Christian. It is those who turn back to St. Thomas who seem to have the firmest basis for a Christian 'sociology'.

Happily the study of St. Thomas is becoming easier than it was. Hitherto almost the only translations available have been the rather overwhelming volumes produced by the English Dominicans. We can now welcome in the 'Everyman' series an admirable selection of the saint's writings which will serve as an introduction to his thought. It is eminently suitable that three of his sermons and the Service he wrote for the Feast of Corpus Christi should precede the more technical passages. We may welcome, too, the first volume (though it is technically Volume II) of an exegesis of the *Summa Theologica*, much easier to follow than the original, by Fr. Farrell. This volume treats of 'the pursuit of happiness' following the *prima secundae* of the *Summa*.

The term 'religious education' is not altogether in good odour in scholastic circles. Education we know, and religion we know, but 'religious education' has most unfortunately come to be associated with amateur psychology and humanistic ethics. Yet what could be a more weighty study for the learned than the religious training of the young? It is, therefore, peculiarly pleasing to be able warmly to commend Dr. Yeaxlee's *Religion and the Growing Mind*. One who would approach this subject scientifically should be a master or, at least, an advanced scholar in the art and theory of teaching, in psychology, and, not least, in sound theology. Dr. Yeaxlee walks with a firm tread in these three fields. His book

concerns parents, teachers and all those in any way concerned with education.

The publication of the *Cambridgeshire Syllabus for Religious Teaching in Schools 1939* may prove an event of national importance in the land of its origin, but it may be commended much more widely. It is the joint work of experienced teachers and of theologians from many schools of thought. It is a remarkable production of Christian unity. Here we find no thin dilution of Christian principles, but a careful syllabus whereby the child from nursery age till sixteen years can be grounded in the Scriptures and the Christian faith. Such a scheme may in other countries find no place in the public schools, but it may prove of great service in other ways.

Another remarkable achievement of increasing Christian unity is the appearance of an introduction to the whole field of theological studies, intended for the educated layman, and written by contributors from very different ecclesiastical traditions. Fr. D'Arcy, S.J., writes on the Philosophy of Religion; Professor Dodd (on the New Testament) and myself (on the History of Christian Doctrine) represent Orthodox Dissent; the remaining contributors are Anglican; for instance, the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Kirk) writes on his own special subject of Moral Theology, the late Professor Goudge on Symbolic Theology, Mr. E. C. Ratcliff on Liturgiology, and Professor N. P. Williams upon 'What is Theology?' a brilliant essay. "We do not claim", says Dr. Kirk in his foreword, "to have written more than a *Baedeker* sketching the vast landscape which theology presents." The book may be criticized as lacking uniformity; thus Professor Danby's treatise on the Old Testament is not precisely parallel with Professor Dodd's on the New, or, again, Professor Thompson's conception of his subject (Church History) is much more denominational than that of other writers, but in the main this is a remarkable introduction to theological studies ('though I say it as shouldn't') and has some further interest in that it represents in the main the theological faculty of the University of Oxford.

Canon Lloyd introduces his book upon the Middle Age with a most engaging modesty and qualifies (here and there) our enjoyment by infelicities of proof-reading, but it is an entirely delightful book. If it hardly ranks as 'a contribution to learning' in the technical sense of the schools, at least it is based upon wide reading and genuine knowledge. It may have little new for the technical historian, but for the general reader it provides a fascinating introduction to one of the great periods of European history; it makes live for us the University of Paris and the great school of Chartres, and conjures up for us great figures such as Gerbert (*Stupor Mundi* in his day) and the rare scholar Fulbert, Peter Abelard and Gilbert Porée, John of Salisbury and 'the an-

gelic doctor'. Another document which, we may hope, will make live for us a tradition too easily forgotten or despised is Messrs Heffer's excellent reprint of *The Savoy Declaration*, the most famous utterance of classical Congregationalism. It follows the Westminster Confession closely over much of the field. The right preparation for any 're-statement' of the Church's faith includes a profound and reverent understanding of the old.

Atheism may be a typically bourgeois and sophisticated fancy, but the workers' unions of Russia are its missionaries at present. Professor Baillie does not think that we can best meet this challenge by reference to the old 'proofs of the existence of God'. In his new book he maintains with learning, sympathy and understanding that 'there is no reality by which we are more directly confronted than we are by the Living God'. Thus in a very striking argument he carries the war into the enemy's own country.

All these books were published very shortly before the war; only *True Humanism* is directly relevant to the issues of the crisis; yet not one of them is without significance for what is likely to be the great theological and practical interest of these days—the nature, the foundation, the principles of 'Christendom'. N. M.

WESLEY AND DEMOCRACY. By J. Wesley Bready, Toronto: Ryerson Press. Pp. xl+65. Cloth \$1.00, paper 50c.

The Ryerson Press, under the title "Wesley and Democracy", has just issued in a booklet of sixty-five pages the matter of seven radio talks given by Dr. J. Wesley Bready over a national hook-up of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation last summer. Many who heard them at that time will be glad to have them in this permanent form. Of Dr. Bready's competence to speak on this subject no one will have any doubts who has read his *England Before and After Wesley* and his earlier books on Shaftesbury and Barnardo. All three have taken their place as authoritative in their field. The present booklet summarizes crisply the conclusions of the three larger works and will serve a useful purpose if it leads the reader to broader study of Wesley and the century on which he set his mark.

J. R. W.

FRENCH CANADA

LE CANADA FRANCAIS ET SON EXPRESSION LITTÉRAIRE. By Jules Léger. Paris: Librairie Nizet & Bastard, 1938. Pp. 211.

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH CANADA: A Study of the Literature. By Ian Forbes Fraser. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1939. Pp. x+219. \$2.75.

Since the first studies seeking to explain French Canadian Literature, a new generation of critics has arisen. Younger scholars

bring into their survey a greater historical objectivism. Their methods of evaluation have become more assertive, less inspired by apologetic. The question as to whether this sentiment is necessary or not would take us too far, but there seems to be a welcome tendency towards a stronger discrimination as to what is really literature among the writings of the French people of Canada, how this literature was brought about by the conditions prevailing in the Province of Quebec, and how in turn it explains the French Canadians. All this is to the good.

M. Jules Léger is a graduate of the Université de Montréal. In his thesis for a Doctor's degree at the Sorbonne, he takes the broader view (perfectly justified in my opinion), and considers 'the origins of French Canadian Literature as going back to the very foundation of the Colony'. Here, of course, the critics are at variance, because the works were really either of French travellers (Champlain, Charlevoix, La Hontan), or missionaries (*Relations des Jésuites*, *Mère Marie de l'Incarnation*). On the other hand, it is Canada which they deal with and which forms their background.

In his treatment of the literature since 1760, M. Léger has the originality to present the authors and the works in each period as functions of the political and social conditions of the times. One recognizes here the theories of the French school of criticism and one gains a picture that is really crystal-clear, and, at times, convincing enough. (cf. p. 77, the conclusion of the passage on Garneau). At other times, one cannot help wondering whether such syntheses of circumstances and thoughts preceding the analyses of the prose or poetry do not lead to oversimplification: life is always a complex.

However, the intention is very competently carried out. It smacks of the enthusiasm of the young scholar (cf. the passage on Buies, or the appreciation of the poets Nelligan and Ferland) and thereby gains our sympathy. The judgments are sound: "En somme la réaction des auteurs canadiens devant le Romantisme fut éminemment catholique"; the French is terse and crisp, "Au Canada, le roman, comme la poésie, se débat entre ces deux extrêmes: une assimilation trop complète à la littérature française d'une part, et un régionalisme fermé aux influences extérieures d'autre part." (This was written, of course, before the publication of Ringuet's *Trente Arpents*.) And the conclusion seems to the reviewer just in its helpfulness: "Nous n'avons pas crié au chef d'œuvre parce qu'il est encore à venir . . . Le Canada, pays français dans sa partie qui nous intéresse, pays de la mesure et de l'ordre, accepte ces débuts féconds que présagent un avenir aux possibilités illimitées." On the whole, M. Léger's book is "un livre de bonne foi", a modern guide for the student of French Canadian Literature.

Mr. I. F. Fraser is a Scotsman, educated at first in Montréal, to become later a junior Professor of French at Columbia University. He has published already an extremely useful 'Bibliography of French Canadian Poetry'. His present work (also his thesis for his Doctor's degree at Columbia) has a different aim from that of M. J. Léger. Starting with a list of 'Themes of National Inspiration in French Canadian Literature', he surveys the evolution of each one of these from 1850 up to the publication of *Ménard, Maître Draveur* by Abbé F. A. Savard in 1937. His quotations (and especially of poetry) are more numerous: the book could very well serve as an anthology conceived on an unusual inductive plan. The choice of the themes and their arrangement is very traditional and orthodox, and this cannot be a reproach when treating of Quebec. In succession we are concerned with the history of the race, the Mother Country (France), the Roman Catholic Church, Language and Folklore, and the Cult of the Soil, all well-known factors in the formation of the spirit of French Canada, but never before have they been subject to an analyse d'ensemble, nor has their historical persistence in the character of the people been so well shown through the literature.

The questions of the feelings of French Canadians for France and the significance of the Catholic religion in the national life are dangerous for the stranger in Quebec to dwell on. Mr. Fraser steers through them, however, by dint of his tact: "No one may have been able to define precisely what was meant by the 'preservation of a French way of life', and yet many have felt the importance of a united effort to this end" (p. 79). Or again, the account of the revision of Garneau's History (p. 108). Further, his judgments are level-headed and bear the mark of common sense and understanding. His book also is sympathetic. Here is a critic from a foreign land who knows the faults (if faults they be) and who exposes them in such a manner as to give no offence. On the subject of the French Canadian language, he may go too far when he puts it, however cautiously: "it may be that in years to come, young French Canadian writers will be able to study Canadian, rather than French, models of diction." Such optimism, however, completes that of M. Léger.

But it is in the last part of his book, 'The Cult of the Soil', that Mr. Fraser strikes a note of most interesting, complete originality. His own bent for poetry, his knowledge of French Canadian poets have served him well and he gives us a precious choice of texts. The very names of the paragraphs: Attachment to the Soil, Life on the Farm, Life in the Forests, La Petite Patrie, are redolent of the feelings one finds expressed at all periods in the poetry of Canada (whether French or English), and Mr. Fraser's exegesis of a poem by Blanche Lamontagne (pp. 189 ff.) is both

clever and elating. Truly, it is good criticism, such as any reader will enjoy.

And our two books end on the same conclusion. Mr. Fraser is perhaps a shade less optimistic than M. Léger when it comes to the concept of the works of literature that might truly be called French Canadian:

"Some poets and novelists have not looked beyond regional peculiarities, customs, and traditions for inspiration, since they have been told that exoticism and psychologisme are European, not Canadian. As a result, possibly gifted observers and analysts have limited their horizon to avoid offending again a principle that the leaders of the movement for nationalization had not preconized. Whatever the formula, viability will be the test, of course, and that can be determined only with the passage of time."

But if young critics of promise can be induced to devote to French Canada, in two successive years, books of such a wide appeal, and so meet in their conclusions, one should have no fear indeed either for the vitality of the people of the country nor for the furtherance of their literature.

M. T.

CANADIAN PROSE AND VERSE

SIR GILBERT PARKER: AN APPRAISAL. By Sir Andrew Macphail. From the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1939. Pp. 13.

LETTERS IN CANADA, 1938. Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse. Reprinted from the University of Toronto Quarterly. 1939. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press. 1939. Pp. 218.

CROSS-COUNTRY. By Alan Creighton. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1939. Pp. 68. \$2.00.

LYRICS AND SONNETS. By Lilian Leveridge. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1939. Pp. 32. Seventy-five cents.

THE WIND OUR ENEMY. By Anne Marriott. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1939. Pp. 7. Fifty cents.

EXCUSE FOR FUTILITY. By Charles Frederick Boyle. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1939. Pp. 8. Fifty cents.

REWARD AND OTHER POEMS. By Isobel McFadden. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1939. Pp. 8. Fifty cents.

THE SONG OF THE SEA. By Joseph Twomlow-Britt. Dallas, Texas: The Kaleidograph Press. 1939. Pp. 39.

The late Sir Andrew Macphail's estimate of the work of Sir Gilbert Parker was intended to serve as an introduction to *Pierre and His People*, in a new edition not actually published. Dr. Lorne Pierce, who supplies a foreword, has contributed this essay to the thirty-third volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of

Canada. Sir Andrew strongly deprecates over-much insistence on the Canadian quality of what is called, for convenience, Canadian Literature, which is a branch of English literature, just as English literature is a branch of general world literature. With characteristic force and reason, he says the right things about Parker's merits and demerits as a story-teller, but he greatly overrates the sonnet *Envoy*, while admitting that Parker is not to be taken seriously as a poet. He thinks that Sir Gilbert's fame depends upon his forty tales of *Pretty Pierre* and upon the books about Quebec.

Gay and gallant were the scenes Sir Gilbert Parker loved to produce. For thirty years he moved amongst them with an air of innocence, an urbane and gracious figure, without criticism, without irony, with never a word of derogation or thought of malice. He won for his characters approval, for himself affection. The affection remains, although for this generation the gaiety is forced and the spectacle dulled.

The tones and trends of literature produced in the Dominion are considered annually in *Letters in Canada*. The lists form a permanent record and the critical estimates are thoughtful and suggestive. The categories include English-Canadian poetry, fiction and drama, and French-Canadian and New-Canadian letters.

Of the six offerings of verse Alan Creighton's and Anne Marriott's are the most interesting. Mr. Creighton's *Cross-Country* is his second yield. Spacious landscapes and more delicately etched seasonal scenes are toned in with sympathy and sincerity, particularly *Clouds* and *Blue Valley in March*. The quality of the love poems is less original. In the third group *Fisherman* and *Summer Sky* are noteworthy, and in the concluding section this poet's passion for a better-ordered world gains strength, as in *Song in Exile*, *Street Playing* and *College Graduate*. Although Mr. Creighton is not yet catholic enough for the good of his art and although Whitman's influence controls over-much both his thought and his manner, yet he has poetic energy and is learning to become himself.

There is worth in *The Wind our Enemy*—the worth of real feeling and fresh phrasing. The poem pictures the material havoc wrought by prairie dust-storms while dejection invades hope and is resisted by a forlorn courage. The medium is free verse, lapsing at times into rhetorical patches and echoing catchwords, needing more discipline, yet realistically effective at certain moments, especially in the final scenes. Miss Marriott's work in general has a swift vigour and a quick understanding that, as her life and art mature, may serve her well.

Of the remaining contributions *The Song of the Sea* fails through want of sufficient imaginative experience and technical skill. Miss McFadden's *Reward and Other Poems* contains some

rather commonplace verses, relieved by an occasional gleam of promise. Miss Leveridge's writing is better known. Its mild music accords with its interest in the daily round, but it is too conventional in motive and movement to sustain itself for long. Mr. Boyle's *Excuse for Futility* has much the same accent as his *Stars before the Wind*. One or two of the sonnets, however, show some advance. Careful revision and a growing knowledge of prosody may give this writer's future work a better chance.

G. H. C.

THE STRUGGLE IN ASIA

THE PEOPLE'S WAR. By I. Epstein. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1939. Pp. 375. \$2.00.

It is difficult for those who knew the weakness of the Chinese armies a decade ago to understand their resistance to the armed forces of Japan to-day. Mr. Epstein has attempted an answer to the riddle. He commences with a statement of the causes of the present struggle. This is followed by a description of the break up of the armies of the Chinese war lords under the increasing pressure of the Japanese, on the one hand, and popular Chinese demand upon the other.

The story of the growth of a popular Chinese front commences about 1937, shortly before the incident identified with the Marco Polo Bridge. The movement appears to have started with a small group comprised of students, workers, disbanded soldiers and an elderly woman of good family. This latter is a typical Chinese touch. This small group lived a precarious existence in the Western Hills near Peiping. Food and supplies were obtained largely through the activities of the elderly woman, who was able to enter Peiping under the guise of a Manchurian peasant. Propaganda, in traditional Chinese fashion, aroused the interest and support of the surrounding country where news of resistance to the Japanese, even on the part of a small group, brought new hope to the people. A type of propaganda new in North China appears to be the rise of popular national songs. The author puts much store by the stimulating and unifying effect of these songs. Group singing with almost religious fervour seems to have fired the imagination of all classes of people.

The development of this small nucleus into a fighting force, its catalytic action upon the partially dormant and mutually suspicious armies of the country and their subsequent resistance to the invading armies comprises the main body of the book. A feature of great importance is the guerilla warfare carried on by bands of peasants who have turned their efforts against the ubiquitous Japanese since Chinese bandits themselves "are in the army now".

Not the least striking feature of this new Chinese Army of the People is its attempt to gain the confidence of the peasants. Officers and men are instructed to treat the peasants with courtesy, food is paid for at current rates, billets are not demanded but are requested and paid for, looting and the general disorder which has formerly been associated with the Chinese armies is no more. If this be true, even in part, it goes far to explain the unexpected strength of the Chinese forces.

Unfortunately, the style in which the book is written is bad. The author's experience has made him a very biased observer. His inadequate statement of the causes of the war leaves a false impression with the reader from the first. The reader will therefore be carried through the book by his own determination rather than by any interest sustained, and he would do well to accept the general picture with a certain reserve.

H. W. H.

FICTION

MILE END. By Kathleen Nott. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company. Pp. 510. \$2.75.

Miss Nott's first novel has grown out of her long practice of social and clinical psychology in the East End of London. The experience gained in visiting many Jewish homes in that district gives her work verisimilitude, but the story as a whole is more mystical than realistic. The author, although herself a Gentile, has produced a document that, from its own angle and despite its self-imposed boundaries, may fairly be ranked with the Jewish tales of Sholom Asch (*Meri*, *The Road to Self* and *Uncle Moses*) and Amy Levy (*Reuben Sachs*). While Miss Nott cannot share their special inheritance as novelists—essential identity with their themes—her feeling for their race is for this very reason more catholic and less subject to the disease of defeatism. The weakness of her work lies in its too spare use of humour and in the difficulty she finds in giving her document adequate plot-value. The style, however, is attractive, and the characterizations of Moses Mendelssohn and his wife Rachel, and of their friends Hirsch Abrahams and Rabbi Salomon, are highly competent. The period traversed begins with the Dock Strike of 1889 and ends with the middle of the Great War.

G. H. C.

KITTY FOYLE. By Christopher Morley. Toronto: J. B. Lippincott Company. Pp. 339. \$2.75.

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER. By Elliott Paul. Toronto: Macmillans. Pp. 393. \$2.75.

THE BRIDE. By Margaret Irwin. Toronto. Macmillans. Pp. 431. \$2.75.

THE SEA TOWER. By Hugh Walpole. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran and Co. Pp. 307. \$2.75.

This group of novels should include something for all tastes. The first two are concerned more or less with economic struggle, and the influence of economic and social environments, the third is history, studied with considerable exactitude, but romantically interpreted; and the fourth deals with present day life, in which a situation of great tension and danger works up to a climax.

Kitty Foyle is by a writer who is too practised to fail to get his desired effects. It is the story of a girl, full of good natural stuff, whose life is yet defeated by social forces, as well as by her own decisions at critical moments. The soliloquy form, in which Kitty presents her own autobiography, calls for great skill in expression and phraseology, and this Mr. Morley has. In the almost complete recall of all the physical facts of life which Kitty's creator takes her through, however, it would seem that he fails to make the distinction (which women, realistic as they are, are capable of making) between physical details of emotional significance and beauty, and the merely functional facts of life. The latter are dear to many modern writers; perhaps much less dear to their readers. The quotation from Professor Saintsbury, which precedes the book, surely should not be interpreted to mean that, in depicting the "workings of the body, soul, and spirit of human beings", one should not have a prejudice in favour of the more interesting facts.

Mr. Elliott Paul is entitled by his *Life and Death of a Spanish Town*, to a respectful consideration of anything he writes. This latest book has a similar emotional significance to *Spanish Town*, being the story of a struggle between an unscrupulous employer and his employees, who fight vigorously and violently but with much loss. The whole scene is, one hopes, too violent to be really typical, the employer being so irresponsible and handling the situation so badly. The versatility of Mr. Paul, who can write finely and plainly, as in *Spanish Town*, or with such subtlety, as in *Concert Pitch*, and can also write the crude vernacular in which much of the present book is expressed, compares well with Mr. Morley's powers of doing the same thing.

The Bride completes a series of four excellent historical novels by Margaret Irwin, dealing with the Royal Stuarts and their contemporaries of the time from Charles I to Charles II. This book is the story of the brief love of Montrose and Louise, daughter of Elizabeth of Bohemia. There can be no question that Miss Irwin has fully expressed her conception of Montrose and that it is a fine conception. This book is as good as any of the others, perhaps better. It may not, perhaps, make quite the same impact owing to the familiarity of its material and method, if one has already read *Royal Flush*, *The Proud Servant* and *The Stranger Prince*, but the whole group is a notable achievement.

The Sea Tower shows Mr. Walpole's remarkable power of creating, by many subtle touches, a psychological atmosphere, full of suspense and fear. The book gradually ascends to a pitch of interest which is almost painful, but the tension breaks down in an acceptable ending. A warped, possessive mother, the origin of all the trouble, is contrasted with other types, whose less inflated ego meets life in other ways, and who can (all but one) make some sort of a life for themselves along with others. It is unfair to reveal too much of the plot, but one can mention the interest of the setting, and the glimpse of that age-old English way of life, which persisted until this present war, and which may, *mutatis mutandis*, resurrect itself in the age to come.

E. H. W.

ANCHOR COMES BACK. By Humfrey Jordan. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Pp. 406. 8s. 6d.

It is pleasant to review a novel concerning men and women who do not make us despise human nature as manifested. Mr. Jordan's book is fresh, excellently written, and unsensational. It deals with a remote part of Burma, but deals with it only as a part of the world in which men are earning their living. The living is precarious (growing and selling hardwoods) and the climate is most trying: even Watts-Richards, the Conservator of Forests, on an annual inspection is glad to avail himself of a "para-sol": so Dalesman, Lindsay, Inch and Ann his wife have hard work to keep things going. Ann is a gallant and charming person, a quiet contrast to the posing, hysterical Gloria Birch; the complications that follow when the Burmans rise in revolt and kidnap Mrs. Birch are splendidly handled. A rival company buys out the three men, and breaks its compact with them. Matters are difficult until a chance of salvage (an abandoned ship, the "Bwuna Princess") at horrible risk, puts them financially on their feet.

Told in this brief manner the book might be deemed of little more effect than any second rate novel. What distinguished it for this reader was the striking evocation of atmosphere in a little known part of the world, the picture of a difficult, dangerous but

also a free and interesting existence; the excellent character drawing, careful writing, and, above all, the feeling that here are credible people walking a hard way of life and, while taking it composedly a day at a time, not without vision to guide them towards the end.

E. C. K.

ESSAYS AND LITERATURE

RESOURCES FOR LIVING: A Plain Man's Philosophy. By Gaius Glenn Atkins. Pp. 254. Harper. \$3.00.

What are man's national and individual assets for leading an individual and communal life?

Work. Play. Art. Friendship. How can these contribute to a life worth-while? A man must master his environment; at least, to the extent of being able to escape from it, if not in body, then in mind. Alice's ability to say "you're nothing but a pack of cards" is the measure of her ability to escape from the dream. "Every individual and every epoch must take account of the resources for individual and social living, in the light of the conditions peculiar to their own circumstance." It may be that we have enquired *too* curiously into our material and spiritual assets; certain it is that no century, no civilization, has ever been so critically, so variously, examined: both by those who feel that they belong to this era and by those who proclaim like A. E. Housman,

I, a stranger and afraid,
In a world I never made.

The result of this scrutiny has bewildered rather than enlightened. Every specialist proclaims that the root of the trouble is in his own department. The economist maintains that all our troubles would be at an end were production and the means of distribution rationalized. The psychologist regrets that the world is governed by being of ill-balanced and abnormal mentality. The Church is sure that any proposed solution but her own (if attempted) must lead to an impairment or a perversion of the permanent sources of inner well-being.

Meanwhile the plain man everywhere, when not committed (in Emerson's phrase) "to put in act the invisible thought in his mind", listens rather helplessly to the experts, seeks ways of escape from causes whose effects he dislikes where he sees and suspects where he sees not; and if asked for his own solution is disposed to murmur:

So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many roads that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

Mr. Glenn Atkins, whose careful and thoughtful book should be widely read by thinking men and women, is convinced that the

average man is religious by instinct. As he says, "Everything which needs and evokes honest thinking is essentially spiritual." He feels, however, that mankind has been hurried into this century without sufficient training for independent thought and with one of its pillars (the Church) no longer supporting. In other centuries things were simpler. The Church had only one name for the manifold complexities of human nature: Sin. Being sinners under a just condemnation kept us humble, and indisposed to consider closely a future of which we were almost too certain. But what do we do now, when there is no Sin, but only perversions of the norm; when belief in the immortal soul has fled and left us with only a tempered faith in psychology?

The author of this book allows that life is difficult. It is difficult because right material relations are hard to establish and maintain; because sex is urgent, subtle and hard to channel; because we lose our bearings so easily and sometimes so tragically; because the persuasion that life is worth-while may so easily be lost. Yet he asserts that in the selection of right material relations, in an understanding of the resources of labour, in a confirmed use of the resources of religion, in honest thinking, Man, even now, may find all that he needs.

E. C. K.

MEN, WOMEN AND PLACES. By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Knopf. Pp. 248. \$2.75.

In this collection of sparkling essays Sigrid Undset, one of the foremost interpreters of the Catholic spirit that our time possesses, brings together studies of mystic and passionate personalities from England or from Sweden. Each of her themes is penetrated by the sympathy, the quick and amused comprehension that enables her with a phrase to lift her subject from a grave in the dust or the heart and show it to us whole. So we read of Marie Bregendahl the Danish novelist who has written the history of the Danish peasant community in the four volumes of her "Holger Hauge and his Wife". We understand the close identity of interests between the man and the woman, the dependence of one upon the other, even if their married life, as that is shown, is not particularly harmonious or happy. There is a lively essay upon Margery Kempe of Lynn, an English fifteenth century mystic who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. An undercurrent of very pleasant laughter runs through this essay: Margery must have been "as near unbearable as makes no odds", but she was, in addition, a mystic of devastating piety and a prophetess of no ordinary powers. We are reminded of her prayer, when she was lying in bodily anguish: "Lord, because of Thy great pain have mercy upon my little pain." Also (with a twinkle) of another phrase that shrugged off, as a temptation of the flesh, a proffered red herring

in favour of a much more delicate fish: a malicious invention, Margery claimed.

There is a fine essay entitled "Cavalier", which recreates for us William Blundell, the great English Catholic who remained faithful to King Charles: Lord Falkland, "felix opportunitate mortis": and others. Besides essays on H. L. Stuart, who wrote that fine book "Weeping Cross", on Gothland and on Glastonbury (one of the mystic spots of England, one which might prompt Francis Thompson's "Oh world invisible, we view thee"), there is a piquant analysis of D. H. Lawrence, with oblique lights upon his woman friends. Sigrid Undset says of him: "Lawrence, who made himself the prophet of an altogether mystical sexual religion, the regeneration by sex of England and of the white race in general, describes the relation as a war to the death between man and woman". In Lawrence's idea, woman is a fury who rages against man for reducing her to subjection and who despises him when he fails to do so. But Lawrence also dreamed of a sexual unity cleansed of all pettiness, friendly, simple and laughter-loving.

The essay, and indeed the whole book, is stimulating and often profound.

E. C. K.

MAHATMA GANDHI: Essays and Reflections on His Life and Work. Presented to him on his 70th birthday. Edited by S. Radhakrishnan. London: Allen and Unwin. Portrait. Pp. 382. 7s. 6d.

These essays and reflections upon the Mahatma's life and teachings bring out and stress the fundamental unity between his theory and practice and show him to be an outstanding personality of our time. The number of the writers, and the high reputation of the majority show also that Gandhi has impressed either himself or his message upon persons who have read and thought, and are for the most part able to judge. So Albert Einstein, Ernest Barker, Pearl Buck, Bhagavan Das, Lionel Curtis, C. F. Andrews and others pay tribute to his life and work: Laurence Housman and C. E. M. Joad stress his spiritual authority: Viscount Samuel points out the powers and the fruits of true leadership: while Sir Alfred Zimmern writes of Gandhi's patriotism and public spirit.

Many of these writers, and not alone those of the left wing in politics, attest the power of Gandhism and acclaim its victory, in citing the influence of his campaign of Civil Disobedience. That experiment, inspired by moral force, has an immense significance for the contemporary West: pacifists and patriots alike regard it as the real contribution of Mahatma Gandhi to this twentieth century of Christian ideals.

Mr. C. E. M. Joad explains his view of it:—

Physical force affords no problems and raises no questions. A man is physically stronger than you, and accord-

ingly he has his way with you either directly . . . or indirectly, by making you afraid to disobey him. Physical force bestows power, which may be defined as the ability to make other men do your will for fear of the consequences if they do not. . . . But moral force can command no such penalties. If I resist moral force I do not suffer. Why then do I obey it? It is difficult to say . . . Moral force exerts not power but influence: the effect produced by one human being upon the mind and actions of another.

Is there no way for a nation, engaged in dispute, to demonstrate the superior rightness of its cause except by killing off all those who differ from it with weapons in their hands and enslaving (i.e. compelling to its will) the survivors? Followers of Gandhi assert in this book that if the non-effectiveness of violence is proven and if this civilization, founded upon violence, can find no other solution for its disputes, *then*, this civilization is doomed. A quotation from the editor of the book accuses even the enlightened. He says:

In every branch of our activity, material and spiritual, we seem to have arrived at a critical turning point . . . Gandhi tells us that *we*, who constitute the social order, are the disease, and *we* must change if civilization is to improve.

The non-effectiveness of violence: the need for a change of heart. Christianity was founded upon these tenets; and still may be set upon them if we could penetrate to its foundations.

E. C. K.

EDUCATION

COEDUCATION, IN ITS HISTORICAL AND THEORETICAL SETTING. By L. B. Pekin. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company. Pp. 208. \$2.25.

The sub-title gives an indication of the way in which the subject of coeducation is treated in this book. The author is interested in the New School Movement and is a strong advocate of coeducation. The three chapters devoted to a survey of differences between the sexes provide a scientific background to the historical, theoretical and practical considerations which follow. In the past, all questions dealing with the position of women have been frequently expounded by men who could not really understand them, as the scientific facts of women's actual being, in body, mind, and spirit, had not yet been considered or discovered. The author of this book takes his stand on coeducation, not so much on account of similarities, but on account of differences which become extreme in segregated schools or life.

E. H. W.

